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THE FRANCIS
LETTERS







Portrait of Francis

Francis.

THE FRANCIS LETTERS

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS

AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

. . . Edited by BEATA FRANCIS

. . . and ELIZA KEARY

WITH A NOTE ON = = = = =

THE JUNIUS CONTROVERSY

By C. F. KEARY = = = = =

WITH PORTRAITS

VOL. II

LONDON = = = =

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PERIOD IV.

1781—1802.

This Period, which covers a considerable number of years, begins with letters from Philip Francis to his friends in India, describing the Society and politics of home. Francis's Parliamentary career begins in 1784, and is here continued through three General Elections. There are letters of Francis to his Indian friends, and a correspondence with Edmund Burke, all largely concerned with the impeachment of Warren Hastings. Later we have a correspondence between Francis and Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Francis's intimacy with the Prince of Wales begins about 1790, and from that time he and his family were much at Brighton. Letters are written by his daughters from that place, others from their homes at St. James's Square and at East Sheen, or from different houses at which they were staying: Broadlands (Lord Palmerston), Woburn (the Duke of Bedford), Waverley (Mr. Poulett-Thomson), Courteen Hall (Sir W. Wake), etc.



PERIOD IV.

1781—1802.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MACKENZIE IN INDIA.

"LONDON,

"Nov. 24, 1781.

"DEAR MACKENZIE,

"You must not expect many words from a man in such a Hurry as I am. *Our* great Friend, (for I promise you he is mine as well as yours) was one of the first Persons I sought, the Day after my Arrival. He was not in Town; but he favor'd me with the Honor of a Visit, as soon as he returned, tho' he did not know that I had been in quest of him. You will not wonder that *I* shou'd approve, (as I do most cordially) all of his doctrines and Advice, when I tell you that he pronounc'd *my* panegyric thro' *all* and *every* part of my publick Conduct, in the warmest and most powerful Terms. He asserts too, what indeed is confirmed to me from all quarters, that all men's opinions, about me, run in the same channel. He spoke of you with the utmost kindness and regard. On a certain subject I am convinc'd he is totally uninform'd, and I hope he will always be so. For God's Sake my Friend, take a manly decided Resolution at Once. Be assured there is no salvation for you without it.

"Mr. Wheler will tell you *how graciously* I have been received *everywhere*!

"Yours Yours,

"P : F :

"My family are all perfectly well, so is our Friend Duncan Davidson, Sunbury is a Paradise! and they wish me to have it. I saw your Friends the Gemmels two days ago all in good health. My Lord Loughborough did me the favour to dine here last Sunday, *en famille* at his own Desire. Nobody but Mrs. F., and my three Daughters, who all desire their Compliments to you."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO SIR JOHN DAY.¹

"LONDON,

"November 24th, 1781.

"I beg you will tell Lady Day that I took special care of her parcel for the Queen, and brought it on shore with me in a cutter, in which I had the pleasure of travelling forty miles in the dead of night, and which landed me at last at Dover, on October 19th. I sent the parcel next morning, as directed. Mr. Ramus was at Windsor, and I have not seen him; but Mrs. Ramus sent me a very obliging message. When I had the honour of being presented to the Queen, on the 25th of last month, I told her Majesty what I had done. She said she had not received it, but honoured me with many thanks, &c. You must know I was told by everybody that the Queen was the politest woman in Europe (N.B. they know nothing of the politeness of Asia or St. Helena), and

¹ Advocate-General in India.

I declare I think so ; at least it has not fallen to *my* lot to see anything comparable to the gracefulness, affability, and dignity with which she expressed herself to me and to everybody. In addition to all which, I did not know there had been so many diamonds in the world as her Majesty was covered with. I had the honour of a most gracious reception from the King a day before. They say it was distinguished. Having paid my duty at St. James's and my visit to my Lord North, I have literally sought no man, except my own particular friends. Indeed, there are very few people in town. The honourable Court of Directors have shown no sign of life ; but they know that I am alive, and, as long as they know that, I think they will not quarrel with me. When you read my letter to them of October 12th, 1780, you will not wonder that they are not passionately fond of my company.

“ I am, dear Sir,

“ Your most obedient and most faithful

“ humble servant

“ P. FRANCIS.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS WIFE.

“ PAULTON'S,¹

“ *Monday Morning, 9 o'Clock,*

“ 31 Dec., 1781.

“ MY DEAREST WIFE,

“ I have nothing to tell you, but that I arrived here last night about seven in good order ;

¹ The house of Welbore Ellis, Esq. It was through Ellis (then Secretary at War) that Francis obtained his post of First Clerk in the War Office.

and found a most comfortable house with accommodations of every sort. This is the Stile, in which I should like to live. I have enough to eat, without being tormented to eat it. There is no Company here, so I have Mr. Ellis to myself.

“ Remember me kindly to my Offspring,

“ Yours, dearest, yours

“ P. F.

“ We are in Excellent quarters, before Heaven ! ”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO GEORGE SHEE.

“ LONDON,

“ 15th January, 1782.

“ DEAR SHEE,

“ Livius and Hay will give you my history in Detail. Suffice it then to tell you that I am in good health and Spirits, contented and happy. My family is everything I could wish, and I shall have fortune enough to maintain them. . . . Your worthy Uncle [J. Bourke], I think is in higher Order than ever, I never saw greater health and spirits nor a Whiter Head. He has possession of all your Letters to me and I hope will answer them himself. . . . Inclosed I send you a very curious pamphlet. You had better however not be known to possess it. Except that I would have you send it to Collings when you are sure of a safe Conveyance. I hope you and he are doing well, and that we shall all meet once more, but not in Bengal; I mean always, before we meet in heaven. . . . We have all the Bengal News to the End of January 1781. New

Establishments, Increase of Expenses, etc., without end or moderation! Observe that I have sold out all my India Stock, except a single Qualification tho' at the loss of above £2,000. This Day Twelvemonth, I have no doubt of being able to purchase the same Stock at half the Price I sold at. Be assured I shall not invest your property in that Fund.

“ And so farewell,

“ Yours etc.,

“ P. FRANCIS.

“ GEORGE SHEE ESQ., I hope at Ferokabad.”

In the last letter Francis mentions his means; whilst he was in India he wrote to Mr. D'Oyly:—

“ I shall take your advice and never think of England without an independent Fortune.”

The fortune which he made, partly by his winnings at whist and partly by saving out of his income, was not a large one; but it enabled him to live independently, without being obliged to seek any employment for pay and thus gave him the leisure and the power to devote his life to Politics and public affairs.

In another letter Francis says he had an income of £3,000 a year, and adds that even with the strictest economy he found it difficult to live on that sum in London according to his needs.

The high praise given to him concerning the time of his employment in India is that “in an age and country of corruption with every opportunity of enriching himself at the expense of the Indian Public, he preserved his hands and his conscience clean.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO GEORGE HORSELEY
AT BOMBAY.

"LONDON,

"15th January, 1782.

"DEAR SIR,

" . . . You and your friends at Bombay, I think, are materially concerned in some of the Declarations made by Mr. Hastings to the Court of Directors. Look to it. It does not belong to *me* to defend you. He probably foresaw that the Maratta War would be held in Horror and Execration in England, as it is universally. His avowed object therefore is to transfer the whole Merit of the Measure, if he can, from himself to the Presidency of Bombay; but this I believe he will find a difficult Task—We have yet heard nothing of any Pacification with the Marattas. In my Opinion he did not take the right way to accomplish it and so I told him. A great Government should have measured its step with more deliberation and dignity than we did. It is not less imprudent to retreat, than to advance with Precipitation. We renounce every Maxim and Principle of Experience, Policy and Common Sense, and yet we expect to succeed. Mr. Hastings' projects always gave me the idea of a Lottery, with an Infinity of Blanks to one possible Prize, which he constantly depended on winning, and was constantly disappointed. I hope your Sister will have told you that I had the pleasure of meeting her more than once at Sunbury. If anything be left us in India, I pray you to preserve it, everything in the West is going headlong to the Devil.

"I am dear Sir yours &c.,

"P. FRANCIS.

"We have lately heard that in the latest Opinion of the Governor General and Council [that is of Mr. Hastings] nothing could be so fortunate as the Marattas not accepting the Terms which he solicited them most humbly to accept. He must be a capital Statesman, whose Merit consists wholly in the failure of his Designs, and who never is unfortunate because they never succeed."

Mr. Francis was much occupied with Indian affairs, as we see by his correspondence at this time. Mr. Hastings did not leave India until the year 1785, but Committees of Enquiry into his conduct as Governor there were already formed, and Mr. Francis, from having been six years on the Council at Calcutta under Mr. Hastings' Presidency, was in a position to supply many particulars.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO EDWARD WHEELER AT CALCUTTA.

"LONDON,
"18th January, 1782.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"... Other Expresses from Mr. Hastings, I find, have been received at the India House, since Major Scott's¹ Arrival, with Accounts of a Victory over Maddajee Sindia, of which you and I thoroughly know the Value and the Price. . . .

"It will give you pleasure to hear that Mr. Thomas Pitt, to whom for many Years I have had the warmest Attachment, has lately spoken of you to me with Expressions of the greatest Regard and Esteem.

¹ Major Scott, an agent of Hastings.

Since the death of his uncle, I doubt whether England can boast of so great a man as Mr. Pitt. I am sure there are few so virtuous. . . .

" I am &c.,

" P. FRANCIS."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO EDWARD HAY IN INDIA.

" LONDON,

" 24th Jan., 1782.

" MY DEAR HAY,

" I have written to you with infinite Vigour and Perseverance, having a lively Faith that you will do as much in Return. Observe that it is not in your Power to write too much, nor to take too much care of my Affairs. I shall not be easy in my mind, that is in my Fortune (as the Book says) until you have remitted the whole of my Property that I left behind me. You must apply for my House Rent at 1,000 Arcot Rupees a month from March to November 1781, both inclusive. They have allowed it to Barwell and the Precedent is not a very bad one for Mr. Wheler. Take care that I am paid by a good Draft on London, for any Claret that may have been sent me after my Departure. Since I left off getting Money I think of Nothing else. I cannot eat in this Wicked Country under £2,500 a year; and even *with that I can* feed nobody but myself. Three entertainments in a Winter would send me to the King's Bench. . . . All the female part of your Family are very much my friends and humble Servants, your playfellow and namesake thrives charmingly, and in time shall be your Pupil. . . .

" Yours Ever,

" P. FRANCIS.

“Return the inclosed to Mr. Montague with my compliments. As thy soul liveth, take care of my money.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MR. LIVIUS IN INDIA.

“LONDON,

“14th January, 1782.

“DEAR LIVIUS,

“I have the finest disposition in the World to write you a Voluminous Letter; not that I have received a single Line from you, though you might have contrived to write by Major Scott and others. If you have literally married the Wrangham, or if Mackenzie should have married her or Collings or Archdekin, I must beg Leave to decline your Society in future, at least until the death of her Father and Mother, whom Heaven Confound. I spent 5 Months with them very agreeably in the Middle of the Atlantic, and most devoutly pray that I may never see the Face of either of them again. You need not mention this Affair to the Daughter, nor even to Mrs. Stevenson. I should be sorry to wound their delicate Sensations, or any of the refined sentiments they derive from St. Helena. If ever you visit that Island keep your Hands on your Pocket. . . .

“If you will have the generosity to send me Cargoes of Mr. Blaquier’s best Muslin Handkerchiefs, you will oblige me much, and enable me to oblige others. I gave Lady North a dozen, some to Mrs. Ellis and so on. They are received with many Demonstrations of Gratitude, and do both him and me infinite Credit. Pray tell him so with my particular Compliments, and best wishes; I went a

few days ago to your Brother, as I trust he will tell you, on purpose to rouse and animate him to write to you Copiously. Having but one Pair of hands to feed so many Vultures, I must leave it to Mr. Wheler to tell you all the news. . . .

“Yours ever,

“P. FRANCIS.”

From Oakley Park, the residence of Lady Clive, Philip Francis writes to Mrs. Francis:—

“*Thursday ½ past two*

“*20th June, 1782.*”

“MY DEAREST BETSY,

“I arrived here about an hour ago, after a very pleasant Ride, and with better spirits than I set out with. This is a most magnificent house and beautiful Grounds. I never saw anything more to my Mind. Lady Clive is just as I expected; friendly, benevolent, and very glad to see me. She and Miss Charlotte have just done shewing me the House. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson are here, and I think I shall pass a day or two very pleasantly. In short, I see things thro’ a better Medium, than I did last night, and thought you would like to hear it. I intend to be very gay and to combat all those dismal fancies. I see plainly that I have wanted Resolution, and that the more I yield to low Spirits, the worse they are. So I am determined to be merry and to make you all as merry as myself. The Girls may depend on what I say. It is most likely that I shall dine with Mrs. Chandler on Sunday. My Love to my Daughters.

“Yours most affectionately,

“P. FRANCIS.

"Lady Clive was just going to write to me when I came in."

WHILST ON A TOUR IN BELGIUM, PHILIP FRANCIS
TO MRS. FRANCIS.

"SPA,

"August 19th, 1783.

"MY DEAREST BETSY,

"I take this to be Tuesday, for Heaven knows I have completely lost my chronology. On Friday morning I set out for Maestricht, and thence to Brussels. So that, barring accidents, and allowing five or six days for loitering on the way, you may expect to see me about the 7th of next month.

"The benefit I have received from this residence in point of health, spirits, and fat, is very distinguished indeed, and forms the admiration of Spa!

"Tell the dear girls, my younger sisters, that I never can, will, may, might, would, could or should forget them, and that I am theirs in all times and tenses, moods and conjugations. And so, *ma charmante famille, portez-vous bien, amusez-vous bien, et souvenez-vous toujours que vous avez ici votre tres-cher petit papa, qui prend les eaux, et qui ne se meurt pas de tristesse.*

"Yours, yours, yours, yours,

"P. F."

Francis obtained a seat in the House of Commons at the General Election of April, 1784. He sat for Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, and was a member of the Opposition under Fox.

Mr. Francis's first speech in Parliament was delivered on July 2nd, 1784, the subject being the financial affairs of the East India Company.

During the vacation of that year he writes to his wife :—

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MRS. FRANCIS.

“PARIS,

“ 7th Sept., 1784.

“ MY DEAREST BETSY,

“ If you pass your time half as well as I do you have no reason to complain. The Weather is particularly fortunate, and at Paris that is half the battle. I wrote to you from Calais and last Friday again. I know not what to add but that I enjoy a brilliant State of health, and that a day at Paris seems to consist of no more than twelve hours. Judge then whether it be possible for me to send you a Homily in a Letter. Madame de St. Albin, the prettiest Woman in England when she arrives there, serves me for a Messenger. *Comment ! une lettre à votre femme ! oh voila du nouveau, laissez moi la porter je vous prie, c'est pour la premiere fois de ma vie, mon cher, vous êtes unique, il n'y a point de maris comme vous.* So, she shall have my letter and by this time, all France knows what a marvellous husband you have got. Oh lord ! I wish I could carry the Infantry to-night to a new play here, called, *Les noces de Figaro*. . Never saw the like in all my life !

“ Ducarel has found his Uncle and Aunt, or rather they have found him. He was forced to get on a chair to put his Arms round his Uncle's neck ; and he has worn my blue box to rags to keep his feet from

dangling in the Chaise. And so *ma chère moitié je vous embrasse*. Adieu.

“ P. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO EDWARD WHEELER IN INDIA.

“LONDON,

“January 12th, 1785.

“ DEAR SIR,

“Mr. Hastings seems to have no thoughts of resigning ; for though in February last when he set out for Lucknow, he wrote to the directors in a very desponding style he seems to have recovered his spirits when he arrived there, and as usual promises to do wonders if he be continued in the Government. . . .

“If you could prevail on Hastings to resign you might hold the government a year or two before any appointment from hence could supersede you.

“I should look on that event as the salvation of India, for I know you will do right.

“Poor Tilghman is to deliver you this letter. It will be a great happiness to him to see you once more, and he will communicate to you everything that I know or think about the State of affairs. I pray you my friend to serve him if you can. I have no other object now in life very deeply at heart.

“He will tell you himself how cruelly and unjustly the directors have treated him. But I hope it will make no great difference for the present, and that things will come about again. . . .

“Indian affairs *cannot stand as they are*—and while they are canvassed at all, it is impossible for me to avoid taking a principal share in them.

" I have been and always shall be your friend and advocate to the utmost of my ability. . . .

" Our funds are extremely low, and a war on the continent is thought to be unavoidable. I hope you will be able to keep peace in India. With my best wishes to Mrs. Wheler, I am ever faithfully and affectionately yours,

" P. FRANCIS."

The last letter never reached Mr. Wheler, who had died in India before it was written. Francis alludes to this in the following letter, addressed to R. Tilghman :—

" April 14th, 1785.

" DEAR TILGHMAN,

" I am just come home from dinner at my neighbour Mr. Bevan's where I have heard that the Dutton's packet goes to Portsmouth this night, so I take the chance of a letter by the post to tell you that we have just heard of Mr. Wheler's death by a letter overland from Mr. Hastings. I lament his loss for his own sake and I feel it very sensibly for yours. However keep up your spirits. You know there are people here who will stand by you in all extremities. If ever there be a change, all the interest I may gain by it shall be exerted for you. If you keep your health I have no doubt of your success. If not come away directly. Better live any where than die in Bengal. . . .

" Yours always,

" P. F."

R. Tilghman died in India in the year 1787.

The following letter is addressed to Mr. George Thicknesse, who had been headmaster at St. Paul's School when Francis was a scholar there. Mr. Thicknesse bore the character of a singularly just and conscientious tutor, greatly beloved by his pupils.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MR. THICKNESSE.

“UPPER HARLEY STREET,

“3rd March, 1785.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“In my last Letter I think I mentioned to You that there was a Business of some Moment to me, on which I wished to consult you. I have an only Son, whom I propose to send to the University in the Course of the ensuing Autumn. He will then be seventeen, and I hope qualified, as well at least as Boys commonly are, to proceed to College and to get Improvement there. He has been bred at Harrow under Dr. Heath; and, tho' I think that, with his Capacity more might have been done, I cannot complain that his education has been neglected. The point on which I would request your Advice, is to which of the Universities and to what College it will be most advisable to send him. I wish, if it were possible, to give him the best chance of Learning, without Exposing his Morals, as little as may be at least, to Corruption. Now, dear Sir, can you advise me? I fear indeed that you have quitted all Connection with Colleges so long, that you may not know in what state they actually are; but still I have hopes that if you cannot directly advise me yourself, you can put me in a way to obtain Information.

“ Think of this matter when you have positively nothing else to think of, and favour me with your opinion about it, when you have literally nothing else to do. I was going to make an apology for giving so much trouble, but surely it would be superfluous. It is in the regular order of things, and it naturally belongs to the relation, in which we have stood to each other, that I should ask advice and that you should give it. I am ever, with the sincerest affection and respect,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your most obliged and

“ faithful Servant,

“ P. FRANCIS.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO A FRIEND.

“ 15 March, 1785.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I have been waiting with impatience for this night's Post to remove a Mistake into which I see you have fallen. You imagine that Mr. Dundas¹ is the Author of the ninth Report of the Select Committee, and you justly give him Credit for infinite Industry and superior Ability. I do assure you he is no more capable of such a Work, than I am of moving Mount Caucasus. The Author is Edmund Burke, and the Performance is worthy of the most powerful Talents and the most enlightened Judgment, that I do believe exist in this Kingdom, or perhaps in this World. The *Gleam of Comfort* is written by a young

¹ Henry Dundas, Lord Advocate of Scotland and President of one of the Committees of the House of Commons sitting on Indian affairs ; Edmund Burke was President of the other,

man of the Name of O'Brien, who has distinguished himself on other occasions, as a political writer.

"I pray you never to think of answering my letters but when it is perfectly easy and convenient to you.

"Many Petitions are now brought up against the Irish Plan of Settlement, praying that the Petitioners may be heard by their Council;—So I fancy that Scheme will not be concluded quite so soon as the Minister intended.

"I am ever most faithfully yours,

"P. F."

EDMUND BURKE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"BEACONSFIELD,

"November 23rd, 1785.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I shall be with you on Saturday next, if some accident that I don't foresee should not prevent me. I have lately passed a very pleasant day with Mr. Fox here. I shall be happy in having the same satisfaction renewed, with the improvement it must receive at Sheen.

"I do not well see how the East can be kept out of our conversation; but if I were to choose, it should make mere matter of conversation and not the subject of a business consultation. There can be no difference between us on the general principles of Indian politics. On the same abstract view of things the plan of conduct you propose must meet the approbation of almost everybody. Therefore, any further discussion of the subject as an affair of parliamentary management is unnecessary. When you or he bring any Indian question before the House, the single vote

to which I am reduced will be given to justice in the first place, in the next to you and to Mr. Fox. If I were to enter into any further detail, besides the indecorum of making a man's personal feelings a topic in the consideration of a great public concern, I should fall into the more disgusting impropriety of seizing you upon points on which I have more than once troubled you already. If a man is disabled from rendering any essential service to his principles or to his party, he ought at least to contrive to make his conversation as little disagreeable as he can to the society which his friends may still be indulgent enough to hold with him.

Since I came from Scotland (or rather for some time after my return) I have endeavoured to banish India from my thoughts. I have not opened a drawer on that subject nor looked over a paper, except two or three memorials which were sent to me, and which, to say the truth, are curious enough. I will take them with me when I go to you. Adieu. Believe me, with the most sincere affection, my dear Francis,

“Most truly yours, &c.,

“EDM. BURKE.”

Mr. Francis had taken a house at East Sheen, to which place his family frequently went from London. Their town house was in Harley Street until the year 1791, when they removed to St. James's Square.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO JOHN BRISTOW IN INDIA.

“LONDON,

“April 15th, 1786.

“DEAR BRISTOW,

“I do assure you, that I have written to you by every opportunity in my power, for the last two

years, and particularly I am sure I wrote by the *Fox* Pacquet, but having nobody to help me, it was impossible to keep copies of my letters. I am now to acknowledge yours of October 25th, 1785, but whether I answer it fully or not with my own hand, you must take the will for the deed. I am nearly overwhelmed with the toil that has fallen unavoidably to my lot in preparing and conducting the impeachment. The slavery I have gone through in that business, added to my attendance in Parliament and my efforts to overset the India Bill of 1784, has been too much for me ; and, what is worst of all, the pain of the wound I received in August, 1780, has lately returned with great violence, so that I can hardly sit straight in a chair or sleep in my bed. I shall make a shift to tell you, however, what may be most material, and leave the rest to your nephew, whom I have instructed as well as I could.

“ I think you have acted right not to quit the ground, while any accusations against you were depending. The papers which you have already recorded or transmitted to me are very material, but I wish you had not withheld any of your proofs ; now as, in my private judgment, the business of the impeachment will not be concluded in the present session, do not act on a presumption that anything you have still to transmit will arrive too late, but send everything you have by every opportunity. I would give a finger to have you here at present, especially as I do not think you can stay long in that country. In my judgment, it will soon be too hot to hold any of you ; the French and Dutch are certainly forming plans and collecting forces in India which threaten us with ruin.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MACKENZIE IN INDIA.

"LONDON,
"15th April, 1786.

"MY DEAR MACKENZIE,

"I work myself to Death and no Body is satisfied. You, among the rest, complain that I do not write to you. For God's Sake, make some Allowance for my Situation. I am overwhelmed with Toil of every kind; and yet I have written to you frequently. No sooner did I get your Letter of 25th October, but I went to seek Mr. Cheap at his House;—then after Him to the India house—then to Bedford Square to Lord Loughborough. After much hunting, I have seen & conversed with them both. Mr. Cheap will tell you the Substance of our Conversation; for I assure you I am just dead with Fatigue. My opinion is, that, from the Nature of the Thing, the Committee of Revenue cannot execute the Office of Custom Master; yet I hope and trust you have accepted even a deliberative Seat at that Board, because it gives you a Hold upon your proper Office, or a certain succession to another. Depend upon it, this Spirit of Reform is too furious to last long. It is true, that I remonstrated against the exorbitant Salaries and Establishments created by Mr. Hastings. But I never recommended the violent & absurd Reductions, which I hear have been ordered. In Truth, I never was consulted. Ignorant people know of no remedy for extreme Abuse, but extreme Violence. The Consequence always is, that the Violence soon ceases to act, & the Abuse returns ten Times worse than ever. When you reduce Men

to starve, you order them to plunder ; and then the Plunder will extend to the utmost Limits of every Man's Power. The People here are not in Earnest, except to gain a momentary Credit by the Name of a rigid Reform. John Shore is to succeed Mr. Stables in Council. Lord Macartney, Sir George Staunton, General Sloper & General Dalling have all got Pensions from the Directors, amounting together to £4,500 a Year. So much Bounty may be a Proof of Wealth, but it indicates no great diversity in the present Spirit of Reformation. Mr. Cheap will do every Thing for you, that can be done in the Direction ; but you must not be too exacting with your Friends.—whatever we do must be accomplished by Management, not Power. For greater Security, I send the enclosed Letter for Bristow under your Cover. Pray take special Care that it be delivered to Him immediately. Your other Friends must give you an Account of the Impeachment, for I am fairly worn out. We have got it into a State in which nothing, but main Power, can stop it's going to the Lords. Two Months ago, no Man living would have believed it possible it could ever get so far. Wonders have already been done by the Perseverance of two Individuals, against the whole Kingdom & against every Power & Influence in it. Burke and I regard no difficulties, but go on. The Event is in the Hand of God. It is His own Cause. The Part, which Sir James Erskine has taken with us, has brought Him and me together, & I am much mistaken if we are not Friends for Life. There is an Ability, a good Temper, & an Industry in this young Man that already performs

a great Deal, & promises every Thing in future. My constant Effort shall be to make Him work. My own Son is studying hard at St. John's Cambridge. He has already distinguished Himself, & I hope will do well. Our most unfortunate Friend Tilghman, I find, is coming Home, dying & poor; & this is the Way that Virtue is rewarded. Mr. Hastings, I am well informed, is sunk into the lowest State of misery and Dejection. Major Scott, with infinite Effort, maintains a continued ghastly Smile upon his Face; but it requires no great skill in Phisiognomy to perceive what Feelings are working within Side of Him. A Mask which conceals Nothing, betrays every Thing. I am quite jaded with writing, so must bid you Farewell. Fear Nothing. The Tide must turn.

"Yours ever,

"P. FRANCIS."

In the year 1786 Mr. Francis's eldest daughter, Sally, of whose frequent illnesses we read in the mother's Journal, fell seriously out of health, and was ordered to try the climate of Nice for a winter. Her father himself took her there. He had previously written to Mr. Burke, asking advice concerning the travel and for introductions for the invalid.

EDMUND BURKE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"August 6th, 1786.

"You are not to doubt that Mrs. Burke and myself always have thought and always shall think you a very sensible man whenever you agree with our

sense, and shall think that you take every step proper for an affectionate father whether it be taken according to our own opinion or not. I have great hopes from this Nicene journey, and I hope God will bless that undertaking: I assure you we wish it here most cordially. I scarce know anybody in France. Dick is better acquainted there; but I doubt whether his letters will arrive in time to be of any service. The only persons I know are the Bishop of Auxerre and his family and the Parisots of Auxerre. Your way lies through that town, and as you may possibly find it necessary to rest a day or two on your journey, you may find their attentions useful. Not that, in general, I have found attentions to ailing people of any great use, unless they are to make a permanent abode in a place; because attention requires some reciprocal attention, and there is always some matter of restraint that, above all things, oppresses in certain situations of the mind and body. Proper directions and recommendations at Nice will be more important; but there I can be of no service at all, for I know no creature there. Sir Gilbert Elliot, who is so strong an instance of the benefit of that place, can, I believe, give the best directions both as to the route and to the rules to be observed, and can recommend (as well as any one can recommend) to a place where hardly any can be considered as residents. I will send you letters to the bishop and Madame Parisot, as soon as I can get Miss Hickey to write them for me to be transcribed, for you will easily conceive that I do not wish to see my French in black and white. By the way, I have just recollected

that I know Abbé Dillon and his brother. The house of the Dillons are very civil to the English, who are well received there. The archbishop may not be at Paris or the Comte, but you will take your chance. The Abbé as well as his brother the Chevalier understand English, the latter very well; so I can risk writing to them without the aid of my French secretary.

"Your ladies have been so excessive in rating Mrs. Burke and my little attentions to them, that we can say nothing about them that will not look like a sort of payment in kind. But indeed we are infinitely flattered in their liking of us, and we think so well of them (whatever we may do of ourselves) as to be persuaded that in their expressions of regard there is something more than politeness. As to Philip, he fully answers the opinion I had formed of him. He is really a fine, lively, intelligent, and natural lad. Indeed you are happy in your family. God bless you, and give all success to your voyage, and may the young lady whom you accompany find her excellent mother and sisters on her return in health to enjoy all the health she will bring with her, and that I hope will be such to do credit to the climate of Nice.

"Ever most truly yours,

"EDM. BURKE."

On his return journey Mr. Francis writes from Paris:—

"PARIS,
"Sept., 1786.

"MY DEAREST BETSY,

"I returned hither on Monday last after 28 days of hard labour, much Plague, and many difficulties. Sally is as well established at Nice as

it was in my power to contrive ; but I assure you it was no easy matter. She did not seem to feel or regard the fatigue of the journey ; tho' it was enough to have worn out the strongest Constitution. Excepting a few hours in two days only, the heat was never troublesome. I need not enlarge on the subject of my travels as I hope to be at Sheen in a fortnight. I believe I have now had enough to last me for the remainder of my Life. My love to the Children. If they could have seen what we have suffered !

“ Yours,

“ P. FRANCIS.”

EDMUND BURKE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“ BEACONSFIELD,

“ *November 8th, 1786.*

“ I did not receive your letter until this morning, and am very sorry to hear of the cold, by whatever name it is to be adjured, or conjured, or exorcised. I proposed to be, and would have been in London long before this, but I stay here to compel Richard to stay along with me. He has no decided complaint, but is by no means well, though he has a mind to act as if he was. I long very much to see you, and if I were in condition to plan matters according to my own good liking, I should certainly fall in with your wishes and go to Sheen to bring you to Beaconsfield. But since I cannot assure myself that I shall be able to do this, why cannot you bring one of your fair ladies along with you, if Mrs. Francis is absolutely immovable, and take this long journey hither? It is not altogether so far as to Nice, the roads tolerable,

the horses and postilions not such as to make you swear a great deal, the inns clean and decent, the charges reasonable, the provisions eatable, the cookery not poisonous, the climate not intolerably severe, and the manners and customs of the natives of the several counties through which you pass not extremely rude and ferocious. With all these encouraging circumstances, I hope to see you here. If not, pray tell me so as soon as you receive this.

“ E. B.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO GEORGE SHEE.

“ LONDON,

“ *December 4th, 1786.*

“ MY DEAR SHEE,

“ I take the opportunity of a gentleman who goes to Bengal in a foreign ship to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th of March last in duplicate. You behave yourself much better than I had any reason to expect, for as you are a violent gentleman, and are apt to conclude rapidly from appearances, you might naturally suspect that I was negligent or forgetful of you; but your writing so copiously, with that impression upon your mind, is very meritorious. The real truth is that I neither have the same dexterity in writing nor the same opportunities of sending letters that I had in Bengal. I was then in high exercise, and had plenty of secretaries to copy for me. I knew of the departure of ships, which now I never hear of, and had the times and seasons of writing at my command. All these circumstances are reversed; but beware of suspecting that anything else about me is altered. I fear I do

not persevere in hating some people so long as I ought to do; in everything but my enmities I am tolerably obstinate. You draw pictures to admiration. As long as the scenes shift, pray let your pencil be employed.

“By this time you have been witness to a marvellous transition from small wares to coronets, to ignorance with dignity from ignorance without it. It is hard that integrity should have nothing to support it. Now observe you are never to show this letter to anybody but Mrs. Shee, on whose friendship and discretion I place a particular dependence. The prosecution of your friend Mr. Hastings will be revived with a renewal of vigour as soon as Parliament meets. He has had a pleasant summer of it. An attempt will also be made to impeach Sir Elijah Impey, in whose fate I know you are interested. Let the event to their persons be what it may, the charges will gibbet their characters to all eternity.

“From various passages in your letters a stranger would be apt to imagine that I had the whole trust and absolute management of your fortune in England, but to this hour I have never seen an account of your remittances, nor am I able to tell you precisely what your uncle has done with them. Ducarel lives a hundred miles off in perfect obscurity, and, as to *me*, I don't guess what it is you expect me to transact. This I do know, that your affairs are in the hands of as honest and as prudent a man as lives. The account he gives me of your property here is not so high as you state; but why the devil don't you send me an exact account of it in proper form? You talk very

loosely about ten thousand pounds. When you have five times that sum realised here, I give you leave to come to England, not sooner. You are a mad man if you think of it. I, for example, have above three thousand pounds a year to spend, and I live with rigid economy; yet it is the utmost I can do not to exceed my income.

“Another thing. Take my advice once in your life: lay aside forty thousand rupees for a seat in Parliament. In this country, that alone makes all the difference between somebody and nobody.

“I kiss the fair hand that copies your letter, and am affectionately and faithfully yours.”

EDMUND BURKE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“January 2nd, 1787.

.
“Fox and Windham came hither one day (I forget what day) last week, and returned, the one to town, the other to St. Anne’s Hill, the next morning. I cannot say that our conversation produced much, but I think they feel, both of them, about India nearly as I could wish, and as we do ourselves. I always think I have a good deal to say to you, but it evaporates before we meet, and perhaps it is not so much as at moments I fancy. The Duke of Portland tells me that Sheridan has warmed with a sort of love passion to our Begums. General Smith says, what I am much inclined to believe, that he will make such a figure on that subject as has not been hitherto seen, and for part of this figure he takes some credit to himself for his hints and instructions. Would it not

be clever in you to come down hither on the receipt of this, and bring one of your young ladies with you, and let us talk a little on the business of India, and other business? It is not to be conceived how rusty I am on all sorts of business.

“Adieu. Mrs. Burke most cordially salutes Mrs. Francis and all yours. By the way it is holiday time and why should you not bring the younger Francis with you?”

The following letter¹ from Edmund Burke to Mrs. Francis was written on the occasion of Mr. Francis's great speech in the House of Commons (April 19th, 1787), when he gave the history of his contentions with Mr. Hastings in India. In that speech he claimed that his hostility to the man was wholly because of his public actions and had no root in personal feeling or concern with private discordance.

EDMUND BURKE TO MRS. FRANCIS.

“GERRARD ST.,

“April 20th, 1787.

“MY DEAR MADAM,

“I cannot, with an honest Appetite or clear Conscience, sit down to my Breakfast, unless I first give you an account which will make your family Breakfast as pleasant to you, as I wish all your family meetings to be. Then, I have the Satisfaction of telling you, that, not in my Judgment only but in that of all who heard him, no man ever acquitted himself on a day of great Expectation to the full of the

¹ This letter has been published in Burke's Correspondence, vol. iii., p. 56, of the edition of 1844.

Demand upon him, so well as Mr. Francis did yesterday. He was clear, precise, forcible, and eloquent in a high degree. No intricate business was ever better unravelled, and no iniquity ever placed so effectually to produce its natural horror and disgust. It is very little for the credit of those, who are Mr. Francis's Enemies, but it is infinitely to his, that they forced him to give an History of his whole publick Life. He did it in a most masterly Manner, and with an address which the display of such a Life ought very little to want, but which the Prejudices of those, whose lives are of a different character made necessary. He did justice to his own Actions; but he did justice to the feelings of others too; and I assure you Madam that the Modesty of his Defence was not the smallest part of its Merit. All, who heard him, were delighted, except those whose Mortification ought to give pleasure to every good Mind. He was two hours and a half, or rather more, on his legs, and he never lost attention for a moment. Indeed I believe very few could have crowded so much Matter into so small a Space. Permit me most sincerely to congratulate you and the Ladies, and Mr. Philip of Cambridge, if he is yet among you; He has a great example before him, in a father exerting some of the first Talents that ever were given to a man, in the Cause of Mankind. Again and Again I give you joy, and I am with most unaffected respect and affection my dear Madam,

“ Your most faithful and Obedient

“ Humble Servant,

“ EDMUND BURKE.

"P.S. I don't know whether I write very intelligibly. I made a sad Debauch last night in some very good Company, where we drank the Man we were so much obliged to in a bumper. Mr. F. ought to lose no Time in taking the Matter of his Charge to be drawn up formally."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO EDWARD HAY IN INDIA.

"LONDON,
"May 22nd, 1787.

"MY DEAR HAY,

"I have received, by the *Swallow*, your letters of the 15th and 19th of November last, with all the papers and letters enclosed. My answer, and even my thanks, must be as brief as I can make them. In the first place, I am afflicted at hearing of your intention of sending me another pipe of Madeira. I have actually more than I can drink in ten years. You will forgive me then if, whenever this second pipe arrives, I dispose of it to the best advantage, and pay over the amount to your agent, or banker. Moreover, I request that you will send me our account current, that I may liquidate the balance by the earliest opportunity. My dear boy, you are too generous to everybody. Recollect, I beseech you, that you ought not to be an exile for ever.

"I rejoice to hear that you stand so well with Lord Cornwallis, and I have no doubt that, sooner or later, his favour will turn to a profitable account. In the meantime, is it no reward to be able to hold up your head in such times as these and to bid defiance to inquiry? I am sure you feel as I do on this occasion.

If you were to see how low and degraded the wealth of India is at this moment in England, you would not only not regret your poverty, but be proud of it. To your brother William and to the newspapers I must refer you for all the business of Indian politics, &c. You and I are under a tacit engagement not to meddle with public affairs; yet I cannot help recommending to your perusal the *Morning Herald* of the 5th of April instant. You will there see how and by what honourable courses, the cause of Mr. Hastings has been supported. All I shall say is, you may depend upon it the famous talisman is broken and the enchanted castle is dissolved. I fear I shall not be able to write to my good friend Wilton. Pray tell him, however, that whereas my inclination heretofore led me to love him, his conduct in office, confirmed to me by Lord Cornwallis's approbation, entitles him to my sincere and hearty esteem; and this sentiment assuredly will last."

PHILIP FRANCIS, THE YOUNGER, WHO WAS AT THE
UNIVERSITY, TO HIS SISTER HARRIET.

"CAMBRIDGE,
"June 10th, 1787.

"MY DEAR HARRIET,

"I wrote to Mrs. Francis last Thursday, under cover to my father directed to Harley Street. But I suppose it has miscarried, or has been sent to my father in a mistake, as I have not been favoured with a line in return from any one, which would have been highly pleasing to me. But perhaps you have already left Town and on that supposition I shall direct this to Sheen. Victoria! I am in the first

Class—and higher than I could possibly expect—I am the fourth from the top—so you see my labours are rewarded by a prize, which I intend bringing home with me—as likewise one I gained last year, if the head Tutor has got them by him. I am in high spirits on the Occasion, as I know it will give my father great pleasure, and convince him that I have not idled my Time—concerning which, on account of my former follies, he may still be in some doubt. . . . Pray inform Mr. Rosenhagen, if you see him, of my success, as I act under his Auspices and under such who could fail. How goes on Italian? I am feeding myself up with the thoughts of hearing you play on the Harpsichord—I am grown so distractedly fond of music that I am hardly ever happy without it. I am continually teasing Wynne to play me Mrs. Jordan's songs—one of them I flatter myself I can play with one finger. My heart bounds at the thoughts of returning into the society of women—Men! Men! what a Bore to see nothing else. You may conceive this to be all nonsense and foppery—But I assure you I speak from the Bottom of my heart, there is no pleasure really complete, out of their society—I do not say that one must be always tacked to the tails of women, that I think very silly, trifling and effeminate. My soul expands at the Idea of hearing and seeing such glorious women as London abounds with. Let people say what they will concerning the beauties of Circassia &c., &c., England is the only place where you meet with them in perfection. In short, in my 'humble' opinion (I will not say 'humble' for I glory in it) it is Women alone that render life Tolerable—

now you have got my real thoughts you see. I set out on pretty good foundations, now model me as you like—I can take any shape you please. You'll think me mad, but one has a license to be a little distracted in such weather as this. . . .

“ Your most affectionate Brother,

“ P. FRANCIS.”

EDMUND BURKE TO PHILIP FRANCIS, WRITTEN
APPARENTLY IN 1788.

“ It was with unmixed pleasure that I heard Mr. Fox the other day do justice to my friend, by owning the information he had, and the wisdom he might have gained, had he had such a flapper at his elbow in his most high and palmy days. ‘ I have sucked many brains in my time (he said), and seldom found more to reward me. Few men say so much in so few words.’ ‘ Aye, sir,’ I replied, ‘ *multum in parvo* : his style has no gummy flesh about it.’ But I must not enlarge ; for I am so much yours, and have so much of yours, that your triumphs puff me up as with a sense of personal merit. Still I may allow myself the more satisfaction in finding that Mr. Fox acknowledges your value ; as I know he has earwigs about him, who buz in his ears all the pitiful calumnies that a Hastings or a B. and Co. have deluged the town with, since your return from India ; and I feared the fatal facility of his temper, which yields to proximity rather than be at the trouble of examining and detecting.”

The following letter from Francis to Burke is an

acknowledgment of and a criticism upon Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France," the draft of which had apparently been sent to Francis for perusal before publication.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO EDMUND BURKE.

"February 19, 1790.

"MY DEAR MR. BURKE,

"I am sorry you should have had the trouble of sending for the printed paper you lent me yesterday, though I own I cannot much regret even a fault of my own that helps to delay the publication of that paper. I know with certainty that I am the only friend, and many there are, who ventures to contradict or oppose you face to face on subjects of this nature. They either care too little for *you*, or too much for *themselves* to run the risk of giving you immediate offence, for the sake of any subsequent or remote advantage you might derive from it. But what they withhold from *you*, they communicate very liberally to me; because they think, or pretend, that I have some influence over you, which I have not, but which, on the present occasion, I most devoutly wish I had. I am not afraid of exasperating you against me, at any given moment; because I know you will cool again and place it all to the right account.

"It is the proper province and ought to be the privilege of an inferior to criticise and advise. The best possible critic of the Iliad would be, *ipso facto*, and by virtue of that very character, incapable of being the author of it. Standing as I do in this relation to you, you would renounce your superiority, if you refused to be advised by me.

“Waving all discussion concerning the substance and general tendency of this printed letter, I must declare my opinion, that what I have seen of it is very loosely put together. In point of writing, at least, the manuscript you showed me first was much less objectionable. Remember that this is one of the most singular, that it may be the most distinguished, and ought to be one of the most deliberate acts of your life. Your writings have hitherto been the delight and instruction of your own country. You now undertake to correct and instruct another nation, and your appeal, in effect, is to all Europe. Allowing you the liberty to do so in an extreme case, you cannot deny that it ought to be done with special deliberation in the choice of the topics, and with no less care and circumspection in the use you make of them. Have you thoroughly considered whether it be worthy of Mr. Burke—of a privy-counsellor—of a man so high and considerable in the House of Commons as you are—and holding the station you have obtained in the opinion of the world, to enter into a War of pamphlets with Dr. Price? If he answered you, as assuredly he will, (and so will many others) can you refuse to reply to a person whom you have attacked? If you do, you are defeated in a battle of your own provoking, and driven to fly from ground of your own choosing. If you do not, where is such a contest to lead you, but into a vile and disgraceful, though it were ever so victorious, an altercation? ‘*Dī meliora.*’ But if you will do it, away with all jest, and sneer, and sarcasm; let every thing you say be grave, direct, and serious. In a case so interesting as the errors of a

great nation, and the calamities of great individuals, and feeling them so deeply as you profess to do, all manner of insinuation is improper, all gibe and nickname prohibited. In my opinion all that you say of the Queen is pure foppery. If she be a perfect female character, you ought to take your ground upon her virtues. If she be the reverse, it is ridiculous in any but a lover to place her personal charms in opposition to her crimes. Either way, I know the argument must proceed upon a supposition, for neither have you said anything to establish her moral merits, nor have her accusers formally tried and convicted her of guilt. On this subject, however, you cannot but know, that the opinion of the world is not lately, but has been many years decided. But in effect, when you assert her claim to protection and respect, on no other topics than those of gallantry, and beauty and personal accomplishments, you virtually abandon the proof and assertion of her innocence, which you know is the point substantially in question. Pray, sir, how long have you felt yourself so desperately disposed to admire the ladies of Germany? I despise and abhor, as much as you can do, all personal insult and outrage, even to guilt itself, if I see it, where it ought to be, dejected and helpless, but it is in vain to expect that I, or any reasonable man, shall regret the sufferings of a Messalina, as I should those of a Mrs. Crewe or a Mrs. Burke; I mean all that is beautiful or virtuous among women. Is it nothing but outside? Have they no moral minds? Or are you such a determined champion of beauty as to draw your sword in defence of any jade upon earth, provided she be handsome?

Look back, I beseech you, and deliberate a little, before you determine that this is an office that perfectly becomes you. If I stop here, it is not for want of a multitude of objections. The mischief you are going to do yourself, is, to my apprehension, palpable. It is visible. It will be audible. I snuff it in the wind. I taste it already. I feel it in every sense; and so will you hereafter, when, I vow to God, (a most elegant phrase,) it will be no sort of consolation for me to reflect that I did everything in my power to prevent it. I wish you were at the devil for giving me all this trouble; and so farewell.

“ P. FRANCIS.”

EDMUND BURKE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“ GERRARD ST.,

“ Feb. 20, $\frac{1}{2}$ after P.M., 1790.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I sat up rather late at Carlton House, and on my return hither I found your letter on my table. I have not slept since. You will therefore excuse me if you find anything confused, or otherwise expressed than I could wish in speaking to you upon a matter which interests you from your regard to me. There are some things in your letter for which I must thank you; there are others which I must answer; some things bear the mark of friendly admonition, others bear some resemblance to the tone of accusation.

“ You are the only friend I have who will dare to give me advice. I must have then, something terrible in me, which intimidates all others who know me from giving me the only unequivocal mark of

regard. Whatever this rough and menacing manner may be, I must search myself upon it ; and when I discover it, old as I am, I must endeavour to correct it. I flattered myself, however, that you at least would not have thought my other friends altogether justified in withholding from me their services of this kind. You certainly do not always convey to me your opinions with the greatest possible tenderness and management, and yet I do not recollect, since I had the pleasure of your acquaintance, that there has been a heat or a coolness of a single day's duration on my side during that whole time. I believe your memory cannot present to you an instance of it. I ill deserve friends if I throw them away on account of their candour, and simplicity of their good nature. In particular, you know that you have in some instances favoured me with your instructions relative to things I was preparing for the public. If I did not in every instance agree with you, I think you had on the whole sufficient proofs of my docility to make you believe that I received your corrections not only without offence, but with no small degree of gratitude. Your remarks upon the two first sheets of my Paris letter, relate to the composition and the matter. The composition you say is loose ; and I am quite sure it is. I never intended it should be otherwise ; for purporting to be, what in truth it originally was, a letter to a friend, I had no idea of digesting it in a systematick order. The style is open to correction, and wants it. The natural style of writing is somewhat careless ; and I should be happy in receiving your advice towards

making it as little vicious as such a style is capable of being made. The general character and colour of a style which grows out of the writer's peculiar turn of mind and habit of expressing his thoughts must be attended to in all connections. It is not the insertion of a piece of stuff, though of a better kind, which is at all times an improvement.

"Your main objections are however of a much deeper nature, and go to the political opinions and moral sentiment of the piece, in which I find (though with no sort of surprise having often talked with you on the subject) that we differ only in everything. You say, 'the mischief you are going to do yourself is to my apprehension palpable, I snuff it in the wind, and my taste sickens at it.' this anticipated stench that turns your stomach at such a distance must be nauseous indeed. You seem to think I shall incur great (and not wholly undeserved) infamy by this publication. This makes it a matter of some delicacy to me to suppress what I have written, for I must admit in my own feeling, and in that of those who have seen this piece, that my sentiments and opinions deserve the infamy with which they are threatened. If they do not, I know nothing more than that I oppose the prejudices and inclinations of many people. This I was well aware of from the beginning, and it was in order to oppose these inclinations and prejudices that I proposed to publish my letter. I really am perfectly astonished how you could dream with my paper in your hand—that I found no other cause than the Beauty of the Queen of France (now I suppose pretty much faded) for

disapproving the Conduct which has been held towards her, and for expressing my own particular feelings. I am not to order the Natural Sympathies of my own Breast, and of every honest breast to wait until all the Japes of all the anecdotes of the Coffee houses of Paris and of the dissenting meeting houses of London are scoured of all the slander of those who calumniate persons that afterwards they may murder them with impunity? I know nothing of your story of Messalina. Am I obliged to prove juridically the Virtues of all those I shall see suffering every kind of wrong, and contumely, and risk of Life before I endeavour to interest others in their sufferings and before I endeavour to excite an horror against midnight assassins at back stairs, and their more wicked abettors in Pulpits? What, are not high Rank, great splendour of descent, great personal Elegance, and outward accomplishments ingredients of moment in forming the interest we take in the Misfortunes of others? The minds of those who do not feel thus are not even dramatically right. 'What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba that he should weep for her?' why, because she was Hecuba, the Queen of Troy, the wife of Priam, and suffered in the close of Life a thousand Calamities. I felt too for Hecuba when I read the fine Tragedy of Euripides upon her story; and I never enquired into the Anecdotes of the Court or City of Troy before I gave way to the sentiments which the author wished to inspire; nor do I remember he ever said one word of her Virtues. It is for those who applaud or palliate assassination, regicide and base insults to Women

of illustrious place to prove the Crimes in the sufferers which they allege to justify their own. But if they had proved fornication on any such a Woman, taking the Manners of the world and the Manners of France, I shall never put it in a parallel with assassination. No! I have no such inverted Scale of Faults in my heart or my head. You find it perfectly ridiculous and unfit for me in particular, to take these things as my ingredients of Commiseration. Pray why so? Is it absurd in me, to think that the Chivalrous Spirit, which dictated a veneration for women of condition and of beauty without any consideration whatever of enjoying them was the great source of those manners which have been the pride and ornament of Europe for so many ages? and I am not to lament that I have lived to see those manners extinguished in so shocking a manner by mean speculations of finance and the false science of a sordid and degenerate philosophy? I tell you again that the recollection of the manner in which I saw the Queen of France in the year 1774 and the contrast between that brilliancy, splendour, and beauty with the prostrate homage of a nation to her, compared with the abominable scene of 1789 which I was describing did draw tears from me and wetted my paper. These tears came again into my eyes almost as often as I looked at the description. They may again. You do not believe this fact, nor that these are my real feelings, but that the whole is affected or as you express it 'down right foppery,' my friend, I tell you it is truth, and that it is true and will be true when you and I are no more, and

will exist as long as men with their natural feelings exist. I shall say no more on this foppery of mine. Oh! by the way you ask me how long I have been an admirer of German Ladies? Always the same. Present me the idea of such massacres about any German Lady here and such attempts to assassinate her, and such a triumphal procession from Windsor to the old Jewry, and I assure you I shall be quite as full of natural concern and just indignation. As to the other points they deserve serious consideration and they shall have it. I certainly cannot profit quite as much by your assistance as if we were agreed. In that case every correction would be forwarding the design, we should work with one common view. But it is impossible that any man can correct a work according to its true spirit who is opposed to its object or can help the expression of what he thinks ought not to be expressed at all.

“I should agree with you about the vileness of the controversy with such miscreants as the Revolution Society and the National Assembly, and I know very well that they as well as their allies the Indian delinquents will darken the air with their arrows. But I do not yet think they have the advowson of reputation, I shall try that point. My dear Sir, you think of nothing but controversies, ‘I challenge into the field of battle and return defeated.’ If their having the last word be a defeat, they most assuredly will defeat me, but I intend no controversy with Dr. Price or Lord Shelburne or any of their set. I mean to set in a full View the danger from their wicked principles and their black hearts, I intend

to state the true principles of our constitution in Church and State, upon grounds opposite to theirs. If any one be the better for the example made of them and for this exposition, well and good. I mean to do my best to expose them to the hatred, ridicule and contempt of the whole world, as I shall always expose such calumniators, hypocrites, sowers of sedition, and approvers of murder and all its triumphs. When I have done that, they may have the field to themselves and I care very little how they triumph over me since I hope they will not be able to draw me at their heels and carry my head in triumph on their poles. I have been interrupted, and have said enough. Adieu, believe me always sensible of your friendship, though it is impossible that a greater difference can exist between any sentiments on those subjects than, unfortunately for me, there is between yours and mine.

“ E. BURKE.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO SIR R. CHAMBERS.¹

“ ST. JAMES’S SQUARE,

“ April 27th, 1791.

“ In my situation there has been no sort of change, except that I have removed into a very convenient house in St. James’s Square, where I believe I am at anchor for life. The name of the situation sounds well ; but you would be much mistaken in concluding that I lived in a palace, or at all like a prince. Some lucky accidents have enabled me to venture once more into Parliament, though at a great expense.

¹ Chief Justice at Calcutta.

This is the last time of asking. My daughters are everything I could wish, and very likely to be happy too, if they can reconcile themselves to believe that happiness may be had without marriage. Security and independence they shall have, at least as long as fortune can be secured in England. My son has been two years in the Temple, and also studying under a special pleader. So I have done my part for him, and infinitely more than was done for me. The idea of actual war with Russia seems to be abandoned by everybody, and particularly disclaimed by the friends of Mr. Pitt. Yet the expense of the armament is continued, and the pressing of seamen, both here and in Ireland, goes on as strenuously as if war had been declared. I really intend to behave better than I have done, and to be a laudable correspondent hereafter. But I know my own frailty too well to make solemn engagements about writing. Much depends upon the topics of the day, the temper of the moment, the immediate occasion, and the general habit of writing. While I was in training in Bengal, I had no mercy on my friends in England. I wrote volumes of private letters, and thought nothing of it. My silence and negligence now, I do assure you, is no proof of a want of good will. Give me credit for more than I say, and do not rigorously measure my merits by my practice. I look back to old times and remember old friends with a tender affectionate interest, considering them as objects in which I have long had a property. They are not like the events or connexions of yesterday, which have not had time

to take root in the mind. My wife and family, too, have been brought up to think that they in some sort belong to you, and that they do not go out of their own family, when they wish to be united with you and with yours.

"Is there anything in this England in which I can contribute to your service or to your satisfaction? I should like to be tried.

"Your most sincerely and affectionately,

"P. F.

"As to the ninth report, which is indeed a masterpiece of human wisdom, the fact is I wrote a very small part of it, and, as to the composition, corrected the whole.

"On memory only, and speaking without book, I think I can say with truth that there is not one material principle or deduction in it which may not be fairly and honestly traced back to some antecedent opinions of my own, dilated on and expanded by a superior power. In some respects I am the acorn. But, if you want to see the oak in all its beauty, dignity, and strength, read the ninth report, the sole undoubted property of the commanding master-mind of Edmund Burke.

"It is true he sucked the saccharine juices out of all vegetation, even from such a wild weed as myself, and turned it to his purpose; but he alone was the wonderful artificer, who made the wax, the comb, and the honey."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO JOHN BRISTOW AT CALCUTTA.

"I agree with Ld. Cs. [Cornwallis] that to cultivate grain beyond the Measure of Consumption, or

Exportation, would be Labour thrown away. But take Care you do not stop short of that Measure. Better over do it, than fail. The first Object of every prudent Government, the *sine quâ non*, not only of Prosperity, but Safety, is to provide for the abundant Subsistence of the People. At the very season, when it was suggested to me that the *Cultivation of Grain was carried too far*, all the Letters from Bengal were filled with the most shocking and melancholy accounts of the Effects of a Famine all over the Country, and of the People perishing by hundreds in the Streets of Calcutta. If Opium were a Necessary of Life, there might be some wisdom in *extending the Cultivation of the Poppy*; but then it ought not to be the subject of a Monopoly. The true Way to extend the Cultivation of any Article whatsoever is to leave the Sale and Cultivation of it perfectly free. On the other Hand, if you will engross the Commodity, you ought not to extend the Cultivation, particularly of a pernicious Drug, whose Tendency is to lessen the Number of it's Consumers. The principle of all Monopoly is to make the greatest possible Profit in the smallest possible Quantity. Arbitrary Power may grasp a lucrative Object that lies in a narrow Compass. Beyond that point the more you extend the less you can engross. You really talk to me of Opium as you would do of Rice, or Wheat; as if you had an open market for it; or as if no human Creature could sleep without it. . . . We had not the good Fortune to see Mrs. Bristow for some Weeks before her Departure. On our Part, I hope and believe that Nothing was

omitted. Undoubtedly she had more than enough to occupy and distract her Mind. I can assure you she carries the hearty good Wishes of all this Family along with Her. I shall make up this Pacquet now. If any thing material should occur, you shall have it in a separate Letter.

“ Yours

“ P. FRANCIS.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO CHRISTOPHER D'OYLY.

“ 4th August, 1791.

“ I returned about a Week ago from Paris, and have seen as much of the Country as such a Tour would permit. I have seen, observed, and inquired into every Thing to the utmost of my power ; and I think I may tell you with Confidence, that France promises to be the most flourishing Country in the World, excepting North America. Undoubtedly they still have great difficulties to encounter. But when was there any Thing great and eminent done in the World, without Labour, Contest, and Hazard? Believe me, they know their own Affairs best, & they laugh at the flimsy Criticisms, so much puffed and admired in England. I cannot answer for the Event of External Violence, tho' I see no appearance of its being attempted. Contrary Winds may retard their Voyage. A Tempest may sink the stoutest Ship. All human skill may be overpowered by the Force of the Elements. But these are Accidents beyond the Reach of Calculation. The national Assembly, in my opinion, have done everything that brave and wise men could do to serve their Country.

"I send you inclosed the Heads of what I said about the Slave trade. I know the price I shall pay for having said so much, & yet I am ashamed of having said so little. I should like to hear that Mrs. D'Oyly and you enjoy better health in the Country, than you did in town. But I will not ask you to write even a Line, if it be more Labour than you can bear.

"Elizabeth has been very ill indeed for nearly four Months. She is now recovering, & we hope that Seabathing will make her well. My most affectionate Duty waits on Mrs. D'Oyly.

"Yours,

"P. FRANCIS."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS DAUGHTER ELIZABETH.

"BRIGHTON,

"21st Oct., 1791.

"MY DEAREST FAT CAT,

"It was very good of you to write me such a kind Letter; and, God knows, I wish you could have added something satisfactory about your health. I have done everything I could to make you all happy; but I cannot be so myself, if any of you are sick. . . . The weather here has been violently bad for some days; and there is no packet on this side; and you may be sure I shall not trust myself to anything less than a quiet sea, and a fair Wind. I am pleased with your going to the Archery, insomuch that, if the Charges should be heavy, I shall be ready to contribute. . . . Cultivate with Mrs. Bouverie, if it falls in your way *sans faire semblant de rien*. I take her to be one of the most accomplished women in

England. Last night at Thomson's with Mrs. Fitz^r [Fitzherbert] and tonight am solicited to Mrs. Canneck's and don't like it. I thought that letter had been from Breton. You must know I don't want the Company of any of them.

"Yours solemnly,

"P. F."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS WIFE.

"PARIS,

"30th Oct., 1791.

"MY DEAR MRS. F.,

"I wrote you a few lines from Dieppe. Since that, my Arrival in this place is the only important thing, that has occurred to me. Wind and weather have hitherto done everything they could to serve me. Windham is here and of course we have been a good deal together. I believe I shall easily prevail on him to stay a fortnight or three weeks longer. In persuading him not to resolve, and still more not to execute, I have every thing that belongs to him, in my favour.—There is certainly a spell upon me about Joseph Macnamara.¹ The first person I heard of, and the second I saw was his noble self; so I was forced to pay a visit to his Lady, who received me at the head of her children with all Manner of Affability. They have taken a house near Paris, where they intend to pass the Winter. Mrs. Wheler is here too and I have paid her a visit which I flatter myself will never be repaid. And you shall hear by and bye of my going thro' all the Ceremonies like

¹ Captain Macnamara, a captain in the Navy, and an acquaintance of Mrs. Francis.

a Lord of the Bedchamber. As yet I have had no time. As far as I can discern, these people are happier without money than with it. Not an Atom of Gold or Silver have I seen, but what I brought with me. My pockets are stuffed with Bank Notes, every one of which is worth threepence 3 farthings, or thereabouts. And they all understand it to a Miracle. If you pay a Hackney Coachman a shilling, he allows you the discount and settles it in paper. Yet everything seems to thrive, and who would be plagued with Money when paper does the Business? I wish to hear that you are all well, but alas, I fear for poor Elisabeth. My hearty love to you all. If you find the weather grow very bad or the place too solitary and uncomfortable remove to Town when you like. Undoubtedly I shall stay here a Fortnight or three weeks. While Mrs. Culverden staid at Sheen, I suppose you went on pretty well. But now that the leaves have left you, as well as she, perhaps you would find it pleasanter in London. All I can say is, please yourselves. If you write direct to me

à l'Hôtel des Ambassadeurs,

rue neuve St. Marie,

à Paris

and pray tell me everything you know concerning Mr. Burt's death, and how she is provided for—How Mrs. C. has behaved herself on the Occasion and what the Consequence of it is likely to be. Any of the Girls may assist in composing a long Letter on a Sheet of Fool's Cap. The post to Paris goes every Tuesday and Friday. Yours and theirs cordially,

“ P. F.

"Give my love to Philip and desire him to go and look at Mr. Thicknesse's Bust at Mr. Heckey's Statuary No. 122 I think in Oxford Road and offer him his Remarks and Improvements."

Mr. George Thicknesse, Francis's old master at St. Paul's, died in 1790, and was buried at Warmington. Francis composed a Latin epitaph for his tomb, which he sent to Mr. Burke to read, asking his opinion of it as a composition, and also as a tribute to his friend. Mr. Burke, in his reply, says :—

"I thank you for the honour you have done me in thinking that my obsolete and worn out ideas of classical expression can be of any use to you.

"Such as they are they are at your service.

"I have scribbled in your margin a trifling note or two. . . . I think you have said more of Mr. Thicknesse in your conversations with me than is said in the inscription."

Francis had called Mr. Thicknesse "the wisest, learnedst, quietest and best man" he ever knew.

Since his return from India Francis, along with the other statesmen of the Whig Party, had become intimate with the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert. He was a constant visitor at the Pavilion, Brighton, where he was always a welcome guest.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MRS. FITZHERBERT.

"PARIS,

"Nov. 7th, 1791.

"MADAM,

"I should have lived a Fortnight at Paris to very little purpose, if I had not learned by this time,

with great certainty, that all persons, who are trusted are bound to give an account. These people are grown so fond of Responsibility, that a frenchman would refuse to be employed if you denied him the Satisfaction of telling you how well he had behaved himself. I should like to see such a principle prevail in England. The *Compte rendu* of Mr. Pitt for example, would be distinguished in History. Permit me to follow the Fashion of the place I live in, though I suspect there may be more vanity than virtue at the Bottom of it. In some cases it gives them an opportunity of talking to persons they admire, and at all times the Consolation of talking about themselves. But I am writing a long Preface to a short History. I hope it will suggest to you some reason or other for excusing the Trouble I am giving you. Mr. John Payne had departed this Life a few days before my Arrival. The paquet you intrusted to me may contain Letters of Consequence. I shall not be in London before the seventh of next Month, and you gave me no instructions about sending it back, but rather, if I recollect right, to keep it till my Return. If I hear nothing to the Contrary, I shall conclude that this is still your Intention.

“ Be so good as to take the Trouble of believing, that I am perfectly acquainted with the Politicks of this Country; that I am possessed of many Anecdotes about the Court, and that nothing but extreme Discretion could have prevented me from offering you a great deal of Information on these Subjects. But there are other points, on which I may venture to speak without Reserve. This Town is full of some

Disaster which they say has befallen Lord Cornwallis, and they are in great anxiety about the fate of their Settlement at St. Domingo. It happens oddly that each of the two Nations hears of its own Misfortune by the channel of the other. There are Multitudes of English at Paris. Lord & Lady Cholmondeley are to stay the Winter and I should think it cannot be long before the arrival of Lord Malpas—*Selon toutes les Apparences il ne fera pas un mauvais pas*. The Dutchess of Devonshire and Lady Duncannon are expected here to-day. There are twice as many public places open as the Town can support, and not a *Louis d'or* to be seen, except at a Game Table. Under the shelter of all this interesting Intelligence, allow me to add one Article in which Nobody is concerned but myself, that I am and think it an honour to be

“ Madam,

“ Your most obedient

“ humble Servant

“ P. FRANCIS.

“ P.S. If you should have any Commands for me, Monsieur Pirregaux will convey them to me.”

Mary Francis, then twenty-two years old, Francis's fourth daughter, was married in March, 1792, to Mr. Godschall Johnson, of Putney, a widower who had two sons and two daughters: Godschall, Ralph, Eliza, and Emily.

The daughter Eliza afterwards (in 1805) became the wife of Mary's brother Philip.

Mr. G. Johnson the elder (Mary's husband) was a very handsome man, and was always called the *Beau* by his father-in-law.

Francis writes to Lady Palmerston on the occasion of his daughter's marriage.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON.

"ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,

"10th March, 1792.

"DEAR MADAM,

"If you were but half as well accustomed to receive Favours, as you are to confer them, you would accept of the enclosed [a favour], as I am sure you will wear it, with a better Grace than any Lady of your Acquaintance;—tho' very much tempted, I dare not say of mine. After providing for your Appearance, you will see that I have not neglected a more substantial Consideration [bride cake]. The Beauty that is adorned, must be supported. Eat freely, dear Madam, and remember, while you are eating, that I do not confine myself to empty Praise, when I assure you I am, with as much Admiration as I can spare, as well as with all possible Attachment,

"Your most dutiful servant,

"P. FRANCIS."

HARRIET FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON, AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

"ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,

"March 12th, 1792.

"DEAR MARY,

"Here I am at Haylets the Painter. Elizabeth is sitting for her Picture and I think it a good

opportunity of writing to you—first I think it natural to speak of Saturday in speaking my own sentiments I believe I shall include the good opinion of those you most wish should think well of you—You behaved exactly as we all wished, and my Father in particular approved it. My father and Elizabeth dined at Cholmondeley's—a very pleasant dinner and she stayed the evening. I went to the Concert with Mrs. Webb, it was a beautiful selection and I was very much entertained—by the way I shall send you on Friday 'Nel cor piu non.' I never saw anything so affected as Philip, after dinner there came an Organ into the square and played some charming Tunes he again Burst into a flood of Tears, and his Eyes were so swelled that I feared he would not be fit to go to the Concert. Yesterday was spent literally in receiving congratulations. Everybody *came* instead of sending Cards and our party in the evening pretty numerous—In the course of the day we saw Culverdens, Drakes, Thomson, Stanley (you see I am partial to the *Flats*) Palmerstons, Wakes, Taylors, Godfreys, Hatfield (whom I was particularly happy to see) Lady Payne, Keith Elphinstone, Angersteins, Mrs. Nesbit, Hay, Eden, Archdekin, Inchiquin, Sloane, Elliott, Windham, Cholmondeley, Maddocks, in short almost everybody whom you like—nothing could be more kind and civil than they were in general. My Father dined at the Speaker's where amongst others he met Michael Taylor¹ who being dissatisfied with the dinner entertained us for half an hour with his objections to it and

¹ Michael Angelo Taylor, a well-known Amphytrion and a friend of most of the leading Whigs.

ended by saying he should not go any more, it was a sort of thing he could not submit to—you never heard such Pompous Nonsense. Lady Palmerston had on your Favour. . . . You will see by the paper that Bedine Wynn was married on Saturday to Lord Percival, Lord Egmont's son. . . . ”

SARAH FRANCIS TO HER SISTER MRS. JOHNSON, TO WHOM SHE HAD BEEN PAYING A VISIT AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF THE LATTER.

“ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,

“*Sunday noon* [1792].

“MY DEAR MARY,

“ . . . I think you fortunate indeed, and this opinion includes not only that *of all here*, but of all who know him, the latter tho' not necessary to your happiness, is yet a very grateful and flattering encomium on your judgment and discernment ; no one, is perfect but he has fewer weaknesses. (for failings he has none) than almost any man, and above all he possesses in a very superior degree that affectionate consideration which is essential to all in the like situation, but doubly so to you whose health and welfare depend upon it. . . .

“*Monday*. I have now but little to add, Mr. F. went to dine with *his Love* yesterday, and will remain either there, or at Isleworth till to-morrow ; he is quite recovered, but I seriously believe prefers Johnson to you and what will not surprise you, knowing his great predilection for extreme youth and beauty, *Emily* to either.

“We were quite alone last night, Mr. and Mrs.

Cholmondeley excepted who were with us the chief of the evening ; he was as absurd and as delightful as ever, and his Wife strange to say quite animated and agreeable, well dressed and looking in great beauty. . . .

“ Ever most affectionately yours,

“ SARAH FRANCIS.”

Philip Francis, the younger, writes to his mother from Rouen where he had gone to study French :—

“ ROUEN,

“ *Tuesday the 31st, July, 1792.*

“ DEAR MRS. FRANCIS,

“ Taking it for granted that Mr. Francis received my letter dated Dieppe I resume my journal. . . .

“ So far my journal, now for some cursory and miscellaneous remarks. It happens by chance that we are come to the most tranquil, and indeed the only secure town in France. But this material circumstance draws with it a great Inconvenience—viz. that the place is crowded with people. The Inhabitants of the Province are collected in the Capital. I am told that there are 30,000 extraordinary heads here. Lodgings are not to be had for love or money—and it was by the merest good luck we got a Room in an Inn. The Price of every Article of Provision, Convenience, or Luxury is nearly trebled—and by the present rate of Exchange a Pound Sterling English money is worth only 40 livres in Assignats. With respect to Politicks—aristocratic Principles prevail here—but people of all parties and ways of thinking

(by the by, no two persons are of the same way of thinking on the subject of Government ; here every one has a system of his own) are dissatisfied, as they well may be with the present situation of Affairs. All parties blame the present proceedings of the National Assembly more or less—that they have repeatedly invaded and broken in upon the Constitution, every body seems to allow—and notwithstanding the ardent courage which is displayed on all sides for the defence of the Constitution, it is universally believed that its total destruction, resistance being determined upon, is at hand. Perhaps the parties will at last come to terms—but despair only, and the most desperate Slaughter will force the Constitutionals to Submission. The Armament of England has caused great anxiety, and people are perpetually enquiring of us (as if it were the discretionary act of the English nation) what the intent of it is. The Environs of this Town are beautiful, it is in a very fine situation, and the Air is healthy—I am charmed with the french women, their manners are infinitely engaging, and with respect to beauty I confess fairly that I never in any one day in London have seen as many pretty women, as I have seen in one morning here—I am in perfect health, and am growing fat upon french food (which is excellent) apace. We have very few English here, none luckily that we have the smallest acquaintance with. Townshend not being very well satisfied either with the situation, or the sort of life, has some thoughts of quitting me, and seeking his brother, who is about to travel into Switzerland. If I am allowed to remain here two months I shall be perfect master of the french

language. I am going to learn it again regularly.
Adieu. . . .

“Your most affectionate and dutiful Son

“P. FRANCIS.

“If anyone is as good as to write to me I would thank Mr. Francis for a line in the letter on the subject of this Armament of Mr. Pitt.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS WIFE.

“8th August, 1792.

“DEAR MRS. F.,

“I return you Philip’s Letter, which you received this Morning. For the future you may open any that appear to be directed in his hand. I believe I shall be able to write to him directly from Southampton. We dined yesterday at Mrs. Dance’s. The Place beautiful, the House magnificent, & the Stile altogether entirely noble. Pray order the Doctor, alias Paul Richardson Esqr. to write to me very much at large on the following Topics. France, & the Invasion.—Poland;—the Subscription and my Speech;—with all manner of domestic Intelligence & politics. Lord Malmesbury left us last night, to return in a few days. Sir Harry Englefield is expected to-day. Nothing can equal the good living of this place except the good humour of the natives. We are meditating an Expedition to the Isle of Wight. Poor Mrs. Cull seems very low and dispirited. I pray you to be very kind to her & Doll likewise. These worthy persons seem to have no intention of parting with us; and, in effect, I think I find myself extremely at my ease. We catch Salmon, Jack, and

Eels every night, and eat them alive next day. One night we seized a Jack that weighed twelve pounds, and I have been twice swimming vigorously at Southampton. And so dear Madam, with my Cordialities to Doll, I remain yours indelibly,

" P. F."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO JOHN BRISTOW.

"ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,

"21st February, 1793.

"DEAR BRISTOW,

"You have so much reason of your side, and have put me so completely in the wrong that you ought to be in perfect good Humour not only with yourself but with me; for, if I had not behaved wretchedly in not writing to you, as God knows I ought to have done long ago, you would have lost all the advantages of a meritorious Conduct compared with mine which I shall not attempt, because I do not know how, to Excuse. I pray you nevertheless to have Patience with me a little longer; as I am sure you would if you saw what sort of a Life I am condemned to lead. These latter Ships shall not depart, I promise you, without such a Letter from me as shall not only pacify, but surprise you. In the mean time, consider the inclosed Letter to Collings as written to yourself, only forward it, when you have read it. It is said, that an Express has been sent to Lord Cornwallis to request him to stay in India, how true I know not. In truth I know nothing, or next to nothing, of India affairs. All that I can pick up you shall have in detail.

Yours very sincerely and also with some Humility,

" P. F."

"I am finally convinced that none of the parties concerned in this Everlasting Trial have the remotest Chance of living to see the end of it.

"When I began this Letter a War with France was only *in posse* now it is *in esse*; that is we are going to be tried for our Lives, so God send us a good Deliverance. Two nights ago, I was one of forty-six against two or three hundred who I suppose thought it a very proper Thing that the High Contracting Parties should settle a Plan of internal Government for France. They refused to bind themselves not to do it, which, in parliamentary Construction is pretty much the same Thing. If that be the Object, and if we adhere to it, it is possible there may be a final Pacification in the course of the next Century. But what are all these troublesome Transactions to you who live, like the Gods of Epicurus, at too great a distance from us Mortals to be affected by any Thing that either pleases or afflicts us?—I do in my Conscience believe that you are better where you are than you could be in England. You may live in India without Care, which I defy you or any body else to do in this Country, farewell."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO EDWARD TILGHMAN,
PHILADELPHIA.

"LONDON,
"April 27th, 1793.

"DEAR SIR,

"This letter of introduction will be, I hope ere long delivered to you by one, who is to be accompanied by another, of my oldest and most

intimate friends. The first is Mr. David Godfrey, the second Mr. James Archdekin, and they were both of them closely and cordially united with our dear and ever to be lamented Richard Tilghman. They are literally going to look at America for a few weeks, and by no means to seek their fortune there. They look forward to emergencies on this side of the Atlantic which may possibly determine them to provide a retreat on the other. Such thoughts rarely enter into the minds of wealthy men, unless their minds are above their fortune. But to themselves I leave it to explain to you their motives, views, and projects in this expedition. I pray you to show them attention for my sake, and I recommend it to you to cultivate their friendship for your own.

“Be so kind as to inform Mr. Godfrey exactly of the flourishing state of my acres in Pennsylvania, and give him a well-argued opinion on the question of keeping or selling them; I do not think I shall ever be able, though marvellously disposed, to cultivate them with my own hands.

“And so, citizen farewell.

“P. FRANCIS.”

HARRIET FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

“MARGATE,

“Monday, 21st October, 1793.

“MY DEAR MARY,

“. . . As I believe you never were at Margate, it cannot be interesting to you (otherwise than as I tell you it is the best situation) that our House is in the Church Field, it is immediately

opposite to the principal Library which besides being a very good collection of Books is the fashionable Lounge every morning from 12 to 4. The Bathing, though I am unwilling to admit that this Place is better in any respect than Brighton is certainly not only to be prefer'd, but is as fine as possible, and we have bathed constantly—which together with Elizabeth's having rode on Horseback I hope will compleat her cure. The Bretons have a charming House—about 4 miles from hence, close to the sea, it is a place of all others that I should like to call mine—Laura is not altered much in her face but is grown too fat. She enquired very kindly after *her* friend Mary—for she allotted Mrs. Webb to Catherine. Lavinia is a very elegant pretty girl and much admired by everybody—Eliza is too young to say what she will turn out except very tall and fair—the eldest plays extremely well on the Harp. . . . Philip was with them 6 weeks and everybody says that he was deeply smitten with Lavinia. I did not discover it, his is a flexible heart, and I never saw it insensible to Beauty,—the Erskines have been at Ramsgate, we dined with them one day and went to the Ball at Night. The Duchess of Rutland is there and all her family. She is greatly altered for the worse, and her Daughter never will be as handsome as she has been . . . the Chevaliere D'Eon is here, we were at the Play on Saturday, when she fenced with a french *Emigré*, she was an over-match for him, but it was far from an interesting or pleasing sight to me. She is so poor that a Club of Gentlemen here have given her 20 guineas. *En grande Politique* we have

her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland, she seems to live upon french news. Lady E. Luttrell lives with her who made us a visit, which implies permission to wait upon her Highness—this we did and found them at their Breakfast, she is very affable and well bred, and we sat with her near 2 hours. She comes to the Library every day at the same hour where she talks french Politicks incessantly—it is a cruel thing that she should not have a greater income, but the Dignity and Propriety of her behaviour seems to secure her as much attention and Respect as any fortune could do. There are many pretty women here particularly a Miss Estwick, who is going to be married to a younger son of Sir Harry Bridgeman, but one of the ladies I most admire is a Miss Manners, daughter of Genl. Manners. She likewise is soon to be married to a Mr. Sneyd . . . he gave a very elegant supper at the Rooms last night to which he invited us. . . . Sir Horace Mann¹ is living here *en Grand Seigneur*. My father has dined with him several times, and last Thursday Elizabeth and I were of the Party. Elizabeth is gone to the Ball with Miss Mann tonight from which you will infer that she is gayer than I. . . . I had nearly forgotten to congratulate you upon the Embassy to Toulon—if our adherents continue to drop off in the same easy manner they have done lately, the Opposition will be something less than *select*; a chosen few &c., &c. Some people talk here very seriously of a french invasion in the dark nights, while others laugh at it, but perhaps it is hard to say what a desperate and

¹ Walpole's correspondent.

enraged people will *not* do, granting that we *have* a force to oppose them I should not like it to be brought to such a question. Mr. Breton who is not more easily alarmed than people in general thinks such a report a very good reason for removing his family to Town earlier than he would otherwise have done. . . . Believe me, my dear Mary,

“Most affectionately yours,

“H. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS DAUGHTER ELIZABETH.

“THORNHILL,¹

“11th January, 1794

“MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

“The postman, who brought me your first Letter yesterday Morning, ran away before I could add a Line, to acknowledge it, in that which I wrote to your Mother. The news is interesting indeed, and you may judge of the Anxiety and Impatience with which we are expecting more of it. Every day between 3 and 4, if you can, pick up any Thing that is not in the Morning paper. The post does not come in to-day, so we must pine and languish till to-morrow. This day will I write to the first of Men, to send me the earliest political Intelligence of every post. The Life here is very comfortable and very uniform, plenty of Stuffing, excellent beds, and everlasting Fires. Those cursed Gallants will not come till Sunday. The Frost is intense, but accompanied with brilliant sun & a clear sky. Finer winter Weather cannot be imagined. The little Cadeaux I brought with me were kindly received. Mrs. Cree is as good-humoured

¹ Residence of Mr. Cree, a friend of the family.

& agreeable as possible. Upon the whole our State of Existence is much to my satisfaction. Mr. Cree has put me into possession of a piece of plain Muslin for you, which, I believe, for Beauty and Value, is not to be surpassed. So, I suppose, my Return will not be a very unwelcome Event in the Square.

"Whenever you see G. I. or his Rib, set the pump to work. Apropos ;—the Water here is as bright as the Eyes of Lady Jane ;—but for Taste so diabolical, that I cannot even bear it in the Tea. So I breakfast on Milk.

"Tell Harriet, when she writes, to be as minute as Miss Byron. My hearty good will to her & Sarah, and Catharine & Mawmaw. Mrs. Cree says her heart is broken by your barbarity in not coming with us. All she can do is to live till Spring.

"My dear Grimalkin, I can write no more.

"P. F."

The five following letters, written in March, 1795, from Francis, are dated from Bath, where he had gone for his health.

Francis had invented pet names for all his family. Elizabeth he was fond of calling "the Fat Cat," Harriet was "Doll," his daughter-in-law Eliza "Elysium," his wife, as we have seen in his early letters, he often addressed as his "dearest Honesty."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

"BATH,

"*Thursday, 5th March, 1795.*

"MOST DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN,

"Since writing that long Letter to Town this Morning, I have got two Newspapers, and Tom's

Letter. To-day the Weather begins to feel & look like Spring, & I have just now had 200 Strokes of the pump, & I believe it will answer. Tell me precisely what has happened to the beautiful face of Mrs. Tickel. I am much more interested about her than the Ministry. Damn the Domestics, I mean the Servants. Please heaven, they shall know who is Master.

*'Et dans quelque retraite que le ciel l'eut fait naître,
Le monde, en le voyant, eut reconnu son maître.'*

Pray tell me how Breton goes on. Right sorry should I be for him.

"Yours & the boy's & the Kits.

"P. F.

"Much obliged to your Maw Maw for her kind Letter."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS DAUGHTER CATHERINE, WHEN
SHE WAS ON A VISIT AT BROADLANDS.

"BATH,

"11 March, 1795.

"Why my dear little Child, did they send you to that strange place, all alone and quite by yourself. Indeed you are much too young to be trusted so far from home without some grave person to look after you. *Je vous prie de faire ma paix avec Mr. D. C'est un forte honnête homme quoiqu'un peu épais. Il ne brille pas dans la conversation, mais il a du Solide.*

"My arm I think is somewhat more manageable than it was; but I am afraid I shall not recover the perfect use of it for a long time. *En attendant* I am as weary of my Life as anybody ought to be who

lives in a State of Separation from his beautiful Spouse. How does Lord P. bear it? *Her* Ladyship talks of sending for *his* Lordship and all their children.

"I rejoice to hear of poor dear Sally's amendment, why can't we all be well together! I expect to hear from Mary and Harriet this day; but the post comes in so late that I must close this before I receive their letters. *Ah! mon pauvre Beau! que je vous plains! Que diable est devenu Mr. D'amson.* The Baron [Rosenhagen] has got four deputations of Chaplains to as many Regiments and no other duty demanded of him but to get drunk every day with each commanding officer in his turn, and that he swears he shall religiously perform; amidst all these honours so unexpectedly heaped on neglected merit, I should think it will be difficult for him to preserve that rigorous Incognito, which has hitherto secluded him from an inquiring world.

"My duty to your Mother,

"and so I kiss the Paws of all the Cats addio.

"P. F."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HARRIET FRANCIS.

"BATH,

"12 March, 1795.

"Why, my own dear Harriet, I had no reason for stinting myself in paper, but to lay up a Fortune for you and the little children. But since you disapprove of so much parsimony I give all my savings to the winds. I am very much indebted to worthy Mary for her kind Letter and should be very glad to answer it, if I knew what to say. The man, they

have used worst is the only honest man among them and *he* deserves it richly. I wish he knew as well as I do with what scorn and mockery he is spoken of by the Royalists, L. P. confesses she always thought him a very weak man. What will become of him now? I desire the fat Cat will tell me everything she hears about him and all manner of Politics. I am indeed very sorry for the dear Beau as also for my own shoulder, which is much better in point of motion but devilish painful. My complimentary affections wait on your Mother and Sally and all of you. Mr. Canning has written to somebody in this place that Lord Fitzwilliam's conduct in Ireland is just as absurd as if Mrs. Siddons being engaged for a whole season should play all her parts in the first three nights. Let that be known but not from *me*.

"How do the Duke of Portland and Earl Spencer take it?"

"Yours; nay yours,

"P. F."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ELIZABETH FRANCIS.

"BATH,

"15th March, 1795.

MY OWN DEAR ELIZABETH,

"I have received both your kind Letters in due order; and if I am not mistaken, I wrote to *you* in person on Friday last. All that night it snowed furiously, and the weather was so bad yesterday that I could not go down to the pump, which is nearly a mile from my dwelling. I am deeply concerned for poor Johnson; for many reasons; but particularly because the more I know him the more

I value him. I cannot say quite as much of some of your political connexions. But we must take this dirty world as we find it, and keep ourselves as clear from contamination as we can. It is a nation of scoundrels, and not worth the smallest Sacrifice. Some of your friends have found that Truth by Instinct, long before I did by experience. Keep your thoughts to yourself, and let us endeavour to pass through Life as quietly and as merrily as we can. Few Individuals have so many resources as we have. Of this place I can only say that the Greeks have used me tolerably well, and that Mrs. Mullins is to be speedily divorced. So says my quondam or rather grandam friend Mrs. C. I have not had a hearty meal since my arrival except Sunday last when I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Walsh. My love to the heiress. I do not know that wealth could fall into better hands. How does she bear it? Kind love and many thanks to worthy Mary. Take special care of Johnson for me.

“Yours dear puss,

“P. F.”

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“BATH,

“31st March, 1795.

“MY DEAR PRETTY PUSS, MY OWN DEAR GRIMALKIN,

“Have you left off purring for good, or have you lost the use of your forepaw for evil? or is your back up at anything? or has anybody affronted you, and now I am gone will nobody scratch your head and stroke you? Miaow, Miaow . . . is that all! poor pussy, come lap up this cream and wipe your fair

round face with your velvet forefoot, and keep in your claws.

“What do you think? I went last night to a concert, and whom should I meet but my cidevant flame Lil? remember I tell you, I never will do so any more, a painted skeleton by all that’s ugly, *passée, fanée, flétrie et delabrée*—but wonderfully kind and almost flattering, so it’s my turn now. Then came C., followed by her stupid spouse who is really a person of some moment in his own contemplation. Then came a Lady of a certain age with a *fieri facias* (ask Philip) ‘I fancy sir you don’t know me.’ ‘Plead you to me fair dame?’ ‘Sir, I am Mrs. L.’ ‘The Devil you are!’ and then she was very kind to me and was at home every Tuesday and I promised to take the first opportunity, which I did, and left her. A quondam Governor paid me a visit or rather left his name soon after my arrival, but I never returned it and would not speak to the fellow when I met him, and then you might have seen a true picture of mortification before death—in short I am grown as proud as the Devil and shall hardly know any of you when I return. Will you tell me how my Bo goes on, and have you taken care of him as I bid you? I am always in some pain, but my arm is more at command and I believe I shall recover. This is the cursedest pen that ever man was blest with as Johnson says of his spouse. Indeed dear Kate it was very unkind of you to fall sick the moment I left you. Will you take the trouble to dash my respects at the feet, I mean the forefeet, of Mrs. Webb, and tell her that I never

cease hoping for the day when she and I shall rule the roast at Roehampton. Who can say more? Yes, I can. My duty to your Maw-maw."

Year after year we find Francis working hard to secure a suitable house for the season for his wife and daughters at Brighton, that they might share in the festivities and benefit by the sea air. This seems to have been a matter of no small difficulty, for the demand for furnished houses during the favourite months—then, as now, October and November—was very great: he writes to his daughter Elizabeth, October 7th, 1795:—

"Believe me, it is not my fault that I cannot give you any certain account of a house. The man with whom I hoped to have contracted is so exorbitant that I cannot yield to his demand so I pray you have patience till you hear from me by tomorrow's post. You shall not be disappointed of a house though I fear you will in every other respect. The Weather is perfectly fine but I never knew Brighton so dull and melancholy. Not a creature in the Rooms, nor a card to be seen."

Two days later he writes:—

"I hope the Direction of this letter will not have raised your hopes. I have none to offer you. But if you can think of a Compensation of any kind against my return, you shall find me more than willing to contribute to it. Your Letter is like yourself, fat and comely. I beg you will make it your business to console your Mother and Sisters, and keep up the spirits of Fanny and the Dog. The

two latter must have hard Hearts if they could part with me with dry Eyes. I expect Archdekin every hour, and shall settle the match out of hand. Questionless they were born for one another; if haply he be not too young for her. It is plain that his age ought not to be an Objection; since if he were infinitely older, and within an hour of his decease, no prudent woman would refuse him. . . . My love to all my relations, and so farewell. I kiss your fat fists as a dutiful father should do.

“P. F.”

CATHERINE FRANCIS TO MRS. FRANCIS.

“BRIGHTON,

“*Sunday, Eighteenth October, 1795.*

“MY DEAR MAMAN,

“ . . . The weather is delightful and this place as much in favor with us all as ever. Yesterday the Gallants assembled at Mr. Breton's, we joined the party in the evening, and played Cassino till eleven when we always separate. Mrs. Breton says, she is sure if you was here you would become a perfect Mistress of the Game, as it is I hope you do not quite give it up, but prepare yourself to encounter us on our return. My Father is highly delighted with this place as he may well be, for I never saw him appear to greater advantage, both as to health and spirits. The Bretons come to us tonight and if you will not think it very wicked I will tell you that we mean to have our game, the same as another day. Harriet and Eliza have been to Church to hear Mr. Hoole preach and returned much gratified. Sir Harry called here yesterday to

take leave, but we did not see him. . . . The Bretons wish us very much to go to the Rooms to-night but we oppose it for though this place is quite full yet as people do not mix but live wholly in small parties at their own houses we think we are much merrier here, yet as they wish it we may perhaps still go. . . . Elizabeth begs you will tell Sally she would be obliged to her if there are any letters to be sent here under cover to my father to have them weighed before she sends them, as you know how particular Mr. F. is in that respect We could not have had any friends here more agreeable to us than the Bretons, I like them better the more I see of them, and they suit us so well in every respect, are quite as fond of walking and not less partial to a *certain Game*. I have the satisfaction to inform you that Lady Jersey was safely delivered of a Son last Friday, to the great joy of all the family. This is all the news I have to tell you, wherefore with best love and regards to you and the dear Chick with many thanks for her interesting letter I am, my dearest Maman's

“own Affectionate,

“LITTLE CAT.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO L. COLLINGS¹ IN INDIA.

“LONDON,

“17th April, 1796.

“MOST DEAR AND WORTHY COLLINGS,

“You may safely take the following propositions for granted, without farther debate.

“1. I am alive and so are *you*.

¹ Mr. Collings had an appointment in India. Collings and Livius had lived in a house outside Calcutta with Francis and Mackrabie at the beginning of Francis's residence in India.

“ 2. That mode of existence, which you like the least, is the most difficult to forget.

“ 3. Every one of your instructive Letters, to the 1st November 1795 inclusive, has been duly received ; and, when I am called upon to make up my last Account, they shall be duly answered.

“ 4. I have now had the honour of sitting 13 years in a certain Assembly, most unjustly charged with not being a true and faithful Representation of the People. The Charge, I do assure you is an infamous calumny. There never was a nation so correctly represented as the English. The Cream is exactly the very best of the milk.

“ 5. In this School of Virtue, I have learned much, and paid more. Let it comfort you then to know that my Morals and my Fortune are equally improved, and that having finished my Education, I am preparing to travel into the wide World, which, I assure you, is all before me, and just as it was when I was first born, as they say in my Native country.

“ 6. Your ancient Philosophers despised wealth. I do more. I hate the rich cordially.

“ 7. And yet, would you believe it, I am as merry as a Beggar and care now as little as *yourself*, what happens to *myself*.

“ 8. If a thin pair of Breeches be of any use in going through the world, he who has none is still better equipped.

“ 9. For three or four years past Mrs. Bristow has sworn to me, by all her Gods, that she would take you and your affairs, under her immediate Patronage and protection. So I saw her last Night at the

Opera ; and I think her Perjuries seem to agree with her mightily. Every vow she breaks creates a new Charm ; and there am *I* such a Fool as to tell her so. So I leave you to judge what Chance you have of her ever keeping her word again.

“ 10. Encouraged by my success in my Care of the East, I have lately turned my thoughts to the West ; from Hindoos to Negroes, from Betel to Tobacco, to Sugar and Molasses. And Mrs. Bristow says, “ What signify Negroes ? aren’t they black ? and don’t I make a slave of every man I meet ? ”

“ Fare you better, Neighbour Collings. You are without Remedy. So am I.

“ What can I say more ?

“ P. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MRS. BRISTOW.

“ HONoured MADAM,

“ 17 *April*, 1796.

“ To save you Trouble, I have left the inclosed wide open for your perusal. Whether you read it or not, I pray you to seal it carefully with your own pretty Fist. Your Arms may be better employed.

“ When you have nothing else to do, be so good as to squander some loose Thoughts upon

“ Your most dutiful Servant,

“ P. F.”

HARRIET FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

“ MY DEAR MARY,

“ ST. JAMES’S SQUARE,

“ 22nd *June*, 1796.

“ . . . My Mother and Elizabeth remained at Sheen on Sunday Evening quite well and happy and full of Business I mean in furnishing the *Blue Room*. Catherine and I came to Town after passing a true Summer’s Day and very agreeable. Monday

we passed at Hampstead. . . . Tuesday we were much entertained at the opera with the Revival of the *Deserter Ballet*, it is so affecting that many people cried at it. On Wednesday we went a large party Sloanes, Palmerstons &c., to visit the Parrot, it is a most surprising Bird. Col. O'Kelly had very politely provided Ices &c., and after partaking of them we proceeded to Weeks Museum which exhibits everything that is Beautiful. My father then went to dinner at Holland House, no other lady but Lady Holland, the prince and a very large party; we went to Ranelagh which was *very bad* but we had a pleasant little party and did not mind it. Last night we had a large Party to Vauxhall but it was thought a better scheme to return to sup at our House which they did. It is a great Pity that people will not go there for it is still a charming place. Angersteins, Mrs. Boucharett, Macmahon, Ld. P., Mr. Cholmondeley and a very pleasant evening. . . . Catherine and I are finally going to Sheen on Sunday. I daresay you will not believe it, but Elizabeth will return for a few days. My Father is so much engaged that he only says he wishes that he had time to go. . . .

"God bless you all.

"H. F."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"BRIGHTON,

"27th Octbr., 1797.

"MY EVER DEAR MARY,

" . . . Your Papa left Brighton on Thursday only H.R.H. and him in the Chaise a beautiful

Carriage with four fine Horses going as quick as possible and 3 servants on Horseback followed by another Carriage containing the Pages. John Godfrey was walking their road and they overtook him who gave us this account. I hope you always burn my Letters as I should not like any Person but you who are equally interested with myself to suppose that I mentioned these circumstances from Vanity. On Saturday we dined and passed the Evening much to our satisfaction—they are charming, and have been the greatest pleasure to us at this Place. Yesterday [Sunday] was a beautiful Day, after Church Elizabeth drove out with Mr. Eyre and I took a fine walk with his Brother and Lord P[almerston] the latter then mounted his Horse, and after a little rest Elizabeth and I went out again with Lady John Townshend, and staid out till it was time to Dress. Lord P. dined with us and in the Evening he went with us to Mrs. Sneyd's where we had a very pleasant Party and supper—we found a letter from my Father at night, brought by some Gentleman's Servant to Brighton, he is delighted with Petworth, his *Compagnon de Voyage* &c., &c. This has been another fine Day and we are just returned from a charming walk on the Sands with Ld. and Lady John. I am tired and cold but having a Frank thought it a pity to waste it. We are all going to Drink Tea with them this evening—tomorrow she Dines with us and Ld. P. though we have no man servant, and in the evening we are all going to Mrs. Noel's, Miss Jennings's Mother. Lord P. often talks of our poor friend and of you with the utmost kindness and Respect for your good Conduct

—which in after times my dear Mary will be a satisfactory reflexion to you. Remember that *You* are one of *Us*, and the dear Children too, most most dear to our Affections. The Fat Cat joins me in love, and believe me ever most truly Yours,

“ H. F.”

Mrs. Francis began to fail in health about this time, and soon became a permanent invalid, living almost entirely in her own rooms, cards being her chief solace.

HARRIET FRANCIS TO MRS. FRANCIS.

“ BRIGHTON,

“ October 4th, 1797.

“ DEAREST MAWMAW,

“ We had a very good journey on Sunday, though not an Expeditious one to this Place ; owing to the Delay of changing Horses, which caused us not to arrive till some time after five, which was rather provoking, as we supposed Mrs. Thomson would be waiting Dinner for us, we might have spared ourselves this Anxiety as we found upon our arrival that she had dined at 3 o'clock, and was taking her afternoon's Walk. We had some Mutton Chops and Cold Beef for our Dinner, and to say the truth I liked it as well. Upon enquiry, she had not received my Letter, the stupid Man at the Post Office had not given it to her though he had seen her several times. My Father was very agreeable as usual upon the journey, he said he hoped that our Friend Mr. C[holmondeley] would pass Sunday with you which might console you for our departure. Mrs. T. and Miss Whyte received

me very kindly, the evening was beautiful and Papa and I took a walk by the Sea after Tea. She has got a very nice clean House with an Excellent Pump of Spring Water which is not common near the sea, I have the Bedroom adjoining the Drawing Room, and very comfortable. My Father had a fine Hunt on Monday and again yesterday, but we keep such early hours that we do not meet very often. My Father dined yesterday at Culling Smiths with a very agreeable party, Lord and Lady Say and Sele &c. . . . Monday Lady Shelley and her daughter whom you remember called upon us ; she is a very Elegant agreeable woman and we have promised to go there of an evening, they have been here since May and are to remain till April, one of her Daughters who was with her in prison has a Bad Leg and cannot set her Foot to the Ground,—and Sea Bathing which they have contrived to get at Home is the only thing likely to recover her. The Place is quite full but nobody goes to the Balls or does anything but Drive about and Walk. We Breakfast at 9, Dine at 3, walk from five till seven when we drink Tea, after which we amuse ourselves with Musick, Reading and working till a little after 9 when the supper is brought up and soon after ten we retire. Mrs. Thomson is by no means well and wishes to turn this trip to the account of Health. Nobody can be more goodnatured and agreeable than she & Miss Whyte, and I hope, the Place will be of service to her likewise. My Father holds his intention of returning to Sheen on Sunday so you will order the Landalet to meet him at Ewell that day, he will be there before 3 so the Coach Man

must go in time to have the Horses rested and be ready to set out towards Home at that time. Tell the Cats that I shall write to them tomorrow. Sir G[eorge] W[ombwell] is living *en Prince* at Wick, my Father is to dine with him on Saturday—it has rained a little this morning, but excepting that the Weather has been divine—we drive out in the Landaulet every morning which I like much. As Catherine's Friend the Man of Feeling is here I hope to get this franked but if I do not I hope you will not grudge the postage of so elegant a Letter—with love to every Body believe me, Affectionately yours.

“ H. F.”

GODSCHALL JOHNSON, THE YOUNGER, TO
MRS. JOHNSON, HIS STEPMOTHER.

“ORIEL COLLEGE,
“ 18th May, 1798.

“ MY DEAR MRS. JOHNSON,

“ If we lived in a magic land, then what wonders could one reconcile to ourselves, with the greatest facility, but alas! we may now puzzle our Brains in vain to discover what strange old Witch or Magician has been at work, or rather what malignant Fever has been raging so universally as to turn the Heads of so many Doctors, Proctors, and all manner of Clergymen. My Father tells me that there is no chance of an Invasion. If so I cannot see the reason for this strange change in the Order of Things. Why does the Drum & Fife præcede the College Bells, why are the Caps and Gowns laid aside for a more Military Dress, and why does

the Musket and Bayonet supply the Place of Books, while beneath each Oxford Parson's Wig lurks a Captain or Lieutenant. Such at present is the state of things here ; and I no longer ago than this morning saw a Doctor of Divinity knock down an Under Graduate with his Musket ; how long such Terrible Acts are to be committed I am ignorant ; I hope they will be at an end in about a Week, as I expect then to get out again ; I am at present confined to my Room and have been so for these two or three days past, consequently live rather abstemiously, with regard both to eating and Drinking ; as for the latter of these accomplishments it flourishes to a greater degree than I ever yet knew it in Oriel. I hope that you are all pretty well at Putney. . . . Pray remember me to my Father as well as Eliza and believe me, dear Madam, yours very affectionately

“GODSCHALL JOHNSON.”

MISS LLEWELYN (A YOUNG FRIEND)
TO MRS. FRANCIS.

“MY DEAR MAMA,

“ . . . I was coming yesterday to enquire but came home too late, being engaged to the Play. By the way I think I have no business in London for I am grown so fastidious, or so stupid, (which *entre nous* I believe to be the *truth*) that few entertainments afford me *much* amusement, and not any that I have witnessed, compleat satisfaction. Henry the 8th is got up in a splendid style and the Acting is certainly entitled to much commendation, but it was (in my opinion) by no means as perfect as I

had been led to expect. I thought Mrs. Siddons in *some* parts monotonous and *Drawling*; whining would not be applicable to *her* voice entirely though it was not far removed from it. Her delivery is certainly *too* slow. Pope's King was by no means well performed, but Kemble's Wolsey carried the Palm of the Evening and was admirable.

"Tomorrow if the weather is fine and I am better, I shall enjoy a *real* gratification being engaged in a party to visit Kew Gardens. . . . If I go to Kew I shall return to dinner, and if you have no company will endeavour to call upon you in the evening. Dear Caty's Book & Caps are safe. . . .

" Ever yours,
" F. L."

CATHERINE FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

"ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,
"July, 1798.

"I fear you will have thought me unkind dearest Marie in neglecting you so long but I have been unfortunate in falling down and spraining my right Hand. . . .

"Harry, as she is your regular correspondent, has probably told you that Mrs. Thomson was to make us a visit this week. She came on Thursday and also Mr. Cholmondeley, Mr. Maddocks yesterday, and to-day our party is increased by Julia Angerstein. . . . Mr. F. is much too agreeably engaged to think of us, he has not yet been here, but we expect that he will dine here to-day if it is only to take leave of us as on Monday he is going to Wooburn for a week, and we to console ourselves are going to a large party

by water, to dine at the Folly House beyond Greenwich. . . . My Father is just arrived and I think you will be amused if I tell you how he passed yesterday. At two o'clock he embarked in a twenty-oared Boat, followed by a smaller one with the Duke of York's Band, the party consisting of Lady Oxford Ly. Cunningham, Ld. J. Russell, Mrs. Wilmot and the Sheridans with many gentlemen too tedious to mention, they rowed up to Lady Diana Beauclerks and then returned to dine at the Castle at Richmond where everything was prepared in a sumptuous style, they returned to London in the same way, and he arrived in St. James's Square at 12 o'clock, dressed with the utmost expedition and went to Mr. Sheridan's where the party were assembled with many additions, the Fête ended with a Ball and your Papa danced like the youngest, this is the sort of life he has led for some time past, and I think you will allow it is a merry one.

"Adieu my dearest Mary with kindest love to Johnson.

"CATTY."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS DAUGHTER HARRIET.

"BRIGHTON,

"*Sunday Morning, 5 August, 1798.*

"WORTHY HARRIET,

"In a Word, this Place is everything 'That youthful Poets fancy when they love, Riding, racing, swimming, drinking, And many a Freak, that dies in thinking.' Make your own party for October, and reckon upon me for a sure Card. I have dined every day at the pavilion, with the Stadtholder, and Prince

Ernest (Who promises to be a good neighbour to me in future, and speaks highly of the said Peach) and twenty others. And this morning, I set off, in half an hour, for Arundel Castle in Bob Heathcote's Curricie, to spend the Day, by Invitation, with the Earl Marshal [Duke of Norfolk] and return tomorrow. The Lewes Races will detain me here till Friday or Saturday, and then to visit Breton in my way home. From this moment, I hereby bid adieu to maundering.

"Mrs. Drake has been very gracious—if I could be young again, you should soon see me a Favourite.

"So fare you well.

"P. F.

"*Con amore alla madre.*"

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS FAMILY.

"CHATSWORTH,

"Wednesday, 12th Sept., 1798.

"*Bulletin.*

"I dined at Derby on Sunday, and got to Matlock about eight that evening; four hours to perform 17 miles in a torrent of Rain. Staid at Matlock all Monday and was very well occupied in seeing and surveying the most beautiful scenery I believe in England, dined and suppt with fifty very agreeable people, was witness to a Ball, and well fed for next to nothing.

"Tuesday after breakfast, a delightful Ride of eleven miles to this place compared to which all other places, even Blenheim, are inconsiderable; I mean for Beauty of Ground and Plantation extent

and variety of the most charming views. The House is on an immense scale and at present not a fourth of it occupied. So I steer through it by a compass, and to find the Altitude of my Bedchamber make use of a Quadrant. The Duke of Bedford and Lady Elizabeth are here and nobody else, *au reste, on m'a reçu on ne peut pas mieux*. This is beyond all comparison the finest place I ever saw, and with more Company I could stay here a Fortnight. At present I can form no conjectures about my farther proceedings.

"This letter, you will observe is jointly and severally to all of you. Tell Philip he may take possession of the black horse, and ride him into Essex.

"And so dearest, Farewell,

"Yrs, P. F.

"Some day Philip must accompany these young Ladies. Their voices are delightful. It is now past two. The Duke of Devonshire is just come down to breakfast, about an hour after the Duke of Bedford and I had finished our Repast."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS FAMILY.

"CHATSWORTH,

"Sunday, 16 Sept., 1798.

"CARISSIME MIE DONNE,

"My present views and projects lead me to believe that I shall leave this place on Tuesday, and see Hardwicke in my way. If nothing intervenes I shall probably be at home on Friday, but do not expect me, or give yourselves the trouble of saying anything about me to anybody. The Duke of

Bedford went away yesterday morning, and Lord Yarborough came to dinner. The Dutchess, unfortunately for herself and me, has been very ill, first with a nervous headache and then with the Cramp in her stomach, and confined to her Bed for three days; but we hope to see her to-day. The characteristic Feature of this place is Tranquillity rarely interrupted by talking or any other vain Levities. I do everything I think fit, and nobody cares a straw what I do. I am supposed to be of a restless habit because I get up at ten, and am in a hurry to breakfast, as I do by myself, at eleven, from that till seven I do what I will; so I ride and read and dress, and then to dinner. Lord Yarborough, thank God, has a turn for Talking. Everybody else is dumb; most of the servants are as old as the house, and the greatest part of them stone deaf. Yesterday I rode out two hours with Lady Elizabeth and Lady Georgiana; but they are both as grave as judges, and never speak without reflection. In short, the Dutchess being ill spoils everything, nevertheless and notwithstanding, as I am a free Agent and nobody minds me I pass my time very well and like it mightily. Tomorrow the Duke has a public day, that is he has a Dinner for all the Neighbourhood; or for all the county, if they choose to come, so I shall see a good many of the Natives, and learn something of the manners of the Country. Mr. Yarrow's¹ natural taciturnity is considerably improved by the examples before him. He walks about like a Ghost and is as silent as the Grave.

¹ Francis's Valet

" Nothing further occurs at present, and so farewell. This instructive letter is for the common good, I mean of you three.

" Yrs. P. F.

" 6 o'clock.

" Just returned from what they call a morning's ride with Lord Yarborough, to visit a Mr. and Mrs. Eyre who live on a Mountain and pass the winter there in their own society.

" The Dutchess is come down with her usual Looks, but the Duke has got the Gout, and I am afraid will not be visible today."

" CHATSWORTH,

" Tuesday, 18th September, 1798.

" MY OWN DEAR CATHARINE BETTY AND MAWMAW,

" Many thanks to dear Betty for her kind letter. All my arrangements were made for an early departure this very morning; but the mention of it produced so many kind invitations from my noble Host of the Garter, which the Dutchess appeared to concur in, that I have yielded to stay another day, and you know as well as I do what my destination may be tomorrow; but I believe I shall dine at Buxton, and stay there all night, as there are people there whom I should like to see.

" This would be an excellent place for the lady who liked to have her time to herself. Events never happen at Chatsworth, except a public dinner every Monday, and the waterworks playing all the time. We have one fountain that rises 94 feet and a cascade like a flight of steps, a quarter of a mile long. It

must be my own fault if I do not make Reflections enough while I am here to last me for a year or two. Lord Yarborough went off this morning, and as to the inhabitants I shall see none of them till seven. *Au Reste* I have all the comforts and enjoyments compatible with a state of uninterrupted solitude, the best of breakfasts, riding, walking, reading, and fine weather. As for silence the Abbaye of La Trappe is a mere Babel to this house. I asked the Gardener how long he had lived here and who he conversed with. He said, 40 years, and seldom spoke to anybody. Talking it seems had been left off ever since the marriage of the present Duke's grandfather who died in King William's time. The Dutchess tried to bring conversation into fashion, but to no purpose; and even poor Lady Elizabeth is not allowed to talk except upon her fingers.

"Her Grace has said that I must introduce her to all my family, to which I have consented. The little ones are as fond of Music as any of us, and sing very agreeably together.

"Having now seen enough of the World to last me a fortnight I long to be at Sheen again.

"Yours dutifully,
"P. F."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO THE GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF
DEVONSHIRE.

"November 24th, 1798.

"I returned to town on Wednesday, and found your benevolent letter of the 17th waiting for me impatiently. In the first place, I was charmed with



GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

the size of it : but, to show you that I know how to command myself, and that I am not invariably hurried away by the impression of the moment, I shall suppress all my compliments, and proceed to business.

“ As long as you are writing to me, I know who you are thinking of ; and though I see with a breaking heart that I am not uppermost in your thoughts, still I defy you, with all your airs, to write to anyone for two hours without thinking of him for two minutes. *Tant gagné au moins* : so like a true gamester, I shall pocket what I win, and wrangle for the rest. The generous Passions are always eloquent, especially on a favourite subject. You love him with all his faults because they are his. I wish I was one of them. I should keep good company, and share in your Regard. Since that cannot be, I have nothing left for it but to envy him for the first time, and to hate him as I used to do, *con amore*. You say you will never be detached from his standard ; *à la bonne heure* : but where is it, or who has thrown it down ? If it exists anywhere but in your own fertile fancy, I desire nothing better than to repair to it in your society, and to fight under it, as I have done for fourteen years, not only without pay but without hope. You affirm with an air of Triumph ‘ that anyone who thinks a party can exist without him will find themselves mistaken.’ I believe so ; but then, is it really a subject for exultation ? *Hélas, belle dame, j’aurai bien des choses à vous dire* ; but not till time and many prayers of mine as well as your own have inclined your heart unto wisdom.

“ I am overwhelmed with consternation at the

multitude of beautiful things you say about G. T[ierne]y. Has *he*, or any mortal for him, ever said, heard, or understood, that he aspired to be the Leader, or that he thought himself qualified to fill the seat, and to supply the place, of C. F.? Far from it. I *know* that he has said and done everything, that depended on him, to prevent the vacancy. But I hope you will allow that they who are forsaken (without concert, notice, or warning of any kind) have a right to do the best they can for themselves. God knows, that is very little indeed. You say it is Presumption to suppose that he can do without Fox. If Mr. Fox has left his friends and party for the special purpose of convincing them that they cannot do without him, and that it is in vain for them to try, I confess that the Experiment has answered completely. But we knew it beforehand, and wanted no such evidence. Forgive me dear Madam. He who cannot look forward without despair must and will look back with indignation. You expect and you encourage me to deal frankly with you. You give your own sentiments freely, and with an openness for which I am bound to you for ever. Shall I suffer in your opinion by following your example? Sooner than incur that penalty, *I am ready to be persuaded.*

“I really have not seen, for no reason but because it was impossible, your ‘dearest, loveliest, best of sisters’;¹ but if I live and do well, I shall have that happiness next week. I shall soon know, by her behaviour, whether you have spoken of me favourably

¹ The Duchess's own words of Lady Bessborough.

or not. If she frowns upon me, you shall hear of it, and, what's more, you shall pay for it: that is, with some of those particular smiles that are reserved for favourites.

"I send the pamphlet by this post. It was all true, though at present out of date. Stocks are falling back again. It is odd, but true, that the higher they are the less the probability of selling the land tax. I do not believe that a third of it will be bought, and that only by proprietors.

"Pray tell me that you are not angry with me; I am mortally frightened at what I have written. I go to town on Monday, and am very much disposed to stay there till Thursday. Two of the infantry, my inseparable companions, are left carousing at Waverley Abbey; good living had nearly killed me.

"I hope, as I most devoutly wish, that the Duke will not find it necessary to go to Buxton. If he does, Lord! how I shall write to you out of mere generosity and compassion.

"P. F."

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"November 29th, 1798.

"I am particularly vexed at having been prevented writing, lest you should think I was affronted or unworthy of your kindness. It must be a bad heart who could be otherwise than delighted (even when differing from you) at your warm and eloquent expressions, and a mind devoid of taste who could relinquish such a correspondent. But, besides having been at a country ball, and having had a house full

of Derbyshire savages, I have been vexed to my heart's core. Oh! my dear Mr. Francis, you must have spoilt me, since I feel a pleasure in telling you how worried I have been, though I cannot tell you the cause, though you can do me no good, and though my poor heart has been torn to pieces. You know not what you have done in taking some interest in such a being as I am; you must often listen to lamentation, because, though in reality an old woman, my heart and mind are still childish; nor can I encounter without pain a world that is too wise for me. I must feel unkindness when I meet with it, and anxiety when it presses round me. Do not be angry at my boring you with all this stuff; indeed, if you knew me such as I am, you would know that I pay you a compliment in writing thus.

“How can you suppose me angry for your averring your opinion? I knew it long ago, and wished to bring you to own it, that I might attack it, but low spirits, which have taken from me the power of writing for these ten days, have also weakened my strength as a champion. You are wrong, indeed you are. Charles has, and always had, faults of heedlessness, that may injure him, and have, as a statesman, but never as the greatest of men. Who, at one glance, took in the view of the French revolution? Who saw its consequence and warned us of the inutility of opposing its progress? Will not posterity remember this and bless him? Will not they remember his merciful wishes on the condemnation of Lewis XVI., and the various times he would have checked (and it could have been

done then) our wild career? Who has sacrificed even his darling popularity to his principles? His standard is in the hearts of men, in my heart of hearts, in your own, for you are one of those formed by nature with the fire, the animation that, I am sure, must make you shrink from any other cause.

“ I blame not George Tierney ; but he is no great man ; a man who is only bright in the absence of superior merit is in the right to make use of his opportunity, for it will not last long. No, would I were a man, to unite my talents, my hopes, my fortune, with Charles's, to make common cause, and fall or rule, with him.

“ In my mind, he is greater than any splendid situation can make him, he has warned us of danger ; he has pointed the relief, and had he had the voice of the charmer, he could have done no more. Being no longer of any use, he retired, and his retirement has, I think, opened more eyes than any other measure could have done. The extreme fretful dislike my Pittite friends express to the secession proves to me that they have reason to fear it.

“ Indeed, I was unjust to Tierney ; but I have a proud spirit, and an irritable one, and I could not bear his supposing he could stand alone, and avow his intention as an important fact, when I am sure (and I think you will see), if he does entirely detach himself, he will either sink into oblivion or join the minister.

“ The confidence of men is with Pitt ; they respect him, as often a wife does her husband ; think him a very disagreeable fellow, but a good manager of

their views and happiness ; and now, though they think he has been going and going on too far, yet they still cling to their spouse, lest the separation or divorce should bring on immediate ruin ; for they have given up all their settlements, jointure, and even pin-money into his hands ; but, whilst they are mingled in the interests of *il caro sposo*, their hearts are with Charles. He is not rich enough for an elopement with him ; and the husband, by extreme jealousy and misrepresentation, has hurt him a little in their opinion ; but still they love him in secret. *He* has a heart. Pitt has none. Now I cannot think that they will look on Tierney or Lord Moira, or any pretender I know of, even in the light of a gallant, or even flirt. They feel themselves in a bad situation, and, if long trial at last engages the people to break all connection with Pitt, it will be for no petty intrigue, but for the lover, whose abilities and genius could save them by some vast effort of genius, and whom they have so long felt to be their destiny.

“ As I am very sure you do not think that I, as a woman, ever was, could be, or am, in love with Charles Fox you will allow that, in fervour, enthusiasm, and devotion, I am a good friend, and I assure you, dear Mr. Francis, short as our acquaintance has been, I could and would make a very noble battle for you, should anybody attack you, which hitherto has not been the case, as all I have seen admire you as I do.

“ But I want you to explain the beginning of your letter ; who am I thinking of when I write to *you* ?

I am ashamed of sending this letter, so incorrect, and so mad as I fear it is, but I am really extremely ill indeed. I will write again when I am better; but pray write *à celle qui sait si bien apprécier le plaisir de recevoir de telles lettres.*

“Adair went to-day, and the Lambs, the youngest of whom is the finest creature I ever saw in mind or body. I should like to send you some verses of his on Charles Fox; they answer even my idea of praise.

“Tell me that you are not angry, and that I may write on as I think.

“Form no judgment of my dear sister; for she is ill and low, as she too often is at the beginning of the cold weather.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

“December 3rd, 1798.

“Some cruel words in the letter I received from you yesterday have filled me with deep and serious anxiety, and the more as I cannot, if I would, conjecture what grief they relate to, or what is the nature or extent of it. The Causes and Objects of fear are infinitely more formidable in the dark than when they are distinctly seen: for then they may be measured and provided for. Do not believe it possible that your heart can be ‘torn in pieces,’ and that mine can be unwounded. On a subject so described, it would be equally unbecoming and useless in me to ask a question or to solicit an Explanation. Neither am I of a curious temper, nor is it consistent with my judgment or principles to encourage the

communication of secrets unless it be to answer some serviceable purpose. Sorrow is certainly softened by participation. To share the burden is to lighten it; but that case supposes a long and *mutual* Intimacy, and cannot be extended to many. From woman to woman, it is most dangerous. From the good and generous to the reserved or the interested, it gives dominion at least, which may be abused. Confidence plants itself, and will not grow by forcing. There *may* be an exception, for I have some faith in sympathy, unaccountable as all faith is. In a few instances, I have hated at first sight. In others, as you perhaps may think possible enough, I have loved without waiting for a second. But mere love should beware of confessing anything to its Object, except its own passion. The party that desires more intends to command. With all these wise considerations before you, it is for your own discretion to judge whether any Service, or Counsel, or Consolation, of mine can be of any use to you. If not, you ought not to tell me; for though *I* know you would be safe, *you* do not. It was not intended that the affairs of this world should be governed, or the happiness of individuals secured, by anything without prudence. Virtue suffers, and vice enjoys, and then they change places. The passions defeat themselves, or make us pay too dear for their indulgence. Talents, genius, science, when left to themselves and their own guidance, very often constitute the Misery of those who possess them. Religion comes late, and serves only to console. Can you endure, and will you forgive, these moral airs in a man who never

pretended to be anything, and to be a moralist least of all? With all possible veracity, I do confess to you that I am very wise for everybody but myself. Wisdom has been beaten into me by experience, of which no man, I believe, has had more than I have had, to my cost, crowded into the same number of years. Yet born and bred as I was in adversity, and traversed by Disappointment in every pursuit of my life, I never should have been unhappy if it had been possible for me never to be imprudent. My mind is come at last to its maturity, of which you, if you please, or if you want it, may at all times have the benefit. Should I fail in judgment, you will find me safe, faithful, and discreet. You talk of the shortness of our acquaintance; why, then, if all this be not mere Moonshine, and if we are really and seriously to be friends, we have no time to lose. The fact, however, is that *I* have known *you* many years, and long before the date of our acquaintance. It is true I saw you at a great distance, and as a bird of passage. The planet passed by, and knew nothing of, the poor Astronomer who watched her motions and waited for the transit. Hereafter, I hope, you will not insist on my seeing you through a telescope. Honestly and honourably, I believe I meant nothing, but that, while you were writing to *me*, you thought of nobody but C. F. Not at all, however, in the sense of being in love with him. That idea never entered into my thoughts. On that subject, I begin to be what fine ladies call *nettled*, by your eternally answering me at cross purposes, or telling me, as you do in effect, that six and four

do not make nineteen, and as if I had maintained the contrary. *My* allegation is that I am forsaken, &c. *Your* defence is that he is a man of transcendent abilities, and extremely amiable in private life. I admire the discovery, but it gives me no sort of consolation. Your petty ministerial friends abuse the secession, and therefore you conclude that the minister suffers by it. No such thing. It lowers *their* consequence with *him*, it annihilates the venal value of their vote ; he wants no support, because he is not opposed, and of course will not pay them for their attendance. Of course, they abuse the Secession. But, it seems, 'you are too proud and too irritable to bear that G. T. should suppose it possible he could stand alone!' Why, what, in the name of your own idol, would you have him do? Would you have him hang himself because C. F. chooses to live at St. Anne's Hill? I fret like gummed velvet, and wish I could hate you for half an hour, that I might cut you into a thousand little stars, and live under the canopy."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

"December 5th, 1798.

"On Monday I wrote till I could not see, without saying half what I intended. You say I must have spoilt you. Will you be so good as to tell me what sort of being you were before you were spoiled. As for *me*, it is a clear case that I must be bewitched, or I never would trust a declared Enemy with such a letter as the enclosed. Perhaps the answer to it if it ever was answered, was directed to yourself.

I never received any, nor ever heard a word on the subject, though I lived with your friend a week at Woburn in July. . . . You say 'I knew your opinion long ago, and wished to bring you to own it, that I might attack it.' Most dear insidious person! I had no disposition to inveigh against Mr. Fox's conduct, nor should I have said word about it if you had not provoked me on one side, and ensnared me on the other. Will you now be honourable, and can you be just? Did *such* a letter deserve *no* answer? Did *such* an attachment as mine for so many years, and with the Sacrifice of every view of interest or ambition, with all the *et ceteras* of friendships renounced and enmities incurred for *him*, entitle me to no return, to no acknowledgment, not to a single word at parting, but to be thrown aside *comme un paquet de linge sale*? Then, whose advice does he pretend to have followed? Believe me, they were none of them qualified to advise on such a subject. But it was a mere Pretence. His own heart and soul were bent upon St. Anne's Hill. In no case, however, and with no secret council, ought he to have resolved on such a measure without a general meeting and consultation with all his friends. For the General himself to disband his army, to turn his party adrift, as if all his duties ended with *Sauve qui peut*! The Princess of Eboli said to Philip the Second, '*Trayciones de vassalos a reyes muchas se han visto, pero de rey a vassalos nunca tal.*' He understands Spanish, and is the properest Person in the world to explain these words to you. One remark more, and then I shall implore you to drop

the subject. You say, 'Would I were a man, to unite my talents, my hopes, my fortune, with Charles's, to make common cause, and fall or rule, with him.' These are the Sentiments that belong to a generous heart. I love you for them, and not at all the less because they have misled you. In the first place, if you had your wish, you must carry your talents, your hopes, and fortune, to St. Anne's Hill; and then I should like to know what use you would make of them. Secondly you always suppose that there is a standard to repair to, and then you argue as if we, who in fact have been disbanded in the most ungracious manner, were no better than Deserters. With respect to G. T——y, it seems to me that your objection would not be good, even if the fact were true as you state it; namely, that he thought himself qualified to supply the place of Mr. Fox. He has no such thoughts; but if he had, the true Objection lies against Mr. Fox, who quits a place which nobody can fill when he has left it. G. T——y holds, and has always held, a certain rank and station in the House of Commons, without high Pretensions, or aiming at more than he can perfectly make good. Within the limits, which his own judgment prescribes to him, and far from all competition with Mr. Fox, he is well heard and generally respected. His Opposition yesterday, standing alone as he did, totally unsupported, does honour to his personal character, as well as to his abilities; and whether you believe me or not, I beg of you to remember what I say, that he will gain ground in the Esteem of the country, that he will gain and preserve it.

"I had the honour of dining with Lord Bessborough on Wednesday last, with Lord and Lady Holland, Duke of Bedford, Lord Thanet, Lord Wycombe, and General Fitzpatrick. I thought your sister looked uncommonly well in health and beauty, and full of spirits and gaiety. The dinner and conversation was very agreeable. Lord Wycombe quite a curiosity. His eyes are wild, and sometimes mad ; he is deaf, and his voice, of which he does not know the sound or impression is a perpetual Discord. He talks much, and with great vehemence, but answers nobody, because he hears nothing. Nevertheless, I was delighted with his company, and do not remember to have met with anything so odd in the delivery, or so entertaining in the substance, as his conversation. Having now vented all my spleen on an ungrateful Topic, I humbly beg pardon, and promise not to do so any more. Will you discard me for my Honesty, or will you be gracious and tell me that you do not hate me because I have received very vile treatment, or despise me because I have submitted to it ?

"P. F."

From Brighton, where Francis was the guest of Lord and Lady Thanet :—

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MRS. FRANCIS.

"Saturday Morning, 8 December, 1798.

"DEAR BETTY,

"On my Arrival here I found a Card from the Prince of Wales to desire me to dine with Him on Sunday ; so you must make my Excuses to the

Bo and all Friends, and say how infinitely sorry I am &c., &c.

“Also tell the Groom to be here on Monday at *twelve*, with Leather Troisièmes, and Whip ;—he need not bring the Boots.

“I saw H.R.H. afterwards who enquired very kindly for the Young Ladies. Also Sir T. M. dead drunk, who wo^d if he co^d, have spoken in Raptures of a Lady he met at the Bishop's! Staid with Bob and Tom till four this morning.

“Yours dutifully,

“P. F.

“This old fury has some thoughts of hanging herself. Then I should be sorry. Think of that, for an Old Woman too!”

The postscript is a joking reference to his hostess Lady Thanet, at that time at Brighton, who was neither old nor a fury. The Lord Thanet of that day was Sackville Tufton, ninth Earl, distinguished as a political reformer and a great agriculturist. He seated Francis for Appleby at the General Election of 1802.

Lady Thanet was a Hungarian of the family of Bojanowicz and a very charming woman. Francis was much attached to both of them, and spent a great deal of time with them at Hothfield, in Kent, from which place he wrote numbers of letters. On one occasion when he was writing home Lady Thanet looked over his shoulder. Without appearing to be aware of her presence he continued his letter in a very uncomplimentary strain towards his hostess, and from that time and for many years he amused himself

by writing all sorts of nonsense about her, particularly with reference to her temper, and that she should read it and comment indignantly on it became a standing joke. Many years later he writes from Hothfield :—

“ My Lady here says with good security she thinks I might behave well for ten days in any house if everything went to my mind, after that I should play the tyrant if it were in Paradise. . . . I should write a great deal more about many things that you wot of but I am forced to shew my letter to my Lady to prevent her opening it. I trust however she will have enough of inspecting our letters as she may find more than she expects though not half what I could say.”

In another letter he writes :—

“ My Lady scolds the servants all day and my Lord all night which makes a variety (if that can be various which never abates for an instant) and keeps some life in the house.

“ DIALOGUE.

“ ‘ Monsieur le Cook, Vat you mean by sending up the soup stone cold ? ’

“ ‘ C’est qu’il fait si froid Milady. ’

“ ‘ Sachez Monsieur que je suis capable de vous renvoyer sur le champ ? ’

“ ‘ A la bonne heure Milady J’aimerais mieux mendier mon pain dans les rues de Londres que de vivre dans ce maudit Climat et avec (*aside*) une carogne, acariatre, revèche, begueule, drogue et diablesse fieffee. (*Aloud*) Une belle et douce personne comme votre Ladiship. ’

“ ‘Allez vous en, cuisinier de tout les diables. . . . Je suis bien sotté de parler à un animal comme vous.’

“ You must know her voice is as loud as a drum and as sweet as a bag-pipe and I hear it in all quarters of the House. The tympanum of Mossop is so affected by it, that he is afraid to come back, three days ago all the cats ran away at the sound of her pipes though they are pretty well used to it. If my Lady was within two miles of you you never would sleep again. . . . I wish to heaven I was safe out of her clutches and talking to my own dear Baby.”

In 1802 he writes :—

“ Tell me everything you hear, but beware of personal reflections particularly on this Lord or Lady. They are mere Devils for jealousy and suspicion and my Lady opens *all* post letters and says, ‘*it is de custom of dis house.*’ ”

In 1814 the same joke continues :—

“ The Earl is the very best company as long as his mind and temper are under his own government. My lady is a perfect dragon born and bred, and I might as well try to break her neck as to break her heart, which she accuses me of wishing to do, however I think I have got her down at last *veni vidi vici* and if I let her get up again all my victories over her would be thrown away. You must know she pretends to be very careful of the letters and keeps the key of the post-bag herself. As soon as she gets it she locks herself up and opens *all* the letters particularly *mine* to know what I say of her. For

her comfort however she meets with nothing but abuse with which she reproaches me when she forgets how she came by the knowledge of it. Though she reads incessantly she retains nothing having no more brains than a sparrow with gall enough for an ostrich. I write all this *con amore* because I know not a word of it will be lost on her."

HARRIET FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

"11th March, 1799.

"MY DEAR MARY,

" . . . We were so lucky as to get the Prince's Box for the Messiah on Friday and were much delighted with part of it. On Saturday we took Miss Angerstein to the Opera. She is in remarkable good looks. You may recollect that she was no favourite of mine at one time, but that is no longer the case. Yesterday morning the 3 Miss Abrams called upon us, they are very well behaved Women, and pray tell Catherine that they made particular enquiries after her. My father dined at Lord Thanet's, where there was a very agreeable Party. Lady Palmerston had an assembly last night, it might be said of Beauty and Fashion. It was very fine but what was more material to us, it was very agreeable. Mrs. Stanhope looked beautiful, Miss Seymour was much admired but I do not think her a pleasing Beauty. She supped there and Lady Cholmondeley and various others too tedious to mention.—we were not at home till past two. . . . The Court mourning is general everybody was in Black Muslins last night and Elizabeth sounding the depth of my finances has this

morning bought me one. You know that she is rather correct about Publick Decorum, and was shocked at my appearing again in a White Gown. Tomorrow the Palmerstons, Stanhopes, Col. Payne and Dudley North dine here. To-day we dine at Sloane's where of course it will be sufficiently flat.

“ . . . My mother is very well excepting a cold and at this moment a good deal occupied by preparing her Court Mourning.

“ Yours ever most sincerely,

“ H.F.”

CATHERINE FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

“ *Saturday.*

“ DEAREST MARIE,

“ . . . I suppose you know that Mr. Angerstein has bought a Box at Drury Lane, we had secured an order for it to hear Mrs. Billington, and after dinner in your Papa's little room we set off in time for the opening of the piece. I was delighted with the first Duo between Mrs. B. and Mrs. Mountain, in every other part of the Opera I think Philip's judgment perfect, only that I thought her singing of 'The soldier tired' not only masterly but elegant. However I came away convinced that she can never sing to the heart as Banti does, nor do I like her recitation. Mrs. M. is a graceful little creature and sings sweetly. . . . Mr. Sloane was of our party . . . we had a very agreeable evening, your Papa as much amused as any of us and we did not part without Mr. S. engaging us all to dine with him the next day. . . . The morning was spent in shopping and we arrived in Harley St., at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5, found only

old Mr. Dickenson, W. Sloane and our host. We all agreed that we had never seen Mr. S. so cheerful or so amiable—we stayed till near eleven playing at cards and got safe home through a fog so thick that Harry in her fright wished us to send to my Father to beg him to stay and sleep at Brooks's, this of course we did not do.

“Yrs, CATTY.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HARRIET FRANCIS.

“WOOBURN,¹

“19th July, 1779.

“WORTHY HARRIET OR RATHER DIGNE ENFANT,

“Your kind letter was very acceptable, I should say comfortable, considering what a cold wet day it is. Thurloe went off this morning, sulky and growling, but we have had sundry recruits, viz., Sheridan, Lord Holland, Lord Robert Spencer &c., &c., and as to good living, suffice it to say that I am fat enough and shall take myself out of the Coop tomorrow. On Sunday I must dine at the Tower. . . .

“Remember me kindly to all who do not enquire for me. They who do, need not be reminded of me.

“Yours and theirs,

“P. F.”

HARRIET FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

“COURTEEN HALL,²

“18th Sep., 1799.

“MY DEAR MARY,

“. . . In spite of the rain, after my Father was gone to Dinner, Catherine and I sallied into the

¹ Woburn, the seat of the Duke of Bedford.

² Seat of Sir W. Wake.

streets, to various shops, which detained us till seven o'clock, when we returned to an excellent Tea, which served us for Dinner also. The next morning was, as you may recollect Divine, and we were in the carriage soon after six, had a very good Breakfast at Barnet, where we parted with our own Horses, had the coach box taken off, and went post the remainder of our journey, which so far from being fatiguing was, from the fineness of the Day, really a Party of Pleasure. We got here at half past 6 to a Dinner that was extremely acceptable which was served in China, the same as your Tea China that I admire so much, and all the Middle (I mean dishes) of Silver by candlelight and in one of the most elegant rooms you ever saw. The Library you would be charmed with, four sophas very low and plenty of Cushions and Bolsters, quantities of Roses and Jassamine in the room. Books and a Piano forte. It is impossible to be more at your ease, in any place, or for anybody to behave with more Politeness and kindness than Lady Wake. You know that he is always the same. . . . We had made a party to see Althorpe this morning but it is put off which I am not sorry for. . . . Every person in this county is devoted to Hunting and Shooting and you cannot get them to do anything else of a morning, but by no means sleepy country squires of an evening. They subscribe to two Libraries at Northampton which added to their own Books supply you with sufficient reading, plenty of Musick and Cards fill up the evening. My Father enjoys the Hunting very much and his Horse has behaved like a Hero. It seems

to be a sociable Neighbourhood, and a great deal of Dinner Company. . . . Philip's life is devoted to shooting which he performs on a very quiet pony that stands Fire. I never saw him in better Health, nor indeed my Father in better health ; the place seems to agree with them admirably. The Park is small but well planted and full of sheep and cattle, I mean cows—of which I am not afraid. I took a beautiful walk yesterday to a village called Quintin to see a very pretty cottage which you would have admired, and how much I should have liked you to have crossed the fields with me, the air was so pure and invigorating. The house is noble, in spite of the drawing-room not being finished, which it would take 2 thousand Pounds to do properly. The Bedrooms are excellent and handsomely furnished. The kitchen and Pleasure Gardens very large and a Shrubbery measuring a mile and a half, which in the winter in this dirty country must be very valuable to them. There is a very pretty Rustick church in the Park, where I went on Sunday and heard an excellent sermon—I cannot say enough in praise of Lady Wake's agreeableness, kindness and politeness, it is impossible not to like her, indeed I believe my father is charmed with her. I have had a long letter from Lord Palmerston with an account of his Tour, which he seems to have enjoyed very much. . . . and so the Fat Creature is gone to Hartingfordbury, I suspected that she would do so. . . . I should be glad to hear how poor Johnson is going on and I hope you will take some evening to write to me for the morning I know would give you the Head Ache.

“Of course you never will first or last shew any of my letters to Johnson and that you always destroy them as soon as read, you know I hate writing but I shall write to you very willingly if you assure me that you will adhere to the above conditions. . . . and now my dear Mary I must take my leave of you. Inclosed is a Letter from my Mother, so I say nothing of her, Elizabeth and Catherine join me in affectionate regards to you and wishes for your Happiness.

“Farewell, Dearest Mary,

“H. F.”

Mary's husband, Godschall Johnson, spoken of so often as ailing, died early in 1800.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS DAUGHTER HARRIET.

“BRIGHTON,

“28th July, 1799.

“DEARISSIMA HENRIETTA,

“The first words of your Letter were as good as Balm to me, and much better than Honey, which does not agree with me, nor ever did, as you very well know,—tho' not why, nor Sir Charles neither to whom I have laid open that part of my Constitution. And, since *he* cannot explain it, who can? But whether it be balm, or whether it be honey, I care very little. I can bear many hardships but Elizabeth's Sorrow is not one of them. Many thanks, or as a Dutchess says '*grazie tante*'; you have given me a Cordial against the rain; whereof I have had more than my share. At Godstone, the said Rain obliged me to proceed in a chaise to Breton's, where I passed a very pleasant day; nobody

there, for strangers, but a little Miss T——n, who might pass for two, if Quantity stood for Numbers. . . . Next Morning proceeded to this place, where my Excellent Friend and Debtor James Valance, insisted on my lodging at his House, where I have two excellent Rooms, and everything to my Mind. The Races, they say, are but indifferent, and the Company worse—but I neither know nor care, though I live with the Jockeys. . . . Today I am to dine with Sir Godfrey, and tomorrow Morning I return to Bretons. They expected their son on the day I left them.—If you hear nothing to the contrary, let the Chaise be at Croydon on Wednesday, time enough for me to set off from thence before three, and order your Dinner at $\frac{1}{2}$ past five. I hope the children will come home on Saturday at farthest.

“Love to Sally.

“Duty to your Mother.

“Compliments to Lord and Lady P[almerston].

“And Civilities to the Cat, who I think should be called Timur Shaw in future.

“Who can say more is no Man.”

Francis, it will be seen, was always exceedingly fond of cats. He and the old Doctor, his father, had one when they lived together, to which both were equally attached. At the time of his engagement to Miss Mackrabie, to which his father objected, there was a long coolness, during which father and son never spoke to one another. At dinner each addressed his remarks to the cat, who sat on a chair between them during the repast. Much later in life, after his return from the East, Philip Francis had a favourite

cat at his house in St. James's Square which he named "Rama Drug" after an Indian god. This beloved object was so attached to his master that once during his temporary absence from home he refused to be consoled, and rushed up the chimney in despair. On his master's return he was persuaded to come down, wasted to a skeleton. Francis let the vials of his wrath loose on his whole family. "You have among you," he cried, with scathing emphasis, "starved Rama Drug!"

HARRIET FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

"BRIGHTON,
"Octbr. 11th, 1799.

"MY DEAR MARY,

"... I am sure you will be glad to hear that we like Brighton. It is one of the finest Days perhaps you ever saw in your Life, and I only regret that it is not longer that I might have more time to enjoy it. Mr. and Mrs. Concannon arrived last night, my Father met them at Mr. Sneyds where he went to play at Whist. The Prince likewise came last night and this morning soon after Breakfast walking out alone upon the Steyne I met him—nothing could be more kind or gracious, he turned about and walked with me a considerable time, and proposed to go and visit my Father, but I told him that he was out, he met him soon after when he invited him to Dine at the Pavillion to Day which he is to do. His Manners are certainly charming and he looks remarkably well. Lord and Lady John Townshend are here and we see a great deal of them,—he is as he has always been a most

charming man and I have not seen for many a Day a Person I like as much as I do her—she is not the least handsome but remarkably pleasing and what I call agreeable. She is a great Walker and so am I as you know, Lord John is gone riding with my Father and Elizabeth walking with her. We have a very good House certainly in the gayest situation of Brighton. Mr. Eyre was so unlucky as to hurt one of his Curricule Horses in Driving him down which prevents his taking Elizabeth out, however she is very well and the bathing agrees with her. . . . Mrs. Georges enquired very much after you and poor Johnson. They have a charming House here for which they give 12 Guineas a week. We give 9 which I think enough for such poor Folks as we are. . . . Lady John Townshend has admired your Cloak so much that she talks of trying to work one like it. . . . My Father often talks with the most affectionate kindness of ‘Mary and our 2 Girls’—John Godfrey is better and I am as usual in great Health. I am not sure that this Letter will ever reach you, but I could not prevail upon Lord John to direct it in any other manner. Farewell my Dear Mary and believe me ever,

“Most affectionately yours

“H. F.

“I should be happy to hear from you when you have a leisure half hour.”

Lord John Townshend was an intimate friend of Fox's, through whose exertions he gained a triumphant victory over Lord Hood at the election of 1788 as member for Westminster, with a majority of 800

votes. The riots in London on that occasion are said to have been nearly as disgraceful as those of 1784.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

"PETWORTH,

"Sunday, 27 Oct., 1799.

"MES ENFANS,

"*Je saisis l'occasion du depart d'un courier du chevalier Godfrey pour vous faire savoir que je ne suis pas mort, malgré tous les efforts, que l'on fait ici pour me faire cr  ver. Le titre de p  re auquel vous me paraissez avoir renonc  , m'appartient d  ja pour la Vie.*

"*La Bont  , et si je l'ose dire, l'amiti   de S.A.R., ne s'est jamais d  mentie un moment—enfin on ne peut pas pousser plus loin le v  ritable bon coeur.*

"As to this place, all I can say is, the Magnificence, Beauty, Luxury and Hospitality of Petworth, leave everything I *ever* saw at a great distance, but of all this hereafter. I hope to see you before friday. If not you shall hear again. *Entre nous*, I begin to pine for the Mutton chops and pure element of Sheen.

"Yours *care* *bambine* *con Amore*,

"P. F.

"My humble Duty to Lady John and the fair Jennings."

SARAH FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON AFTER THE DEATH
OF HER HUSBAND.

"EAST SHEEN,

"Sunday Night. (Early in 1800.)

"MY OWN,

"... I have made the enquiry with respect to the Mourning, and what you are to do is this, you

must continue the same shaped gown with long sleeves, weepers, crape handkerchief, cap, etc., you now wear till the end of the first six months, at which time you must have a round Gown of Bombazin with short sleeves made of crape and ornamented with the same, as fancy directs—Your *head dress* anything you like, but what must not be omitted is a black Mode Cloak richly quilted with broad hem'd crape, all this is to be worn till nearly the end of four Months more, then a black silk for six weeks, and the last fortnight or three weeks black and white, or plain white.

“Godschall¹ was here yesterday, he is much improved and I think will make what Mrs. Chandler would call ‘a very pretty Gentleman,’ I am afraid he will find the Prince of Wales’s Regiment very expensive, but a young man should have some ambition so *I* forgive him. . . . I called upon Mrs. Burt the other morning. . . . Colonel Paulett was there and from some observations I have no doubt but that Mary Gascoyne is a Bride elect, his recent acquisition of fortune is a good two thousand a year with an excellent house, beautiful grounds &c. but I understand he has no thoughts of leaving Twickenham. . . .

“Ever your Affectionate,

“S. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ELIZABETH AND CATHERINE.

“ST. JAMES’S SQUARE,

“4th July, 1800.

“DIGNES ENFANS,

“Wednesday was a day of Triumph at Sheen.—Plot, Character, Dialogue, increasing Interest,

¹ Mrs. Godschall Johnson’s stepson.

and a brilliant Catastrophe, made it a perfect piece. Before the Curtain drew up, Philips, The cursed Poulterer, had thrown Harriet into Fits, the old Lady wept, and Zara raved. It was a pitiful sight.

"Yesterday I came to London to dine on Turtle with the said Earl of Thanet and many Lords, and then to Brookes's.

"Tomorrow I shall take Harriet to breakfast at Chiswick where you were all invited.

"For all these Losses the Baroness is answerable and must give Credit.

"If our wise Ministers were to succeed in Their Schemes, it would be the ruin of public Credit; their Measures are defeated and Stocks rise accordingly.

"P. F."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS DAUGHTER CATHERINE.

"BRIGHTON,

"8th August, 1800.

"WORTHY INFANT,

"I shall dine at Sheen on Sunday being obliged to go to town the next day on Business. On Tuesday I return to this place, and shall stay at least a Week because the Celebration cannot be till Monday Sennight, on account of Lewes Races as Mr. Wade tells me.

"By all means go to Balls on Wednesday next.

"The Macmahons¹ came the day before yesterday, but cannot have the House till the Races are over. . . . So there she is in a Lodging, bite and cry. . . .

¹ Mr. John (afterwards Colonel) Macmahon, was Keeper of the Privy Purse to the Prince of Wales and one of his secretaries.

" I fancy I shall have secured a House for Mary. Last night conversed vigorously with Mesdames Jersey, Phyn, Boehm, Stanhope, Davidson &c., and this morning won half a crown of Miss Dⁿ. and left her roaring on the Course.

" Any person who thinks Life too short may take a voyage to India, or Lodging at St. Helena.

" Yours *con amore*,

" P. F.

" Very sorry for the throat of Elizabeth."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

" BRIGHTON,

" 19th August, 1800.

" DEAR ELIZABETH AND DEAR HARRIET,

" This sweet place is not at all like Balls, tho' it produced a very fine one last night, and a beautiful Supper at which I assisted with a pretty Davidson on each side of me. They are both in love with me, to say nothing of the Widow, or of Mrs. Ray, or Miss Dallas.

" Mrs. Davidson's Hall is in the Street, or she has none. Her Drawing-room is 6 foot one way and nine the other, and everything else in proportion, except herself.

" Mrs. Macmahon got possession of her house yesterday and charming it is.

" I shall make you stare with the Account I can give of persons. In the meantime be satisfied with a List of their Names.

" Mrs. Hastings, Mrs. Scott Waring, Marchioness of Wolseley, Countess of Lucan, Lady Impey,

Countess of Berkeley, Lady Anne Lambton, Lady Sarah Bailey, Lady Jersey, Mrs. Wilmot, Duchess of Marlborough, Marchioness of Donegal, and the Lord knows how many more, all as good as those I have reckoned. Tomorrow I go to Sheen, today I do nothing but envy you the happiness of such society. Poor Mary, it is impossible to get a house for her. It is so hot that I cannot express myself properly to Lord and Lady John, but to the fair Audrey I am devoted as she well knows.

“Your injured Sire,

“P. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS, THE YOUNGER, TO HIS FAMILY.

“COURTEEN HALL,

“1800.

“To all whom it may concern,

“The beginning, progress and end of an Expedition into Wales, undertaken by Mr. Philip Francis, a superannuated Barrister, in the hottest part of the summer 1800.

“Set out with Val-de Cham—and 90 Lb. weight of Luggage from the Golden Cross Charing Cross, in a certain Vehicle called a slap-bang, made for 10 inside passengers, but carrying *twelve—seven* on the outside besides Coachman, and an immense weight of boxes, portmanteaus, parcels &c. on the top—a blue cloudless sky, and scorching sun, that had forgot the Dog days were over; with the direction of the air (if indeed anything besides the dust could be said to be in motion) at setting out North west, afterwards South West. A constant noise in our ears, like that of a fire-engine dragged along the streets, made it

clear that the carriage really proceeded, a point that upon a cursory comparison of times and distances, one should have been inclined to doubt. In the course of 50 miles the company were called upon 6 different times to get out and walk in the road to relieve the horses. The Coachman might well fear that four horses should not succeed in doing that, which any one would have thought hard work for six. However that be, the fact is equally true that by way of Variety, the passengers took six walks of nearly a quarter of a mile each through oceans and clouds of dust, (for it lay in waves and rose in vapour) and under the direct scorching heat of the sun. It must be confessed however that the inside of the vehicle had nothing to reproach the outside with upon the Subject of dust—which came in at 10 regular openings besides cracks and crannies. The noses of the passengers were filled with it and got colds. Their throats and lungs were filled with it, and they got coughs. The Heat cannot be described by anyone, nor even conceived but by those who felt it. One of the company had 2 entertaining books with him—but it was too hot to read—no one was disposed to converse, but all to complain. We then looked to sleep for relief. It was alas! too hot to sleep. This same person came to a clear determination—that no consideration should ever again induce him to get into a slap-bang for a summer's journey—but a circumstance soon occurred which made him get out of this as soon as possible. About 3 miles on this side of Stony Stratford, (it was now 8 in the evening, so that we had been 13 hours going 48 miles) the bang

was observed to be crazy—to warp and give, with every turn of this rough and stony road, and to strain, as if about to come to pieces from the weight within and without, particularly on the outside on which this gentleman sat. Upon which he and another got out and walking a few yards behind it to observe its motion, they saw very plainly that, upon any sidelong road, it must infallibly fall to pieces. They determined not to get in again—and the rest of the company in a little time becoming equally sensible of the danger got out also, and most of them walked the rest of the way to Stony Stratford. There the Coachman pretended that by altering the situation of the weight and luggage, he could make the carriage perfectly safe. I for one determined not to trust myself for the night to such a carriage—in which determination I was assisted by a violent headach and sickness, the effect as I conceive of a *coup du soleil*, or something like it. At Stony Stratford therefore I took out my luggage, bid adieu to my Welsh scheme, put myself and Val, into a post chaise, and arrived at Courteen Hall at 11 o'clock to the surprise and dismay of the Family.—Wake got out of bed to come down and receive me, and congratulated me at once upon my escape and arrival.—This morning I am better but still weak and unwell from what I have undergone. Good God what a day it is! If possible hotter than yesterday! I should certainly have gone mad in the bang! I have resolved not to quit these walls till a fall of rain. . . . And so my dear Mama ends your dutiful son's melancholy story. Every word of

which you and all who read may believe for it is literally true.

“ P. F.”

CATHERINE AND SARAH FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

“ LONDON,

“ Feb. 11, 1801.

“ DEAREST MARIKIN,

“ I have just got your letter . . . you shall hear constantly from us, and I assure you these are times that produce events worthy your attention. The Ministry are changed, Mr. Pitt is out of Office, also Ld. Spencer, Windham, Dundas, Ld. Grenville and of course all their adherents and to the surprise of the whole town Mr. Addington the Speaker is chosen to succeed Mr. Pitt, the other arrangements are not yet concluded but the confusion all this has occasioned in this busy town cannot easily be described, it is supposed that this new administration will not stand. What next may arise is in the Book of fate, but a change may lead to peace and the very idea of it enlivens one. When Mr. P. is no longer Minister one knows not what may happen, pray get the papers and read all the debates and everything concerning the subject, you will be greatly interested. . . .

“ Catherine is unequal to finishing this and desires me to do so though without telling me what to say. The Law arrangements are certainly fixed and at present I believe the only ones that may be depended upon. Lord L., I mean the Chancellor, to be succeeded by Ld. Eldon, Mr. Lewis who you may remember both to have heard and seen, to be Attorney

General. Mr. Percival to be Solicitor General and Mr. Grant Master of the Rolls.—There is an end of Lord Castlereagh and of course *Elliott* also. The Duke of Portland is still in but it is said not for long. Cholmondeley is here, dressing, going to the L^évee just to prove he is alike satisfied with those that are in and those that are out. . . . Cawthorne has sent you a good French Dictionary which Elise shall take charge of; that little Child, with Emily, comes to us on Friday for a couple of nights which are to be alternately spent at the Play and at the Opera House. I have just read a tolerable English novel called *Adonia*, see if you can get it. . . . I have been very indifferent ever since you left us. . . . Ever yours darling Marie

“S. F.”

HARRIET FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

“WAVERLEY,

“29th January, 1801.

“MY DEAREST MARY,

“. . . Tuesday was a Spring Day. I took a very long farewell Walk at Broadlands, only Mr. W. at dinner and two French Gentlemen in The Evening, which we passed agreeably in Work, Conversation and Cards—they have impaired my Finances very considerably but in pleasant Company I cannot mind it. Yesterday, Wednesday, we were up in good time, and I made the Breakfast, Ld. P. soon appeared, and the rest of the Company soon joined us. I wished the ‘*Fiero istante*’ of parting over, it was to appear to be without Emotion, but it was felt with great. Sentimental feelings are out of Fashion, and I am

too great an Admirer of the present Modes ever to betray what passes in my *Heart*. We all kissed, I muttered something like an acknowledgment of all their kindness and got into the Chaise. I have passed a month there very chearfully and agreeably, some hours very much so, Lady P. did her utmost to please us, and in future I mean to shew her that I am not ungrateful."

Apparently Catherine and Harriet had been together at Broadlands.

CATHERINE FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

[No date, 1801 ?]

". . . You know how kind Miss Angerstein has always been to me and I must tell you of a pretty present she made me the other day. You may remember the bead Bandeau Elisa made for me last year. My present is a complete cap of Beads which covers all my hair and has a very good effect.

(CONTINUED BY HARRIET FRANCIS.)

"Your black Sister wrote the above last night, and I go on in continuation. . . . Friday your sister, the fat cat, got two tickets for the new Vocal concert to which she went with Mrs. Tierney,—I dropped in with your Brother to a party at Mrs. Crewes, she has laid 2 rooms into one and made it very nice. There were a great many men but very few Ladies. . . . There was a good deal of Music in the course of the evening, and one part of it charmed me, a young Irishman, a Mr. Moore who composes both words and music, a tiny Tenor

Voice. The performance was upon the whole Unique, I never heard anything that resembled it, the first song described all the Mistresses he had had, and at last is conquered by Chloe, rather comick but very sentimental—he is to come here some evening soon. . . . Yesterday Lord Palmerston came and gave Sally £5 for the French—it was a sad wet night so I very comfortably for a shilling went in a chair to the Opera, met Mrs. Maude in the box, she is very pretty and equally agreeable. I gave Ralph a ticket for the Opera which together with the new Dance was a charming performance, and the Pit quite full. It was a new serious Opera, by name 'Alzide' taken from Voltaire. . . .

“ H. F.

“ *Sunday Evening.*”

HARRIET FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

“ *Saturday.*

“ MY DEAR MARY,

“ . . . I think you are mad to think of the Loan ever mounting to 8 premium but of course your orders will be obeyed. It was a charming party last night at Mrs. Crewe's, Musick and Company in the 2 large Rooms, supper in the 2 smaller and after supper the Carpet taken up and a Fiddle and Harp. . . . Catharine just returned from a Ride with your Papa, who looks better and handsomer every day, Philip and Mr. Eyre. . . . On Monday I shall not have time to write as my time will be taken up with the Dinner. Palmerstons, Sloanes, Maudes, Mr. Elliott, D. North—in the evening there is to be a grand Musick Party at

Mr. Angerstein's. I have got a quantity of double Violets, I wish I could send some to you. Your Sisters looked their best last night. My Mother is charmed with the little one's Letter. Farewell.

"H. F.

"Burn my letters."

CATHERINE FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

"ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,

"*Tuesday Night, March 19, 1801.*

"My OWN MARIE,

" . . . Last night we had a party here, it was larger than usual and went off with spirit. . . . The Miss Abrams were our great support, and with the Thomsons, Miss Tate and our own little powers made up a charming concert. We had besides a Mr. Moore, an Irish gentleman, whose singing is at this moment quite the fashion. You would be charmed with it though great judges pretend to laugh, he sings only Ballads of his own Composition both words and music, but they are well suited, with the smallest voice you ever heard, taste, and a perfect articulation, so that you lose none of the poetry. I was much pleased and so was the greater part of the company. We sat down five and thirty to supper Godschall one of our smartest beaux and Ralpho looking very well. . . . Mrs. Llewellyn enjoyed meeting some of the old happy party of Harley St. Young Elliott was with us and it was pleasant to see that we were not separated from all our former friends. Poor Fanny is so much altered that at first no one acknowledged her for the gay smart Miss Goring of Ten years ago. You never

saw so bad a Dresser, think of a morning Cap with a Diamond Pin stuck in front and long earrings laying on her Shoulders.—but she is as sensible as ever and I was quite happy to have her amongst us once more. She leads but a dull life with Mrs. Goring who is as vulgar as maybe, however I trust she will do handsomely by her Daughter and make up for neglecting her all her youth back. . . . The Bretons were here Monday, Elisa looking very handsome indeed, but a display that would have been better concealed; by the way, this fashion is come to a pass that would shock you quiet modest Ladies. Handkerchiefs, Tuckers &c. are entirely laid aside, and it is Nature displayed with (as Philip says) a Vengeance. . . . I must not forget to inform you that I have begun learning to sing of Cimador, and like him very much.”

HARRIET FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

“MY DEAR MARY,

“ . . . We had a very pleasant chearful day at Mrs. Webbs on Wednesday, and in spite of the times a most Elegant and expensive Dinner. Only think of a couple of *small* Chickens costing 17 shillings and everything else dear in the same proportion. Thursday Elizabeth and I went with Mr. and Mrs. Tierney to see ‘Deaf and Dumb,’ it is an interesting story and very well got up. Yesterday . . . Elizabeth, Philip, and I went early to Lady Palmerston’s, in expectation of seeing Lady Hamilton, but we were disappointed she was Ill and did not go. . . . I am to dine early with Mrs. Webb and go

with her to the Magdalen. I wish you could be of our party, you would be very much pleased and affected by it. . . .

“Farewell dearest Marie,

“H. F.”

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“SHEEN,

“*Sunday Evening.*

“Lord Palmerston came to Dinner, and Mr. Mossop, the Clergyman, a very well-behaved, sensible Man—we have had a pleasant dinner, my father behaving in his best manner to the Young Man.”

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“MY DEAR MARY,

“. . . I went in the evening to the Prince's Box at Covent Garden. It was offered to us very late in the day but to see a new Play and beautiful after Piece (‘Perouse’) was not to be refused, so your brother and I went, I sent to Mr. Eyre to come, he could not, but Ralph happened to be dining with him and set off instantly. I sent the coach for John Godfrey which was the whole of the party. We were very merry and delighted with the performance. I left Ralph in possession of the Box in the middle of the Farce and withdrew to Mr. Godfrey's where I found a most inviting supper waiting my arrival.

“. . . Elizabeth dines at Mr. Angerstein's to-day and goes to the Ancient Music, Catherine at Mr. Tate's, Your Papa at Lord Thanet's, and your Brother and I are going in the evening to Miss Berry's. . . .

“God bless you,

“H. F.”

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Monday, 23rd March.

"MY DEAR MARY,

"I had got a frank to write to you on Saturday but I really could not find a quarter of an hour at my own disposal. I set out upon a walk immediately after Breakfast to Miss Tate's in Grosvenor Place, caught in the Rain on my return, took a Felucca, the Coachman chose to take the Westminster Route, thought that I should be overturned in *petty France*, insisted upon getting out which I did in a sea of Mud. Blew a Hurricane and in this state of Things walked home fatigued to Death, changed my Dress, various Visitors, Coach at the Door, taken out to visit till near Dinner Time. When we get home find a Box from Mr. Boucharett in Lincolnshire containing a great quantity of the most beautiful natural flowers, Roses Provence, Blush, and Moss, Pinks, Double Wall-flowers, Beautiful Hyacinths, Orange Flowers in perfection, various beautiful Geraniums it was a most valuable and delicious present.

"The party on Friday at Mrs. Thomsons was very numerous and some good Musick. Cimador was there, he is a charming singer. . . . Farewell dearest Mary. . . . Have you burnt every one of my letters?

"H. F."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Sunday Evening, April 6, 1801.

"MY DEAR MARY,

"... I never told you nor ever shall that your present life would be agreeable to my Taste, but on the other hand, London is so dissipated a place

that you never I believe will be able to live in it—no doubt it appears to you that we have our share of Gaiety and Amusement, but compare our Lives with most of our Acquaintance and see what the account would be ; *we* in Comparison would seem to lead the Lives of Hermits. . . . I advise you to have a little new Milk every morning and sleep an hour after it, it will fatten you and there is no Beauty in these days without Flesh. Elisabeth and I went yesterday in the Landaulet to Sheen. . . . Catherine rode there with Mr. Eyre but returned, we dined upon Cold Meat, and in the Cool of the Evening had a most delicious Ride to Town, no Sun or Dust. My Father dined out as usual which left us at Liberty to execute this little scheme . . . we sat an hour upon the Lawn after Dinner recalling many things that are past. . . .

“ Farewell Dearest Mary.

“ H. F.”

Mrs. Godschall Johnson lived in the country.

CATHERINE FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

“ *Thursday, April, 1801.*

“ MY DEAREST MARIE,

“ I suppose you have seen from the papers the great events that have taken place in the last 3 days. I inclose you the two notes which gave us the first intelligence of the death of the Emperor,¹ and you may believe we have been guided by them, how much we rejoice that you had steadiness to resist our

¹ Paul, the Tsar of Russia, and father of Alexander I. He was, in fact, put to death by his courtiers.

persuasions about the loan, it is rising so fast that we have determined to keep ours till it is ten per cent. the news of our Victory at Copenhagen will of course raise the stocks considerably and before it was known they were at seven. I dined yesterday in Pall Mall, you never saw a more joyous party, the Thomsons, Bonars, Boucharets and all the Angersteins, the death of Paul makes the difference only of five Thousand a year to Mr. Thomson and in proportion all the rest are affected by it. I was the only person not [nearly?] and personally interested and yet I could not but feel for my friends, to say nothing of yours, and our little fortunes that are pending. I do suppose the death of *one* individual never gave more general happiness. Poor Count Worenzow had received positive orders to leave this country, he had taken many steps in consequence, bid adieu to all his friends, and was on the eve of his departure when the dispatches arrive, and every assurance from the new Emperor that restoration shall be made to him and that his friends in England may be easy on his account—think what a change from the prospect of all the horrors of Siberia, and perhaps worse; I suppose there never was a more wicked madman than the late Emperor. Tonight there are to be illuminations in honour of the victory. They say that Lord Nelson has outdone himself but it was a bloody engagement, and that consideration must always damp the joy of such an event, thank God we have no friends to grieve for. . . . The King is much better and the Lord Chancellor has resigned the seals to Lord Eldon."



GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“We hope to hear of you today my own Marie, and that you are well pleased at the finale of your little adventure in the stocks, we are all delighted and the more so as there is no reason to expect that you would have been more fortunate had you waited still longer. We think of selling in a day or two unless some new event should give us better hopes of peace. I take it for granted that you much love a little bit of news and have myself great pleasure in telling it you. The k. you may have seen by the papers is so much recovered as to have rode to Blackheath on Saturday, and with his health his affection for *our* dear Prince is reviving, he has expressed it lately in many ways. They had a *tête a tête* dinner the other day and we hear that he shewed him the strongest proofs of affection, saying how much he always loved him tho’ he had not appeared to do so lately, that he knew he had no vices and that he had been too severe on his frailties; he has given him his favourite Hanoverian Horse, and in short they are all harmony and happiness; the Prince is much affected by this change you may suppose. Lizzy met him at half past nine this morning in the Park going to B. House. All his friends are much interested in this event and I chuse to consider you as one of them. I was at Mr. Angerstein’s last night and met an old acquaintance of yours, Mrs. Moore. . . . I think her a charming woman and as she is quite one of us on the subject of our prince she was particularly pleasing to me last night. I enclose you another beautiful dance and now

I know how to amuse you, shall lose no opportunity of doing so. . . . Adieu my dearest Marie, I have only time to say that I love you dearly dearly.

“THE CATTY.”

HARRIET FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

“MY DEAR MARY,

“ . . . 10 per cent. seems a good profit and I think that you should give some orders about your Loan, and when you have sold it pray do not fail to write Mr. A—— a very kind letter to thank him. You must read the Newspaper Language and determine for yourself what may be the Effect of France opening a Treaty with us, or what may be equally likely, the failure of it. . . .

“*Saturday.*

“We had a very agreeable Party at Mr. Tates last night where we staid till past 2. . . . In the Course of the Evening Lady Clarges sung a good deal which was a novelty to us, and Mrs. Rigby. . . .

“Farewell.

“H. F.”

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“*April, 1801.*

“ . . . Mr. Angerstein is got much better, I went to the Opera with Mrs. Webb. ‘Semiramide’ which I now like at least as well as when first I heard it. . . . My Father dined out, he met the Prince this morning in the Park who congratulated him upon the good looks of his Horse. . . . My mother’s cough is almost well and so for tonight God bless you all.

"I am serious when I tell you that I cannot continue writing to you if you keep my letters."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"MY DEAR MARY,

". . . We had a general round of congratulations as soon as we were up, on the birthday of our constant favourite.¹ Elizabeth was the principal person of the Drama, and was complimented upon the occasion as if she had been the Mother instead of the Godmother. Your poor Papa drank the sweet one's health. He is very fond of her, but as he is a great lover of Justice and Equality he reminds us continually that we have another niece. You know how much he always stands her friend. . . . This is May Day but far from Warm. The poor little chimney sweepers must miss their kind Benefactress. . . . The Ladies' Concert was held in the evening yesterday, to which I went and after it my sisters went to Miss Abram's and Philip to Almacks. Your poor Papa, who is not yet well, but I believe a little tired of staying at home, is going to dine at Sir Thomas Miller's.

"Farewell,

"H. F."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"MY DEAR MARY,

"Having got a frank I think it is a pity not to scratch you a few lines, though I am hurried almost out of my wits. My father has not been well for some time . . . you know that when he is ill he requires constant attention and amusement, and as

¹ Mary Johnson, daughter of Mrs. Godschall Johnson.

he has promised not to stir out this day I wish him to find the sacrifice as little disagreeable as may be—he is in very good spirits but does not like the trouble of being sick. Poor Cholmondeley is still confined to his house with the jaundice, some of us go there every evening. Catharine has copied the enclosed dance for you.

“Farewell,
“H. F.”

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“MY DEAR MARY,

“You must naturally be very anxious to hear some account every day of your poor Papa. I wish that I could tell he was better, though in reason it is not to be expected, as the Medicines that ultimately I trust will cure him, in their operation and immediate effect reduce him to great weakness. His spirits happily are not low, but he is very languid and feeble, nothing can be so kind, patient, and good natured as he is, I tremble to think what would be our unhappiness if he were in a dangerous state, but I thank God that there is no reason to fear his getting well, though it is a lingering and tedious illness. . . . We do not intend leaving your Papa again till he is better, but he likes us to go out in turn and pick up a little news, which he attends to as much as if it was something of great importance. . . .

“Farewell.”

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,
“*Sunday.*

“MY DEAR MARY,

“I begin with the most interesting subject first namely that your poor Papa is better. . . . You

may suppose that our attention has been a good deal engaged by his Illness . . . he sits in the front Parlour which is as you know a very gay pleasant Room and much more commodious for the reception of various Persons who come to visit him. . . .

"Yesterday I dined with Mrs. Webb . . . at half past 8 we went to the Opera, Miss Sloane sat in our Box, I had a spare ticket for her. She prefers the Opera to any pleasure London affords, I do not give it such a preference though I think it a very agreeable luxury. . . . Mr. Jekill is full of Attention to Miss Sloane, but whether he will induce her to accept of his name I know not, but if she means nothing I think she will get into a foolish scrape.

"When I returned from the Opera I found Col. M[acmahon] and Mr. Adair sitting with my Father. . . . The King I believe is not the least better, but in spite of that, a Thanksgiving for his Recovery was read today in Church. . . . Do pray burn all my Letters, it is not right to keep such nonsense, and *tell* me that you have done so. . . . God bless you dearest.

"H. F."

After a visit paid to Cheltenham by Mr. Francis and his daughter Elizabeth, for the health of the former :—

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Tuesday, 2nd June.

"MY DEAR MARY,

"It was late when my Father and Elizabeth came today or I should have written you a few lines to tell you that the former is certainly much better.

The fortnight they have been at Cheltenham has I suppose appeared like two months to them, he knew several men there, but was unequal to having any pleasure in their society and Conversation, and the effects of his daily sufferings and Patience upon Elizabeth were very melancholy. . . . The Fat Cat is quite well and has behaved like an Angel but you know her Merits in any situation which requires either personal Sacrifices or exertion of constant kindness and attention. My Father is fully sensible of her Affection for him. . . . Friday Evening I was at Mrs. Crewes, a most agreeable one, small Party chiefly men and very elegant Supper. Mr. and Mrs. Windham were there, and he brought me home at night. They are come to live in Pall Mall. . . . Mr. Kemble was there and Mr. Lewis, writer of the Castle Spectre. We came off about one, but not before Tea and Coffee had been handed about. This is a new Fashion and very bad for nervous Persons, I was prevented from sleeping as soundly as usual by drinking a Dish of Coffee. . . . Farewell dearest Mary.

“ H. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

“3rd July, 1801.

“ HONOURED INFANT,

“ I have entered into Articles of Agreement with Mrs. Godfrey to attend her to Vauxhall on Thursday next, and to contribute all I can to make a tolerable party for her. But this will not be in my power, unless you help with Men, as well as with your own Company. She means to ask Miss

Cottons and Miss Williams's. So pray consider of it. On this occasion Chol^y. might do good service. The Burthen of Battle always falls on *you*. On this occasion all the fame will be your own.

"Love to Sally. For the rest, I refer you to Mrs. F."

HARRIET FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

"WAVERLEY,¹

"*July 6th, 1801.*

"MY DEAR MARY,

" . . . If you could look in upon me at this Instant you would give me credit for writing to you. Miss Abrams's are here and singing most beautifully. There never was such a musical treat. Nobody can have an idea of their powers from only hearing them now and then of an evening in London. They excel quite as much in Italian as English Musick. We had a very good journey here on Saturday, the sweetest Day that could be, we arrived in time to be very comfortably dressed, went to Dinner, found 3 Miss Abrams, Lord P., Mr. Andrews, Philip, Mr. Fulham, and Mr. Bonnor Junior, extremely chearful and agreeable, plenty of strawberries and cream which Philip after eating for 3 weeks seems much the better for—immediately after Dinner came to the door a jaunting car, sociable, and curricule, which accommodated all the Company, and we took a charming drive, returned, and found such a Thé prepared as if nobody had dined. this meal being over we set out upon a Walk, returned to the singing and supper. Yesterday was passed in much the same

¹ Place of the P. Thomsons.

manner, only with the variation of the Singers being in the Boat on the Water, and our driving about the Ruins in the Car. Catharine rides of a morning which is her Delight, I am satisfied with a walk in the shade. The clocks are advanced an hour which I think answers very well in the country. This evening we are to have a grand procession of Nuns, one to take the Veil, in the Ruins of the Abbey, singing of a solemn sort by these sister Syrens, everybody is now engaged in preparing for this performance and we are to dine early to allow time for it. I wish you were with us to enjoy this beautiful scene all together. They are making hay in the meadow opposite, which adds much to the effect of the Water and Ruins. You know how good natured the Thomsons always are to us, and people must have very bad Taste not to be satisfied with the Life at this Place. Ld. P. seems to be much at his ease and everybody in good humour. . . . Farewell dearest Mary, get up your best Spirits and Looks."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HARRIET FRANCIS.

"WOOBURN ABBEY,

"7th July, 1801.

"WORTHY CHILD,

"I leave it to you to judge whether all the parties, who have it now in Contemplation to meet at Vauxhall on Thursday next, are likely to coalesce, particularly at Supper, remember the names I mentioned to you in my last; and let me see some brilliant proofs of your activity and Discretion, that is first in providing, and then in Arranging.

“ . . . My intention is to be in town tomorrow evening, so, if you have anything more to say, you must write to the Square—I really rejoice at the approaching Nuptials. What a brace of Goslings they were not to try it sooner! Our party here has been reinforced by the arrival of Grey, Whitbread, Duke of Devonshire, Duke of Norfolk and a lively Turtle. Next week I am to pass a few days with Ld. Robert at Woolbeding; and on the 22nd I must be at my Manor house in Essex.

“ Pray be very kind to Mrs. Culverden in my name and on my account. Also to Mrs. F. and Sally.

“ Why shouldn't Lord P. come back in time for Vauxhall?

“ Your own

“ P. F.”

ELIZABETH FRANCIS TO MRS. FRANCIS.

“ BROADLANDS,

“ *Sep. 25th, 1801.*

“ MY DEAR MAMA,

“ Shall you be happy to see your two poor Children again? and if you are, you are [to be?] very good to them for though happy to return to you and the Chick, they leave a very pleasant party here I assure you. . . . I was much pleased to hear of the Prince's offer to Ralph, but that is all the approbation I can give it, for the expense of living in the Regiment is quite certain ruin to those who have something, but to poor folks the thing is impossible.

“ . . . We dine upon Turtle and Venison every day and I often wish I could send you a bit in a Frank. Your friend Mr. Andrews made himself very

agreeable while he staid and charged me to remember him to you which I know you always are glad to hear, and so now God bless you all,

“from Yours,

D^r. Mama,

“E. F.”

HARRIET FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

“LONDON,

“*Sept. 25th, 1801, Tuesday Night.*

“MY DEAR MARY,

“... London is at this important moment a very busy scene, the State of the King I believe is a very serious one, the Ministry remains in the same unsettled state and even if it were otherwise, the Abilities of the Persons likely to Compose a new One are not of a sort to excite much confidence in the mind of the Publick at so alarming a Crisis—how it will end remains to appear, every Parliamentary exertion is postponed upon some ground or other, and every hour gives birth to Many conjectures. You may suppose that this subject occupies all our thoughts as in our Hearts we are all Politicians. the Parks are swarming with Ladies and Gentlemen in the morning with enquiries at Buckingham House, but little transpires that is satisfactory. . . . Lord Palmerston came to see us to Day, he is very grave on the state of Publick Affairs, Mrs. J. Angerstein also, and brought her little boy, . . . Lady Shelley and Miss Shelley Lady Montague Lady John Townshend and Cholmondeley, you may suppose that a succession of these Visitors enlivened by others to my Father

were tolerably confusing, but Sally has just declared how much she likes it. . . .

“ Farewell, Burn my Letters

“ H. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ELIZABETH FRANCIS.

“ HOTHFIELD,

“ 4 Octr., 1801.

“ DEAR BETTY,

“ I am very glad to hear that you have relinquished all thoughts of Ramsgate. . . . This great event opens a new scene, *Such* a Peace, after *such* a War! it is stupendous; but, Silence. You will like to read the following extract of a Letter I have received from Mrs. Godfrey, and I suppose you will have no objection to her Request for a Week, before this delicious Month is at an end.

“ ‘ Having made my Apologies, which I trust you will accept most cordially, I have to tell you I am looking forward to the performance of your promise of coming to the Cottage. It is a pleasure I shall not easily give up, and I flatter myself dear Elizabeth will not forget she has some friends at Hertingfordbury, who will be happy if she will accompany you, and greatly disappointed indeed if she does not. A *petit rôti*, a good fire and a sincere welcome will be your Lot; More I cannot say.’

“ This you see, comes from her heart, and I think will answer very well. . . .

“ Kind love to your Mother and the Children, thanks to Sally for her Letter. I never lived so much to my content as at this place, then the weather has been exquisite. Your own parent,

“ P. F.”

MRS. FULLERTON¹ TO MRS. JOHNSON.

"RICHMOND,
"Octr. 13, 1801.

"MY DEAR MRS. JOHNSON,

" . . . I conclude, you have been all rejoicing at Ramsgate, on Account of Peace, and was as much surprised as I was at the News. Dr. More's son who is (I believe) in the Secretary of State's Office ; was the Person employed to write all the Confidential Dispatches on the Subject on both Sides ; for Secresy was made so great of (I suppose, to prevent Gambling in the Funds) that (greatly to Mr. More's Honor), *M. Otto* chose to employ Him, to write *His* dispatches, in preference to any of his own People. It was signed, at 12 o'clock, on Thursday Night. It was not to be made known till seven next Morning ; at that hour Mr. More flew down to inform his Father of what was doubly interesting to Him, from his excessive Anxiety to see the General again before his Death ; but which, from the Dr.'s sad state of Health I fear he will not do. Dr. M. sent immediately to Sir Rt. Baker, who came to me before Ten. Mr. M. had told it in every Village as He came along ; many could scarcely believe it but in a few Hours the whole Country seemed electrified. Our illuminations took place last Night, and were very brilliant, though from the great demand for Transparencies and Lamps many were disappointed, and obliged to take up with Candles at the last moment. Sir Rt. Baker's were simple and elegant to a great degree, an Arch of coloured Lamps, mixed with Laurel over each Gate

¹ Cousin to Mr. Godschall Johnson.

way, and mixing in with the fine Elms before the House, Mrs. Furze's a Transparency, 'Thank God' with a Glory round it, mine a Wreath of Olive, a Cornucopia and P.P. with a large crown above and G.R., on the Sides in Coloured Lamps; there were many others in the Town and on the Hill, that were very handsome; but I did not go out, therefore only heard of them. Many cottages were lighted with a degree of taste that shewed the heartfelt joy of the Lower Orders of People with whom the Streets were crowded from all parts—but alas, our Public Joy has been sadly overcast with private Sorrow, Mr. Robert Darell is dead: he had been dangerously ill for a Fortnight, but on Saturday was so much better that the Family were quite in spirits, and thought he would certainly recover, but at 4 o'clock while conversing cheerfully with Mrs. Crofts he fell back in his chair and expired without a Groan, before she could get a Servant into the Room to him. The family are, I believe, the oldest in the Place and much beloved and esteemed by all Ranks of People, could they have witnessed the Gloom of Sorrow that has pervaded all our Parties since his Illness and Death it must have been very gratifying to their feelings. Indeed I must say for the Honor of Richmond, there are few Places where more sincere Friendship is to be found, the Circle is large, and much Gaiety and Dissipation in it, but we are a Knot of true Friends, and I am sure I have lost one in him. . . .

“ Affec^{ly}. yours,

“ C. FULLERTON.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HARRIET FRANCIS.

"HOTHFIELD,

"25th Nov., 1801.

"WORTHY CHILD,

"You are a very good Infant, and I am much indebted to you, and Lady T. has read both your Letters and she says 'I do suppose dis is de favorite.' We have never had a soul to make a fourth, and yet I swear I never passed my time more agreeably. *L'ennui* is a thing not only unknown but unheard of among us. Philip will be here to dinner, as you may collect from the inclosed Letter if you read it. This place furnishes everything but news, for that we must depend on *your* abundant Sources of Information and the Activity of your pen. . . .

"I send you my Blessing *en Masse* ; divide it fairly among you.

"P. F."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ELIZABETH FRANCIS.

"HOTHFIELD,

"Nov. 29, 1801.

"POOR DEAR PUSHAWDRY,

"Never mind what any of the Grimalkins miaou to the contrary. You are Queen of the Cats, now Margery's dead. Brave news, I shall be in town tomorrow night, and dine with you on Tuesday. . . . This day what a glorious sun!

"Yrs,

"P. F."

HARRIET FRANCIS TO MRS. FRANCIS.

"WAVERLEY,

"4th January, 1802.

"MY DEAR MRS. F.,

"I should not have been so long without writing to you but that I would not put you to charges

for my letter. I write to you to-day intending to avail myself of Lord P.'s privilege of franking, the instant I arrive at Broadlands, which I trust we shall do safe and sound tomorrow. I have been really ill as you know with a Cold and Violent Cough. This interruption to my general good health has at least served to remind me of my good fortune in enjoying the Health I commonly do—I have had 2 Blisters on my chest. . . . I have taken every species of Lozenge (but I think Dawson's the best) syrup and slop, have had a fire like a furnace in my room, and everything which Mrs. Thomson's kindness and skill could suggest. We have passed our time much in the same way from Day to Day, but that has been very chearfully and agreeably . . . we breakfast at half past 9 and dine at 4—which early hour makes the supper at 10 by no means an insignificant meal. . . . Pray tell the F. K. that Jones forgot to put up either of my own Muslin Cloaks or hers. This is very unlucky as my Blister makes my Dress very troublesome. . . . Many happy New Years to you my dearest Mrs. F. and God bless you all.

“H. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HARRIET FRANCIS.

“16 January, 1802.

“CHÈREST DIGNE ENFANT,

“I grieved for your Sickness and rejoice at your recovery. I should have written long ago, as you well know if I could have found, as I have at last a good bit of paper for the purpose. Pray tell me how you go on in that Castle. Concord or

Discord? Did my Lady ever take notice of a printed paper I sent her? Does Philip mean to attend the Gallants on Thursday next, or to go with me the next day to Lord Thanet's? I have seen heard and understood Count Romford. How goes Sir Charles, my Lady, my Lord, and all the Culverdines? Answer all this minutely. Tell them I hope that I live in their memory though not at their expense. The richest person in the World is Elizabeth, and the most generous.

“the best of parents
“My own Self.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

“HOTHFIELD,
“24 *January*, 1802.

“MOST DEAR BABBY,

“I was very sorry to be obliged to disturb you on Friday at that unseasonable Hour in this inclement Season; but I hope you did not catch the Cold. . . . I send you another beautiful Letter from Doll, as well as a very polite one in print from Doctor Chilver (Baronet in embrio) which you will read on the other side in very legible characters. If you send him £15 and take a receipt, being double his bill I think it will be quite enough in these times. If our house in the Square be not set on fire very soon by some friend or neighbour I must burn it myself and send in my bill, as he does. Take a Receipt. Yesterday and Friday were drest in sunshine, and I got here before four. The Turkey roasted and ready to receive me, but no Truffles; such is the uncertainty of human Affairs. In other

respects I fare pretty well. We three are as merry as Greeks and a good deal of it at the expense of those whom it concerns, viz., all our Absent Friends. Love to your Mother and Duty to those Infants. Tell me everything you hear ; but beware of personal Reflections, particularly on this Lord or Lady. They are mere Devils for Jealousy and Suspicion ; and my Lady opens *all* post letters and says, *It is de custom of dis house.*

“ dear Fat, beware of skin and bone,

“ Yrs, *con amore*,

“ P. F.

“ Send this to Doll to eke out what I am going to write to her.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HARRIET FRANCIS.

“ HOTHFIELD,

“ 24 *January*, 1802.

“ MOST DEAR DOLL,

“ For your last two beautiful Letters, I thank you vehemently, pray continue, and tell me everything you hear. Cat will send you one, which she will receive by this post. So, between this and that, there's Fund for Chat. I sent that foolish pamphlet to Philip, which Sir Charles has fathered on *me* ; so you may judge. Why doesn't that hound write to me ? As to his coming hither, you may tell him we don't want his company. For the unfortunate — I feel a Deep and serious concern, religion and palsy are too much at a time. The former shall never be charged with my death, or with making me mad. I can die quite soon enough

of my own accord ; and before I go mad, I must contrive to fall in Love ; but never with the beauty of Holiness. In return for Service and Merit in this World, I like ready money payments ; and as to a bright reversion in the Skies, the Arch Bishop of Canterbury cannot value it less than I do. Tell Philip to write a Novel with the Title of the True History of the Injured Lady, or the perfidious Musician, who by the bye, vows vengeance, and will beat *him* as well as time, whenever they meet. This with my letter to Babby makes five sides ; so, with my love to Culverden and duty to his Spouse, the Compliments of the Season, if not too late, to Lord and Lady P., and *ut re mi sol fa* to the dear enchanting Abrams, I conclude,

“ Your beloved parent,

“ P. F.”

HARRIET FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

[Apparently February, 1802.]

“ MY DEAR MARY,

“ Though I am about frozen with cold yet I cannot let the Waterman return without taking you a few Lines, to say that we shall be happy to see you and Eliza Monday 15th March, when we shall take you to a very agreeable party in the evening at Mr. Angerstein's. . . . I am nearly well and if it was not for this cold weather should probably be quite so. Tonight I am going in a Chair to the Opera, I have not been out of an Evening for near a Month. The poor Duke of Bedford has desired in his Will that his Younger

Brother Ld. William's Debts may be paid (having paid them once in his Life) and a Gift of thirty-five thousand pounds besides five Thousand to Fox—and a Legacy to R. Adair, but what I do not know. What a sad Fate! Lord Thanet is much affected by his Death, but writes to my Father, that if his Friends do attend his Funeral that he will summon all his fortitude to do the same.

“Farewell,

“H. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HARRIET FRANCIS.

“APPLEBY CASTLE,

“*Wednesday morning, 7 July, 1802.*”

“MY OWN DEAR HARRIET,

“The Fact is that yesterday morning, between 11 & 12 I was unanimously elected by one Elector, to represent this Ancient Borough in Parliament, and I believe I am the very first Member returned in the whole kingdom. There was no other Candidate, no Opposition, no Poll demanded, Scrutiny, or petition. So I had nothing to do but to thank the said Elector for the Unanimous Voice by which I was chosen. Then we had a great Dinner at the Castle, and a famous Ball in the evening for that part of the Community which my lady calls the Raggamuffins. On Friday Morning I shall quit this triumphant Scene with flying Colours, and a noble Determination not to see it again in less than seven years. We visited Burghley in our way hither, and shall visit York in our return. Nevertheless I hope to be in town on Monday Night; and dine with you on Tuesday after voting

for Sir Francis Burdett at Brentford. . . . The wind here has been almost invariably South and South west, which, I hope, has been of use to you. In this Climate it produces nothing but rain, and furnishes very few Reflections. This makes the Inhabitants very melancholy; insomuch that my Elector intends to hang himself in November, and then I shall elect myself; and that will do as well.

“ I am very impatient to go anywhere else; so you may depend on seeing me as soon as I possibly can; and, if I find you well mended, I shall be better pleased than with the Election.

“ Love and kindness jointly and severally.

“ Yrs,

“ P. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

“ HOTHFIELD,

“ 26 Sept., 1802.

“ MOST DEAR MISS KITTY,

“ Your letter of yesterday does you great credit, and has given me great Comfort, as you may well believe. As long as the main object and purpose of the journey promise well, we are all rewarded. . . .

“ I was as happy here before, as I could be without such good Tidings, and now I am quite satisfied. Mr. Mossop has dined here every day, he shoots as much as he likes, and has killed a good deal of Game for the Family. This morning my Lord and my Lady and I with almost all the Servants, with Yarrow at the head of them, went to Church for the first time in *their* lives, and I

thought that Mossop¹ acquitted himself very well. On the whole it appears to me that he is likely enough to be a favourite with the parish.

“The Quaker at Mile End has written to say that he has returned the Map and the Print; so I suppose you will find them in the Square. The Duke of Bedford is expected today, and in all probability I shall not leave this before Tuesday Sennight; nor then, unless we should have rain. The Weather is perfectly marvellous and as hot as the Dog days. So no more at present,

“From your loving Sire,

“P. F.

“My Lady was well pleased with the handkerchief. I have written to the Quaker.”

¹ Formerly mentioned at Sheen.



PERIOD V.

1802—1804.

This Period begins with the illness of Harriet Francis, the third daughter, which ended fatally in 1803. It compelled her journey to Nice escorted by her brother and sister; and from the younger Philip Francis we have some letters describing the Court of the Tuileries. A new correspondent is introduced, Eliza Johnson, step-daughter of Mary Johnson, afterwards the wife of Philip Francis. Eliza's letters were written chiefly from a country-house in Oxfordshire. The elder Francis's letters are addressed to his daughters, and to Lord and Lady Thanet. At the end of this period Elizabeth, Francis's favourite daughter, also died.



PERIOD V.

1802—1804.

DURING the autumn of the year 1802 Harriet's health became a source of grave anxiety to her family, and it was decided to send her abroad for the winter, to Nice, where Sally had gone some years ago. Philip and Elizabeth were her companions, and her father accompanied the party as far as Paris; a friend of young Philip's—Harry Eyre—also travelled with them. They left England in August, and Philip writes to his sister Sarah from Paris :—

PHILIP FRANCIS, THE YOUNGER, TO SARAH FRANCIS.

“ PARIS,

“ 14th August, 1802.

“ MY DEAR SALLY,

“ Elizabeth will give me no better a sheet of paper to write to you upon, therefore you must e'en be content with this. . . . On Saturday we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Saladin. My father was also asked but engaged at Gamba's. We had an excellent dinner and very fine wines. . . . Among the company were the Swiss Minister, Antony St. Leger, and a nephew of General Minon. They

were very polite and kind to us particularly to myself *qu'ils ont comblé d'honnêteté*, to use a french phrase. Yesterday was Buonaparte's birthday. Of course a day of public fête and rejoicing. We went to Court with the rest of the world to congratulate him. The Levée was very numerous and splendid, all the foreign Ministers being decorated with their orders and insignia enriched with jewels. The Premier Consul's own people too were all in their finest. Bob Adair, St. Leger, and some other English were presented. The Prince's uniform having attracted the notice of the Consul, he did me the Honour this time of addressing me. He renewed his acquaintance with my father and was very civil to him. When we returned we found two billets from the *Préfet du Palais* which Merry had sent us, they having been previously sent to him from the Thuilleries, inviting us to the Thuilleries, i.e., Mr. F. and myself. I was much mortified that they had passed over Harry [Eyre]. But it not being a regular day of presentation to Mad^m. Buonaparte (the *drawing-rooms* are always on the 18th of their month—that is 3 days after the Presentation at the Levée) strangers could not go unless they were *priés*—and of all the English only five were invited, Lds. Holland and Mount Cashel. Mr. F. and myself and Mr. Cottrell. In the end Ld. Holland my father and myself were the only persons of the 5 present. It was a very great civility to us—to me at least, nor do I know how we obtained it, except by the effect of ——'s very strong letter to Merry. Everything here is done upon the strictest Court Etiquette, and a

Government recommendation for such objects at least is the best recommendation you can have. As usual, that is as the English always are, we were too late ; tho' in time according to the Prefect's notice. The circle had by accident assembled earlier than the appointed hour—the presentations to Mad^{me}. Buonaparte were over—and when we came in the Company were just quitting the long card-room, which here is the Assembly and presentation room to go and see the fireworks from another part of the palace. We followed with the throng, and the Ladies placed themselves at the windows of a number of smaller rooms in a suite looking upon the Seine from the bridges of which they were playing off fireworks—the men stood behind them, and the crowd thickened gradually, till these small rooms became so full, as to be hot and uncomfortable. This inconvenience was remedied by a worse—a draught of all the worst air in Paris through open windows on all sides of you. This to me with a sore throat, was no recommendation of Mad^{me}. Buonaparte's drawing-room ; but I was very well entertained. In the first place the view from the Thuilleries the whole of which and of the Louvre was itself brilliantly illuminated was the most beautiful thing that can be conceived. The Champs Elysées and Gardens of the Thuilleries, in a blaze of pyramidical light. It was a general Illumination of all Paris. The Place de Vendôme exceeded in splendour anything I saw or heard of at our Illumination for the peace. Of the illumination they [Elizabeth and Harriet] however can give you a better account than myself, as they walked about to

see them with H. Eyre. Mr. Saladin took me about and pointed out to me all the famous Generals, and pretty women—once more I am sorry to say that even at Court the quantity of beauty was very small. There might be 5 or 6 decently pretty women amongst the whole. One very much superior to the rest, a Mad^{me}. Lavalette, Md^{me}. Buonaparte's niece, indeed a very sweet creature, both in face and person. They were all well dressed without hoops as our women would be for a dressed Ball or an Assembly. Great Profusion of fine Jewels—very courtly and well behaved, and tho' a good deal displayed not indecently. Mad^{me}. Buonaparte appears to be about 40. I think well-looking, and incomparable manner. The women were very few in number compared with the men, I think not above 70 in all. Buonaparte walked about without any attendance quite at his ease, talking to whom he liked, so that I saw a great deal of him. He was last night particularly gracious to the Ladies to whom he seldom speaks. It struck St. Leger, as it did me that Ly. Cath^e. is his likeness. After the fireworks were over the company returned into the Card room (the long Gallery hung with Gobelin Tapestry—lighted with many lustres—about 20 card tables all at length very handsome). The ladies sat in a line with Mad^{me}. B. at the end—the Gentlemen stood opposite. Just here I believe we might have been presented, but my father was not to be found. Mad^{me}. B. went out for 5 minutes, and when she returned sat immediately down to cards. This lasted an hour and a half during which time we waited in

hopes of having an opportunity of making our bow, but it was impossible. The instant the *partie* was over Mad^{me}. B. got up and, led out by the *Préfet du Palais*, retired. . . . We retired too. . . . We are going on Thursday to the *Hameau de Chantilly*, a place of entertainment something like Frascati. . . ."

"My best duty to my mother and believe me,

"Your

"P. F."

In another letter either Elizabeth or Harriet described the First Consul thus :—

"He is a little man, very pale, with grey eyes and a most sweet countenance. His mouth is beautiful. His likeness to the Malmesbury family struck me greatly."

Philip the younger, in describing this party later in life, used to say that Napoleon stood for some time behind Josephine's chair watching her play, and as he turned away he dropped his purse into her lap.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

"HOTHFIELD,

"5th Oct., 1802.

"MY OWN DEAREST CATHERINE,

"I received the enclosed this morning [a letter from Harriet]. Pray take special care of this incomparable letter. I would not lose it for untold gold. I know of but one Angel on earth, and she is I hope very near Nice by this time. Think of her leaving Paris in Despair, and yet Heroine enough to suppress it. If this Life were a Martyrdom, if

Existence were a Torment, I could bear it for her Sake, and live for her Happiness and to contribute to it. In removing to Woodlands you have taken an advisable step, and now let me advise you to stay there. On Friday my intention is to dine with dear Mary and Company at Brighton. In this country we are weary of fine Weather, and are languishing for a Deluge. My humble duty to Lady Ju. and hearty thanks, not compliments, to Mrs. Angerstein¹ and all your Society.

“ I am your Affectionate Sire,

“ P. F.

“ If you want money, desire Miss Aⁿ. [Angerstein] to advance you three shillings and sixpence out of her own pocket, on my account, which I shall repay with lawful Interest. I am no friend to Usury, particularly when I borrow.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MRS. FRANCIS.

“ BRIGHTON,

“ 14th Oct., 1802.

“ DEAR MADAM F.,

“ . . . Dear Eliz. & Co. certainly left Lyons before your Letters could reach that City, but I have no doubt they will all be regularly received at Nice. If I thought otherwise, my heart would ache for their Disappointment. From the bottom of it I rejoice at Miss Berry's going to Nice. I shall not trouble her with anything but letters; but we must all write vigorously. Mr. and Mrs. Macmahon are in town. Suppose Sally were to invite them to Sheen for a

¹ John Julius Angerstein was the head of a great Russian house. He is known through his collection of pictures, which was the foundation of our National Gallery. Woodlands was his seat.

night or two. He drinks Sherry, of which there are a few bottles on the left at top, sealed with red wax.

"In this existence I pass my time tolerably. Dine always at the pavillion, and spend the evening at Mrs. Fitzherbert's or at your friend the Countess Ctgchetzdsbfs, a Russian lady of Fashion and three little Rushlings. And I never see these infants but at Breakfast. So, with the help of hunting, I am as well as can be expected.

"Yours dutifully,

"P. F."

The Misses Berry, who were old friends of the family, went to Nice soon after the Francis party and proved most kind and helpful to the poor invalid.

MARY JOHNSON TO HER SISTERS AT NICE.

"BRIGHTON, 1802.

"MY DEAREST ELIZABETH, AND MY DEAREST LITTLE HARRY,

"... We heard from Catharine some days ago that Miss Berrys leave England the 25th of this month, and are going to pass the Winter at Nice, and offered to take charge of any Letters to you—this was very delightful news to us all—we rejoice in having this opportunity of conveying some letters safely—that we are sure you will receive—besides that we hope and believe their society (being old acquaintances) will prove an agreeable pleasure and comfort to you. I must now in the first place tell you that we are waiting and expecting with the utmost impatience and anxiety a Letter from some one of the party—to announce your safe and happy arrival at Nice, and I trust a

satisfactory favourable account of the state of our own dearest Harriet, after this *long, long journey* that has carried you to such a sad immeasurable distance from all those friends who are the most deeply interested in everything that concerns your happiness and welfare, when we have once received this wished-for Letter, with a comfortable account of you both, and your two kind protectors dear Philip and Harry Eyre—we shall indeed feel our minds relieved of a great weight of suspense and anxiety. How have you, dear fat one, and our poor little sick one borne all the fatigues difficulties and distresses you have encountered in the land of troubles through which you have passed? perpetually have we talked of you and how often have we vainly wished that by any powerful art or magic, we could have had a momentary glimpse of you all on the road or at any of the places where you rested and recruited your wearied frames—still I flatter myself you are at length arrived at the end of your travels and torments and are at this hour in the perfect enjoyment of the novelty, beauty and tranquillity of Nice. What a charming scene and delicious climate! It will I trust produce a thousand delights and gratifications for you both and God grant it may restore our dear dear Harry to her former enviable health! As my Father and Eliza are writing at this time, we are likely to repeat the same transactions, but as that cannot under the circumstances be avoided I proceed to inform you, we have had the happiness of being presented to your favourite charming Prince. Every day since my Father arrived here he has dined at the Pavilion and has been so continually engaged there—

at the Club or hunting over the Downs that we see but little of him, except at Breakfast though he has an apartment *chez nous*. He is as young, handsome and full of spirits and activity as ever I saw him, though he cannot forbear often sighing and wishing for '*his own dear fat Creature, and dearest Doll*'—of whom he always speaks with the greatest tenderness and affection. Nothing can exceed his constant good humour and kindness to us all, I mean the Lizzy, myself and Babes, who you know make my little family circle. I very earnestly wished and intreated Catharine to come and pass a month with us—but as yet she has refused, dreading that the air might occasion a return of her illness, however I do not quite despair that Mr. C[holmondeley] may bring her down for a short time at least—it would be so good an opportunity of improving her acquaintance with the Prince—to whom I must now return, and tell you that on Sunday last on the Steyne he saw me walking with my Father, who immediately went to join him, and the Prince then observed to him that I was the only one of his family with whom '*he had not the pleasure of being acquainted*' and begged that as he was to have a party and music at the Pavilion in the evening—that Eliza and I would come—you may imagine that we were highly pleased—and went there at 9 o'clock with my Father—both, without vanity looking *uncommonly well* and *well dressed*. I cannot do justice to the perfect elegance, grace and extreme kindness of his first address—which was indeed so gracious and so charming that it put me (who had you may be sure,

many natural and nervous fears and feelings on the occasion) almost at my ease, and impressed me only with the utmost admiration of him."

Here the letter breaks off, the rest having been either lost or destroyed.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS DAUGHTER ELIZABETH.

" BRIGHTON,

" 21st October, 1802.

" MY OWN DEAREST ELIZABETH,

" The date of your most Excellent letter from Lyons, gives me a hope that possibly, before this is closed, we shall have the happiness to hear of your Arrival and Settlement at Nice. My heart was not big enough to hold another Drop of Love for you ; so all your Letter could do was to make it overflow. I cannot say more ; but if ever I abate or alter, you may safely conclude that my Identity is gone, and that I am no longer an accountable being. Your Account of dearest Harriet's Improvement, tho' liable to checks, promises more than I had expected in so short a Time, and under all the Miseries of such a Journey. Catherine wrote repeatedly and minutely to Lyons, and all possible precautions were taken at the Post Office ; so I cannot doubt of your receiving her Letters at Nice. The present Conveyance at all events cannot fail. On the 25th instant the Miss Berries are to set out to join you. Except yourselves, I never wished anybody a good Journey more heartily than I do to them. Besides their Company, you will have a Mr. and Mrs. Brooke, friends of Colonel Macmahon, who recommends them warmly ; so, I



ELIZABETH,
SECOND DAUGHTER OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

think, if our dearest Harriet continues to mend, you will not pass an intolerable Winter at Nice. Once for all I forbid Economy. Deny yourself nothing that can, ever so minutely contribute to your happiness or Comfort, unless you wish to destroy mine. As to your return, think not of it until the Time approaches. You shall have no Care nor Trouble, that my genius, or the Rack of Invention, can contrive to save you. Mr. Yarrow, at least has a fair chance of seeing the Mediterranean before he dies. I shall not undertake to write separately to the old boy [Philip]; so let this serve for you all jointly and severally. He is spoken of here, with the greatest kindness and always by the Title of my good friend Philip. To my Excellent associate H[arry] E[yre] I really would say something particular and very expressive but that I know he is actually in better hands. There sits the fair and now the fat Elysium [Eliza Johnson] writing to him with a fury and a Vengeance. Those gentle Emotions partake of passion, and one passion creates another, and there I leave the Conclusion to your own Sagacity. Of my Affections at least he may rest assured, that he shall carry them with him to his grave. Catharine, I suppose, omits nothing, true or false in the family History. So, on my own private Account all I have to say is that on Sunday the 19th of September, I arrived at Hothfield to dinner, and I staid there till the 8th of this month very agreeably, the finest weather imaginable and no company but the Rev. Mr. Mossop, who is not only in possession of his Living but very well established in the House of his Patron. So there I leave

him to make his own way as fast as he can, to Canterbury or Durham. On the 9th instant I took up my quarters with dear Mary, and here I live ; but have invariably dined with P[rince of] W[ales] of whose kindness to her, and to that Vixen Elysium I hope to give you a true and faithful account. Lord Thurloe and a certain right Rev^d. Prelate are their constant Society, which makes them both as proud as the Devil. My Evenings, for the most part, are past at Blindman's Buff with Ladies of Quality from Moscow and Archangel. They want me to embrace the Errors of the Greek Church ; but, I flatter myself, my principles are not within the reach of Conversion. By this Conveyance, you will receive as many Dispatches as the Secretary of State for the Foreign Department. Every hand in the Family is employed in your Service. As to me, *chère Elise*, what can I say of Love for you both that would not fall far short of the truth ! I am your joint and common property. Let others answer for themselves. *Vous n'aurez jamais un autre père tel que moi.* This accomplished Letter was proceeding to a conclusion when Lo ! and behold, this very morning at breakfast the said Mary produces an invaluable piece of manuscript dated at Avignon, and all of it written, with her own pretty fist, by the dearest Doll that ever was in the South of France, except a little bit by a Cat with a paw ; and we all cried for joy. Little did I think that cursed voyage would have proved so calamitous ! but it is past, and so I hope are all your troubles by this time. You talk of Marseilles, as if you meant to go that way. I hope you have

done so. That City and Toulon are worth seeing and the difference of time overpaid by the roads. Of your merits and patience every heart in this house has a deep Impression, and somehow or other, we even love our Doll the better for being the Object of your Care. Philip's Character comprehends the Hero and the Doctor equally. It is hard to say which of them becomes him best. This very day will Elysium and I walk up to the Windmill, and look over the Sea and think of future happiness on the same Cliff! This incomparable infant is now sitting opposite to me working her fingers to the Bone; and all the Horseleys dine here today, and I must desert the pavillion. I saw little Mary write every Word of that Letter herself without Help! *Adieu, chers petits*. There is no room to tell you . . . and if I had I could not . . .

"P. F."

On the arrival of the party at Nice, Philip writes to one of his sisters in London, referring to the journey:—

"November, 1802.

"When I look back at what we have done, when I consider that it has been done in 6 days [from Paris to Nice] that our poor Invalid with the remainder of a heavy cold upon her which she caught on Board the Vessel was one of the Party, all her symptoms increased by the agitation of her fatigue and fears, when I reflect upon all this and that we are now safely, nay successfully arrived at Nice without having met with the slightest disaster or bad accident I am almost disposed to consider it as a dream, that the

thing has been done for us in our sleep, and that we just now awake to see and enjoy the benefit resulting from it. . . .”

Elizabeth also writes :—

“ Sally I daresay remembers the entrance into Nice is by a road with pretty white Houses at ten, twenty, thirty yards distance from one another and which is called Rue d'Anglois and where all the English live, sheltered above on one side by beautiful Mountains covered with Flowers and on the other side the sea. For the first house we were too late, two Gentlemen having taken it the night before, but the next was precisely the thing we wanted, which consists of the first floor, first a little anti-room, on the right of which goes the drawingroom, a very handsome sized room at the bottom of which is a small room with one window looking into the Road and up those beautiful Mountains, this is to be exclusively *my property*, on the left of the *anti* which is rather a handsome article in itself is one bedroom, a very good room, all these to the sun, the sea, and the Garden, a very large one full of orange trees, where my child may crawl in and out twenty times a day, and at the bottom a very fine terrace built high and the shingles below, I am sorry to say there are no sands. Out of our room a door into another equally good, which Oliver is to sleep in and is otherwise to be occupied as I like. This is very nicely furnished and everything put into it that I have asked for, we pay 30 louis for 6 months very decent proper people living in it, and no Lodgers but ourselves. I have

secured a Pianoforte at a Louis a month which is worth its weight in gold, I have secured a woman to bring a cow to be milked at the Door every day, am expecting the character of a famous *Valet de Place*, and am only wishing Sunday was come that we might take possession of all these comforts, for we cannot go to our house before."

CATHERINE FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

"LONDON,
"25th November, 1802.

"... The medicine Baillie has given me I hope will do me good, but its first effect is to make me very sick. It is Snakeroot and so nauseous that Mr. Chilver called yesterday to enquire who in the family could be obliged to take anything so nasty. . . . Your Mamma, and I go on with the picquet and I have won so much money lately, that she has assured me unless I allow her sometimes to win she must give it up. You will be surprised to hear how handsomely Colonel Ironsides has rewarded his wife for all he has made her suffer during his lifetime. He has left her £4,000 per annum, house, jewels &c. . . ."

MARY JOHNSON TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"SOUTH PARADE,
"Friday, 19th Novr., 1802.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The little society here, were extremely pleased by the arrival of your Letter yesterday morning, as it was a proof that they retained some place in your remembrance, which indeed is but just—as their feelings of regret for your loss are renewed daily. At Breakfast time I am no longer wakened

and roused by the animating sound of your voice on the stairs calling for Elysium, who deeply sighing often casts a melancholy look at your empty chair, vainly wishes you there and that she was again employed in your service—however you give us the consolation of hoping you will return before Christmas, that hope supports our drooping spirits—so pray, *do not* disappoint us.

“We are in admiration at the constancy of the Countess’s attachment—change of scene cannot banish you from her thoughts, even life itself seems to be painful and uninteresting in your absence—her daughter and M’amselle Pietron dine with us today—I have invited the Beau Ralph to meet them—and in the evening his fair Scotch friends Mrs. and the Miss Browns. The Bishop and family to give an air of gravity and decorum to the party. We dined at Lord Thurlow’s on Tuesday and staid till 11 o’clock, and have passed the two last evenings at the Bishop’s. We are still anxiously expecting to hear of the dear ones at Nice. I had flattered myself we should have had some account of them from Sheen this morning—but of that we are disappointed. *Adieu mon très cher Père.* God bless you and all our dear friends who will tomorrow be assembled in St. James’s Square. Ever yours affectionately,

“M. JOHNSON.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

“HOTHFIELD,

“26 Decr., 1802.

“MOST DEAR CHARINE,

“I arrived here at seven last night, after a tedious journey of fourteen hours, of which four were

in utter darkness, an excellent dinner was ready to receive me and all my Distresses were forgotten in a moment. Philip's Letter furnishes comfort and Hope. I try all I can to keep my thoughts within that limit ; beyond it Speculations are useless. The Distance and the Intervals between the letters are tormenting but we are in the case and this is part of it. When you write next, insert the following words. ' My Father desires and insists that the word *Money* may be mentioned to him no more. Philip has a credit on Drummond, and Elizabeth on Gamba to any amount. When the whole Account is made up, he will look at nothing but the Balance and pay it.' . . . Mary and Eliza, if their pen is equal to the Task, will inform you how much they have been honoured at the Pavilion, and with what kindness and cordiality they are always received there. Supping every night, and yesterday to eat their Christmas dinner. It is devilish cold here ; that is out of doors. Everything within side is happy ; and here I am at rest. So, with kind love to Sally and Maw, I bid you heartily farewell.

“ P. F.”

The “ Minny ” referred to in the following letter was Mrs. Fitzherbert's adopted daughter, of whom the Prince was very fond.

MARY JOHNSON TO SARAH FRANCIS.

“ SOUTH PARADE,

“ 27th December, 1802, Monday.

“ MY DEAREST SALINE,

“ I was quite sorry that I had not a moment to write to you yesterday but thank you a thousand

times for dear Philip's Letter, which has brought us very great comfort and happiness, as it confirms our anxious hopes of our own dear Harriet's amendment—and encourages us to trust in the gradual advancement of her recovery. . . .

“ We have passed every evening (till near 3 o'clock in the morning) at the Pavilion this last week. I cannot do justice by all that I can say, to the charming Prince's gracious kindness and goodness to us. Eliza is almost equally captivated with him as your Sister, who acknowledges *her weakness* (if it must be called so) and extreme admiration of all his amiable qualities, fascinating manners, and uncommon accomplishments—his talents for conversation and powers of entertainment are truly extraordinary and delightful. We have had many proofs that the excellence of his heart is equal to his incomparable understanding—but you will think me distracted, so I must proceed more *moderately* and inform you that his R.H. had the goodness to invite us in the kindest and prettiest manner to dine with him on Christmas-day—you may imagine we were highly gratified—a most happy joyous day it was—for in the morning I received your Letter and good accounts of our dearest Harriet. My Father you know left us early, which I regretted, but every other event of the day was interesting. Little Minny dined with the Children—and the dear Prince came in the morning to see them (all at high romps) and us—he staid with us some time and nothing could exceed his agreeableness or kindness. His R.H. was so good as to send his Carriage which conveyed us at six o'clock to the Pavilion, where he

received us with his peculiar grace and elegance. The Prince handed me in to dinner. I sat on one side of him and Mrs. Fitz on the other, and Eliza amongst a crowd of Beaus. We three were the only Ladies and 13 or 14 gentlemen. A magnificent dinner and animated Conversation chiefly supported by His R.H. in the evening a very large party and delightful Concert. We spent yesterday evening at the Pavilion and staid there till near 3 o'clock this morning—it was the most interesting of all—with heavy hearts we took leave of the charming P[rince] and Mrs. F[itzhert] who left Brighton this morning—a melancholy day (tho' affording many agreeable flattering recollections) it has been. I have not time for another word but must not forget to mention that I sang last night at the Pavilion '*Cara Nina*' and '*Sogni*.' I hope you will be able to read this long history and believe me Your Most Affectionate

“MARIE.”

“Pray burn this Letter for I should not like my attachment to our future Sovereign to be publicly known, so I beg you will not leave it out but destroy it. I hope you have received the Brawn.”

JOHN GODFREY TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

[1802.]

“Indeed my Dear Francis all this cooping, Stuffing and Cramming seems to agree with you wonderfully well, for your Letter is wrote in that stile that denotes Health and Spirits, and that you may long enjoy them is my earnest wish. But as all things in this

best of all Possible worlds have their limits I am not without hopes, that tired at last with all your feastings and Junkettings, Blindman's buff and all, you will yet, before we quit this place (which at present we have no intention of doing till the beginning of December) find your way here and in humble rustication, plain living and Temperance do penance for past sins and lay in a store of vigour for the Commission of new ones. This Spot is not however without its attractions and pleasures. As a Proof—next Saturday, Lord and Lady John, Mr. and Mrs. Dent, Mrs. Chapman and four Lovely Damsels from 16 to 20 years of age Dine and pass the Evening with us, perhaps you'll think they want the soft musical name of your Russian Nymphs. But here we are not so fastidious and Beauty even without a name is Good enough for me. I am rejoiced at hearing so good an account of Mrs. Johnson and the fair Eliza. But whilst they take such dignified Beaux under their Protection let them take care of their Hearts. They know the world is malicious and will not spare either a learned Judge or a Reverend Bishop. Remember us kindly to all the Family. If it should come *à Propos*, I should be obliged to you if you would mention me to the Prince, and hint my regret at being prevented by Circumstances from presenting my Humble duty and thanks for his kind Interference which restored to me the wine from Bourdeaux which would have been lost without him. You know best how and which way that ought to be done, and to your Superior Judgment I leave it. But at the same

time pray do not forget to say everything proper from me and Mrs. G. to Mrs. F[itzh Herbert] she was very kind and friendly to us at Malvern. I shall avail myself of your Intelligence of the Miss Berries and will send a letter to your home by Saturday next. I have received a charming Epistle from Elizabeth dated Lyons—they were to embark the next day; our warmest and sincerest Good wishes attend them. Her health and that of the Interesting Invalid are drank every day in this Cottage and nothing can afford us greater satisfaction than to hear of her return to Health and Happiness. As to us we are *in statu quo*. I do not think I grow young, but I do not find I wear fast; and for your sake I will last as long as I can. Indeed I shall not like to quit you. I shall be in Town the 9th and 10th of next month and perhaps you will contrive to be there too and travel down with me on the 11th. But that's a long way off. Mrs. G. sends her love and Duty to her Guardian and hopes he will not let the autumn pass without coming to see her. Miss Fitter is with us and, was she not a Maiden Damsel, would send her love too. Adieu. Believe me ever yours,

“ J. G.”

The hopes of the family as to the ultimate benefit of the winter at Nice to the invalid were doomed to bitter disappointment. Harriet (“Dearest Doll”) died early in the year 1803, and was the first English person buried in the Protestant burying-ground, which had just been set apart for the purpose. The funeral took place in the night by torch-light; but in spite

of this precaution the people found out the hour at which the unusual ceremony could be witnessed, and crowds arrived on the spot beforehand, and climbing on the walls which enclosed it, watched the proceedings with a mixture of curiosity and compassion. As soon as the funeral was over, Philip and Elizabeth set off for England. The weather was intensely cold and the roads almost impassable, and Elizabeth, enfeebled as she was by the long nursing of her sister and by grief at her loss, performed a great part of the journey on horseback. The brother Philip wrote to his mother from Aix-les-Bains *en route*, describing their journey and condition up to that place, Elizabeth herself adding a few lines.

PHILIP FRANCIS, THE YOUNGER, TO MRS. FRANCIS.

"AIX, HOTEL DU COURSE,

"Monday, Feby. 7th, 1803.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"We left Nice on Wednesday Morning the 2nd, as my letter to Sally of that date announced—and arrived here yesterday at 2; without accident or difficulty of any kind.—Elizabeth rode the greater part of the way, by which, besides avoiding the fatigue she must otherwise have undergone in the carriage, she got a great deal of wholesome exercise which has been of service to her.—Having got our carriage over the Estrelles, and along these desperate roads of Provence, without fracture of any kind we bid defiance to any difficulty of that kind, which may yet await us.—The cold was intense but we were well prepared against it, particularly Lizzie, who by the kind attentions of various friends at Nice has been

armed from head to foot for combat with the Frozen north. We now only wait for our companion Harry [Eyre] who went with his carriage and the Luggage by sea to Marseilles, and for letters to be forwarded to us from Nice here, to proceed on our journey.— But you must not be impatient, one does not travel in France at this season, as you would from Bath to London. Bad roads certainly will, and falls of snow may delay us. But tho' we may proceed slowly, be satisfied that it is at the same time surely. . . . Elizabeth is perfectly well and does her best to keep up her spirits. We are here in the same party with the Poores—they are going to Montpellier—but must, as well as ourselves wait for Harry, who has their carriage in charge. A thousand embraces to dear Sally and Mary—and believe me your Affectionate Son.

“ P. F.”

ELIZABETH FRANCIS AT THE END OF HER BROTHER'S
LETTER.

“ In the few moments I am allowed I ought not to attempt describing the impatience I feel daily and hourly to be once again with those dear, most dear friends still so far off—but I think of nothing else unless it be the kindness I have received and must ever remember from those we have left, in truth my heart is too full to add anything to all dear Phil will so much better have told you—but let us look forward and hope happiness is to unite all that are left for long and many years to come. God bless and preserve you all.”

Meanwhile, through some unfortunate postal mistake, Philip's letters from Nice describing his sister's last illness and death never reached England. This unaccountable break in the receipt of letters probably alarmed the father and friends at home, for we hear of Francis as well as his daughter Catherine and Eliza Johnson being in Paris in January, 1803, whether with the intention of proceeding southwards does not appear. Whilst they were in Paris they heard of Harriet's death through a friend, and Francis wrote to Sally :—

“HOTEL DE L'EMPIRE, PARIS,
“*Jan. 24th, 1803.*

“DEAR SALLY,

“Of course you know the fatal Event, which has fixed us here till the arrival of the dear Survivors of that irreparable Calamity !

“We hope to hear every day of their having left Nice ; and then we shall be able to calculate at what time we may expect to see them. Before the end of this month I cannot allow myself to think of that happiness. . . . Our having the Company of dearest Eliza was more than fortunate, as an Event it was against all the chances ;—as a source of Comfort and Consolation to me and of Essential benefit to Catherine it cannot be estimated or conceived but by us who have felt it. What should I have done, if Catherine had had no care or Company but mine, poor, dear Soul, her Courage is far beyond her strength.

“I suppose, but without knowledge, that they set out on or before the 10th. Of their progress I can

make no Calculation. I rely on your strength of mind to console your poor Mother and Sister, as well as you can. My dear Companions desire to fill up the rest of the paper.

“Yours, yours,
“P. F.”

ELIZA JOHNSON TO SARAH FRANCIS, LONDON.

“HÔTEL DE L'EMPIRE, PARIS,
“24th January, 1803.

“I hope my dearest Friends you will feel some little comfort in hearing that poor Catherine has really borne up under this sad affliction better than we could have hoped. Her mind is so bent on giving consolation to dear Elizabeth and Philip on their arrival, that she exerts herself to the utmost of her strength and is, thank God, quite composed. . . . I fear your Father allows too little for the delays their distress may occasion when he tells us we may hope to see them the end of this month.

“We have no sort of Account but H. Eyre's Letter of the 3rd to Mrs. G. If you have heard any thing of poor Elizabeth of a later date it would be a great relief to Catherine to know it—for her anxiety about her is not to be described. She is well in health, but her ceaseless anxiety about those dear sufferers whom she imagines on their road hither makes me pray for their speedy arrival, or at least for some tidings of them. . . .

“E. JOHNSON.”

Eliza Johnson was right in thinking that Francis had allowed too short a time for the travellers to reach Paris. By her son's letter to Mrs. Francis we saw

that they did not get to Aix until the end of the first week in February. As time went on and neither travellers nor tidings arrived in Paris, Francis, was unable to bear the suspense, and undertook to go and meet his son and daughter, first sending Catherine and Eliza home.

But in spite of this effort he missed the party, and had to return to England disappointed and alone. His irritable temperament led him to the conclusion that Philip had neglected to write to him, and he managed somehow to convey a most bitter and recriminating letter to his son, who in passing through Paris found all the letters he had written home at the Post Office. Writhing under a sense of cruel injustice at such a reception after all he had undergone, the younger Philip arrived in St. James's Square with his sister, and on entering his father's presence flung his own letters on the table, exclaiming: "There, sir, I have brought you your daughter Elizabeth, and there are my letters." The misunderstanding was soon forgotten on both sides, and Francis devoted himself to the care of this dearly loved daughter, who appears to have been the most gifted physically and mentally of the five.

In the autumn of this year Francis, when visiting at Hothfield, writes to his wife:—

"HOTHFIELD,
"23rd Sept, 1803.

"MADAME, ET TRÉS HONORÉE MÈRE,

"You know as well as I do what the Weather was yesterday; so all that remains for me to tell you is that my journey was prosperous, and my Arrival

fortunate. The house was exactly where I left it, the dinner ready, and the said Mossop in higher feather than usual, having killed many birds.

“Except eating heartily, drinking copiously, and sleeping soundly, I have done little or nothing. And so, honoured Lady

dear Sally

do Mary

do Catharine

do Tiddy [Mary’s youngest daughter].

I bid you farewell, as I am in a hurry to copy this for the 2 Elizas [Elizabeth and Eliza Johnson].

“P. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

“HOTHFIELD,

“30th Sepr., 1803.

“MOST DEAR INFANTS,

“I write today because I cannot write tomorrow. All the elements here conspire to make me happy ; but Separation from some spoils the rest.

“Lord Cowper is just gone, and now the Survivors are going to a Sale of Sir Horace Mann’s goods and Chattels about seven miles off. Elizabeth remembers his magnificence at Margate. *En voila le dénouement*. I look to the reunion of us three with an impatience that ruins enjoyment. Where the Devil did Parson Sneyd get twelve thousand pounds ! The poor dear Berries were eight days at Sea. However, it is well they are on shore.

“Who can say more ? My heart is with you in undivided moieties.

“P. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

“ HOTHFIELD,
“ 27th Sept., 1803.

“ My own, the dear Secretary's Letter of Sunday is some satisfaction in hard times and bad quarters. No. 41, I should think, must be high in North Street, and that may keep you out of mischief. Lord Coleraine better known by the Name of *blue*, left us on Sunday, and was succeeded by Lord Cowper and Bob Adair, and they both got drunk yesterday in the absence of Lord Thanet, who went to Sittingbourne to look after the Volunteers, who begin to grow devilish unwilling. He is a Lieutenant Colonel already and before the French land, may very well be a Field Marshall.

“ Miladi frets like a broken Fiddlestick, and swears she won't stay in the House with us if we are resolved to get drunk in this manner, every minute. Let who will do the mischief I always pass for the Author of it. But I won't mind her. There's nothing like a good Conscience, except a good dinner. Having both, and a breakfast into the Bargain, I make a shift not to repine. Adair has seen the Berries, they are well, and have suffered no material hardship, except travelling through Hanover, where the French General was very polite and offered to marry them, and make them a Settlement of any Baron's Chateau they fancied, and they declined it, being betrothed in England.

“ Now, dearest Infants I have nothing more to say, but that I look charmingly and am inviolably yours,

“ P. F.

" P.S. One of these footmen has lately married Miss Penley, a divine creature, who used to clean Mossop's lodgings at Sheen, and so he joined their hands. I wish you would speak to Adair not to make so many wry faces, which miladi calls *Grimaces* in french. Alas! I fear I cannot answer for my arrival at Brighton in less than a Week after the Day on which you receive this. The most distant hint on that delicate Subject, would make Miladi frantic, insane, cracked, out of her Wits ; or, in plain English, stark mad."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO THE EARL OF THANET.

" BRIGHTON,

" October 14, 1803.

" Suffice it to say that the dog may weep, but he shall bleed too, the vital drops that animate his purse. Your reputation at Drummonds is safe. I wish I could say as much of your property. If I ever saw that letter from F. to P. [Fox to the Prince of Wales ?] may my lady take me. It is true he repeated the contents, and those I have forgot. A letter of a most secret nature, from Surrey, informs me that the alternate and eternal party at Addington's or at Tierney's consists of those two and of Erskine, Sheridan, Dallas and Adam to the everlasting exclusion, confusion &c., of Hiley and Bragge. . . . Tyrwhit Jones is sometimes admitted and then they are complete.

" Of feasting there was no end till yesterday, when P. went to town to return next week.

" No grievances, much less any retrospect, Miladi and I are sworn friends for life ; and now I defy all your vain Ligurian arts. I am quite sure that we can

never be divided, unless we are cut in two. I fear that reverend divine will forget the only cunning he possesses. Not a fowl have I seen, but that poor little provision which I had the good fortune to bring with me. These two children have eaten nothing else since my arrival. All the play in which you ever acted or suffered is mere pippin squeezing compared with what is perpetually going forward here at Raggets. Every day we hear of ten or twenty thousand won and lost. The actors are Messieurs Aubrey, Johnstone, Burrows, Taylor, Trevis, Gage, &c. . . . Captain Capel offered one day to bet a hundred, which for some time was not accepted, and at last out of mere civility, and to accommodate the gentleman. I am now the only man in the world who doubts about invasion. So not to be foolhardy, where so many women are in question, I have written to a friend to secure me a retired house about thirty miles north of London ; and I advise you to pick up as many guineas as you can find. Master Shallow, I owe you two pounds. Yes, Sir John, and I wish you would let me have it with me. That may not be, Master Shallow.

“As to Miladi that finale was a *coup de grace*. . . . In short I am much more hers than my own ; but not quite so much hers as of a beautiful damsel here, to whom I have made a promise of marriage.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

“6th Novr., 1803.

“MOST DEAR AND EXCELLENT CATHERINE,

“Arriving in town, I called on Windham, and saw the Necessity of attending the House of

Commons. So I dispatched Crane with this fatal intelligence and a remuneration of a Shilling to Sloane St.

“Nevertheless I arrived there in person between seven and eight, found everything comfortable and ready and dined happily. The infants, raging with health and inability to sleep, insisted on sitting up to keep me company, and carried their point by force of roaring.

“Send for Sprunt and advise with him how we shall manage the cows, I mean, including dear Betty’s heifer. I think they may be kept, under cover—viz., the two cows in the cowhouse, but not fastened by the neck, and the child in the farthest woodhouse. They must be fed with Hay. . . . Philip, who had dined here, walked home with me in the Teeth of the fiercest North East wind I ever beheld; and, between eleven and twelve there was the heaviest fall of snow that ever fell in one hour in London.

“So dearest Infant take care of yourself, for I have taken my final resolution not to survive you or anybody, I need not tell you how anxious I am to hear of the poor dear Invalid.

“ P. F.”

“Your letter by Yarrow is just arrived, for which I am most thankful. The account I heard last night relieved me a good deal—but pray never represent things better than they are.”

“The invalid” was Elizabeth, whose health was failing rapidly as Harriet’s had failed.

Yarrow has been mentioned in previous letters.

He was Francis's valet, a very highly valued and faithful servant for many years. The following anecdote is told of him: One night on Francis's return to his house, Yarrow, then old, and rarely quitting the porter's chair in the hall, met his master with a very long face. He must quit him that night! The reason he gave was this. Thirty years before that time his wife and he had deliberately parted company in India; "and now," said he, "she has found me out and proposes that we should live together. She is coming to me again to-morrow afternoon, and I am determined she shan't find me." At cockcrow next day he was gone—and no one ever knew whither.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LADY THANET.

[*About December, 1803, part missing.*]

"With regard to any Letters I receive, I beg of you to rest satisfied, until you have *reason* to think otherwise, that I am not only trusty but discreet. By tomorrow's coach I shall send you a pot of the best Cavear I was ever master of. Forgive this paper, I cannot find another bit in the house. You may tell Lord T. that the greatest admirers of Volunteering are startled at some late Vagaries in that Department. Others begin to think that the thanks of the House of Commons might as well have waited for the Service. At last we have found out that the only use of six hundred thousand Men in Arms is to garrison the two Islands, to make a vigorous Defence, and to repel Invasion.

"Philip will shew you how to eat the Cavear. At Sheen we go on much as usual, and I hope not worse.

" Lady Talbot died suddenly of an Inflammation, Tom Stepney complained to me bitterly last night that Lord Thanet's letter to him was not sealed. Howorth and I are to share in a Lottery Ticket which I am to pay for. To write or to utter a parcel of words without meaning, merely to kill time or fill paper, does not deserve to be called Conversation or Correspondence. *Souvenez vous de cela, belle dame, et de moi.*"

PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

" DEAR KATE,

"6th Dec., 1803.

" I forgot to tell you that I must be in the House of Commons on Friday, so that it will be useless as well as very inconvenient for me to go to Sheen before Saturday. On that day let the Groom be in town with my saddle horses at one o'clock and bring a line from you with him. There was wine left in the Cabinet in my room below stairs. . . . came to Sloane Street at two this day to communicate your Letter to these. . . .

" P. F."

One of "these" [Eliza Johnson] writes on the same sheet from Sloane Street to Miss Catherine Francis at Sheen:—

"Your Father as you see has just been making us happier by your account of this morning and—since the Waterman was here—has taken the agreeable resolution of staying—I trust these next three days' quiet will help your dear Lizzie in spite of the cold. The snow fell a foot deep last night in an hour and $\frac{1}{2}$. Your Papa has brought us his speech, as a reward for our patience last night. His visit and your Brother's

were as follows. The dinner hour fixed $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5—No tidings of either till $\frac{1}{2}$ past six when Philip arrived and apologised for his late appearance by the state of anxiety and suspense he had been kept in from the moment he came to Town by the non-appearance of his property. Tully had left it in charge with the man at Putney Bridge to put into the first stage and was at last obliged to end his own disgrace and his Master's uneasiness by another walk there and back; his return to the Temple with the Baggage was a seasonable relief to him and us.

“We sat down to Dinner and had concluded about half an hour when your Father arrived from the House, so full of politics and speeches that having learnt all we could tell him of Sheen—he commanded a profound silence—forbid the door being opened after the mutton chops were once admitted and the children sent off to Bed—eat his dinner, woke Philip out of a sound sleep, in which the stillness of the party had encouraged him, and set him to writing his speech which was not completed to his satisfaction till ten o'clock and ended with ‘Now sir, you may walk off instantly to the Press with that.’ They both took their leave and left us to reconsider all these grievances which were not as light of digestion as you may imagine. We did not retire till past 12. However to-day he has made his peace by bringing your letter. . . .

“We are just going out to walk and he says this must go to-day, so with kindest love to dear Lizzie.

“Your ever affectionate,

“E. JOHNSON.

"If I cannot send the Books sooner you will have them on Friday by the coachman."

Eliza Johnson, after spending a short time at Sheen, pays a visit to Boulney Court.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ELIZA JOHNSON.

"HOTHFIELD,

"Jan. 8th, 1804.

"Why, my own dearest Infant, you have not been able to explain to me yet, by what Legerdemain you were suddenly conveyed from Sheen to Boulney. How came Mrs. Strode to be invited? What is her connexion? and why the Devil could not she go by herself? Whoever wants to travel, must take Eliza for a Pelisse. In short the loss of you is insupportable and I can bear this place no longer. Mr. Yarrow and I set out tomorrow at nine, and on Tuesday I proceed to Sheen then to Town on Wednesday, when and where I hope to receive a detailed history of your Adventures from your own pretty Fist. Philip, in order to complete his recovery chooses to stay another week, which is more than Milady chooses. It snows impetuously, and Milady is as mad as Bedlam at the horrid prospect of losing me. Lord George Cavendish came on Thursday and stayed two nights. In return I just took the trouble of winning two Guineas from him. This is all the Variety we have had, in other respects we are much the same. Accounts this morning from Sheen not so favourable. The bitter change in the weather made me fear it. . . . This Solitude would not be solitary if we could prevail on anybody to visit

us. We invite the whole World. We have an incomparable House, and keep an excellent Table, and nobody comes to us, so My Lady and I take a *Chaudé* together every night, hot, strong, and narcotic, but to sleep without dreaming would be absurd, and to dream of any object but one impossible, so you see my nights are as uniform as my days—
Dearest Elisa,

“ Why did you go ?

“ How long do you stay ?

“ When do you return ?

“ Always end your letters with a question and as abruptly as possible. Ceremony in Letters is as dull as in Society.

“ P. F.”

The writer of the following letter is Mrs. Hodges, wife of Colonel Hodges, of Boulney Court, Henley-on-Thames. Colonel Hodges was uncle to Eliza Johnson on her mother's side—the first wife of Godschall Johnson.

MRS. HODGES TO MRS. JOHNSON.

“ BOULNEY COURT,
“ 6th Jan., 1804.

“ MY DEAR MRS. JOHNSON,

“ I rejoice to hear so good accounts of your young ones who, Eliza tell me, are looking vastly well, how well she looks herself, is grown quite fat which becomes her exceedingly.

“ I had a letter yesterday from Harriet Eyre (from Ireland) written with trembling hands, not having recovered the alarm of Tuesday morning when the

Troops were ordered under arms at 5 o'clock, a fleet being in sight, supposed to be the french, but she says in the latter part of her letter they were in hopes it would prove a false alarm, or at least that their little Island was too inconsiderable to be an object to Buonaparte.

"I am afraid that Dover is more likely to be attempted which will rather annoy our Bride and Bridegroom. Mrs. Eyre gives a very good account of my son John and says that he quite enjoyed the bustle of that morning, did not mention Harry who, I daresay, was not less alert. . . .

"Our best compts. attend all the family at Sheen, kiss the two little girls for me, and believe me,

"Truly yours,

"S. HODGES."

The following eight letters were written from Boulney Court by Eliza Johnson, who had gone to spend a fortnight with her uncle and aunt. Eliza's younger sister Emily (aged 15) was also on a visit there—Emily generally lived with her father's cousin, Mrs. Fullerton. The other guests mentioned by Eliza Johnson in her letters are Annette, a married daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hodges, Annette's three children, a Mrs. Strobe, a Mr. Grey, and a schoolboy from Henley. There were also in the house Harriet and Sally Hodges, the latter about Emily's age, and Frederick, a young son.

Eliza's letters were written almost daily; they were addressed to Catherine and Elizabeth Francis at Sheen and marked "For the sick room." Eliza wrote chiefly for the sake of affording amusement

to Elizabeth, who was almost confined to her bed by this time. Eliza Johnson was very much attached to Elizabeth and Catherine Francis, who were like sisters to her.

ELIZA JOHNSON TO ELIZABETH AND CATHERINE
FRANCIS.

“I hope my dearest friends, you are none the worse for this very white weather. . . . I am not by any means at home in the strange things I find going on here but I suppose I shall soon understand them better, meantime I shall keep a sharp look out after Emily who is by no means come here to devote herself to her relations only—She & Sally are the rival beauties—but poor Emily is quite eclipsed having only brought her plain Frocks and Gowns, while Sally has the advantage of her whole Wardrobe & dresses with endless variety at Mr. Grey who is by no means the quiet creature I imagined. It is a Scene of flirtation I was not prepared for, any more than for seeing Sally come down to dinner in a blue Chambray—with white sleeves & her head dressed with a quantity of false bands of hair & scarlet beads—Emily had done her utmost—which however only amounted to a pink velvet on her head—a good many necklaces & a vast deal of squiggling, Sally has greatly the advantage in this particular & has most spitefully left off Stays to give greater effect to it—So that all the squiggling avails nothing. I find before I came they had a vast deal of dancing &c. but I have only seen them play chess & Net purses—& find them all extremely busy in getting

up the play of the Rivals in which they have reserved the part of Sir Lucius o'Trigger for Mrs. Strode, and Julia for me—I do not think all the parts will be learnt in my time, if they are our audience will consist of my Uncle & Aunt & the Babes—but the performers in general will be satisfied with each other's applause—Sally is to be Lydia Languish, & Emily Mrs. Malaprop, Annette a Gentleman, I am to have a Beau from Henley of 14, to act Faulkland, & Frederick is Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. Grey Young Absolute & Harriet Lucy—I don't at this moment know the plot of the play much less a Syllable of my part. After I wrote to you Yesterday we ventured out into the Snow for an hour or two & then settled to Work—reading is difficult for the parts are incessantly repeating, & the three Children constantly at play in the Room, they are a great amusement to me, particularly the youngest Boy who is quite a little character—the Girl is the least pretty of them but a nice Baby & just of a nursing size—None of the Family went to the Ball at Park Place tho' they were invited, for my Aunt kept back the card till it was over—I fear I shall not get fishing unless I angle out of the parlour Window but I hope the dear Elizabeth has recovered some degree of her original appetite & returned to the Roast Fowl—We had nothing tempting yesterday, the Chickens were boiled—I *hate* such insipid things, & Pea Soup & Roast Beef & Mince pies are all too common—I liked the Cold Sparib best, & even that would not have suited her. We have excellent brown bread—but then she could not eat it with bad Butter, &

they are grown so miserable they have neither Milk Cream or butter of their own—I am quite considered as one of the old folks since Emily & Sally are so come on—so they make me play at Cassino with my Uncle & Aunt & Mrs. Strode.”

ELIZA JOHNSON TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

“BOULNEY COURT,

“Jan. 9th, Sunday Morning.

“I hope my dear Catty your poor Head Stomach & understanding are better than when you wrote—I have not breakfasted so well since I came here as on the Rabbits & Onions your dear Lizzie bespoke in her Bed. . . . Yesterday, the drawing Room was a scene of ranting, languishing & spouting that was no bad representation of Bedlam—but I must tell you how we passed it & indeed the day before.—We were all engaged after I wrote to you in learning our parts when my Beau arrived from Henley & declined the part of Faulkland declaring he found it impossible to *look* jealous enough, even with such a Julia in view as myself—this occasioned a new distribution of the parts—Emily took the part of Faulkland & made over Mrs. Malaprop to Annette, who gave up Acres to my Beau—We proceeded with great alacrity all day & had made some progress—when yesterday a little Misfortune deranged us all again—You must know the Park, being under Water, is now a complete Sheet of Ice & immediately after breakfast the two Misses and Mr. Grey sallied forth & amused themselves with performing various feats, one of which was his Skating & driving them by turns in a Chair before him which looked so pleasant

from the windows that we all ventured out to try it ; they then began skipping which I fancied I c^d do as well as the rest—but pride must have a fall & mine had so complete a one that it suffer'd considerably in the end of my nose which was the first part that touched the Ice—the damage is not so considerable as to give me much uneasiness—but unfortunately a black plaister is indispensable & to act the part of a sentimental heroine with so conspicuous a blemish impossible, so after some dilemma Emily & I have changed characters, she is to be Julia & I her Faulkland—as she does not object to a few honourable Scars in her admirer. It is a dreadful long part even when curtailed of oaths &c.—which however are only to be softened down—I have agreed to say 'the devil' & 'confound it' & to make as spirited a gentleman as I am capable of. Emily is in her glory—even Stingue is forgot,—but while there are two to contend for the notice of their galant Mr. Grey I am not uneasy. It is really amusing to see the part my Uncle & Aunt take in these proceedings—he never speaks at all & she but very rarely & only to represent the impossibility of the drawing Room being converted into a Theatre which however is a measure perfectly resolved on by the Young Ladies & either by fair means or foul Mr. Grey has engaged to introduce a green curtain &c. Mrs. Strode has brought down some novels for her entertainment, but finds it so difficult to fix her attention while they are rehearsing that she has adopted the fashion of reading aloud for her own amusement ; Frederick who is to be orchestra practices vigorously on the

fiddle ; & the children beat their drums & all in the same room & at one time (Babel was a joke to it). I rejoice that it is Sunday, as I hope we shall have a respite ; I find some advantage in William's absence for our noise is very harmonious—I mean no quarrels—for as far as sound goes it is discordant enough God knows. I am afraid it will be a cruel moment that separates Emily from her new favorite, it is really a high diversion to us all to watch her & Sally during Dinner & see the looks they cast at each other, he sits between & deals out his attentions as equally as he can, but it is a difficult part & he has not a moments respite from morning till night. I almost think he answers to the idea of a seducer but it is astonishing what indistinct notions I am left with on a subject I have heard so much of—pray my dear Catty be not uneasy at the idea of my falling in Love I shall attend to that & every *other* caution you give me. My Uncle & Aunt never leave their Nests before two o'clock—the rest of the Family assemble About eleven—I contrive to crawl down between 9 & 10 Wrapped up in my great coat, I believe the Thermometer would stand at zero, there is nothing for it but to eat & drink immoderately—loads of Brown bread for Breakfast & home made cake for Luncheon & as for the dinners I contrive to pick up a meal, but My Aunt is at her old tricks in house-keeping, a grand Feast the first day to give an impression, & less & less every day since—the substantials yesterday were dwindled to roast mutton at one end & boiled mutton & broth at the other but always cold Pork.

“Emily is just come down to Breakfast dressed in a new stile, she has romped till every Gown she has is more or less Unfit for service except a very old clear & short Muslin Frock—the body of which defies all the arts of squiggling & therefore she has put on over it a white calico Spencer which has no strings in it—to remedy this defect she ties a light blue string round the waist—& the Neck is allowed to hang open & display her poor frost bitten neck. She suffers considerably from the cold in her feet & would gladly wear a pair of list shoes—but alas—Mrs. W^m. Hodges carried off one—the remaining one however she wears on her left foot, & on her right a purple dancing shoe which with a pair of worsted stockings & the clear frock—which hardly covers the calf of her leg makes a good medley. Sally sails in triumphant with a clean Cambrick Gown & plaited habit shirt—indeed Emily would be quite cast down if she had not discovered that Mr. Grey admires tall people.”

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“Monday Morning.

“Good Morning to you my dearest Friends. . . . I have been considerably disturbed by the toasted cheese & sausages My Uncle dined on yesterday—he gave notice early in the night that he felt the heart burn & took good care that nobody within hearing should sleep while he was awake—I sleep next Room to them with a door between. . . . I have the comfort of seeing a complete Thaw which I rejoice at, first for your sakes—& a little for my

own—for the company invented a new sport yesterday which did not very well agree with the state of the air. Mrs. Strode had made an engagement with us to walk to Church yesterday but as she never made her appearance till near eleven that was given up & we had Church at home which was over by one o'clock & we then took a long walk & returned about $\frac{1}{4}$ past 2. My Aunt had forbid the rehearsal, being Sunday, & I thought the day promised to pass quietly enough, when Frederick introduced a famous Bow & Arrows he had lately bought & the Company were all seized with a desire of trying their skill. Mrs. Strode in particular declared she had been a famous archer in her Youth—& a Target was set up about twenty yards from the House—meantime it began to snow & there was no venturing out, but it was kindly suggested by Mr. Grey that she might shoot out of the window which was instantly thrown up to the Top, & each of the party took their turn—without the smallest consideration of the few who could not partake of the sport & sat shivering by the Fire. This airy amusement continued full an hour & half when My Aunt came sailing in with an appearance that could not fail of reminding us more forcibly than words that it was time to go & dress—She had made an extraordinary effort in her own toilette & you shall judge if it had not answer'd. A Mob Cap the lappets of which were composed of part of an old Lawn petticoat work'd by Mrs. Fullerton in large Spots, Mama must remember it—these were trimmed with a coarse edging, the rest of the Cap was puckered Muslin, which has

lain by some time & does not look the whiter for being pucker'd. A scarlet & purple ribbon which was put round her head, a bow in front—one behind, & one under the Chin. A double Muslin handkerchief on her neck very much starched—a ruff round her throat of Gauze & blond Lace—A Sattin Gown (one of my oldest Friends) light blue & orange in a sort of stripe—full tops of the same & long white sleeves underneath made of coarse checked muslin & a petticoat of the same description but of a different pattern'd check—a sash of white Sattin Ribbon & the front of the Gown which was an open one trimmed down with black velvet. Under her white Sleeve the tops of a pair of dark Gloves. She was really irresistible. I did not dare to take more than one glance at first. We all endeavour'd to accommodate ourselves to the order of the day—& a very well dressed party I assure you we were but the best of us would describe but flatly after the Queen of the Set. A better dinner than common & all in very good humour—but in the middle of the desert—we met with a slight interruption—there is a party of Strolling players at Henley who finding Sunday a leisure eve^g—took the trouble of Walking over to solicit My Aunt to bespeak a play as all other Ladies in the Neighbourhood have done. My Uncle seemed only then to have received the Gift of Speech—& the use he made of it has quite reconciled us to his usual tranquility—but he was overcome in the end & a play bespoke for one night this week, the day to be fixed hereafter—the choice of the piece was refer'd to Frederick, who

taking into consideration the conveniences of their Theatre which is a Stable has order'd 'the Castle Spectre' with superb scenery & Machinery, & 'no Song no Supper,' & we are to fill the Stage Box—We thought it necessary to be a little considerate of My Uncle after the severe attack on his nerves, so Annette & I staid with him in the parlour the whole evening as the most sober of the company, & the rest adjourn'd to their sports in the drawing Room—I took two or three naps in the course of the evening but made good use of my time between whiles & really thought I had deserved better of him than to be disturbed all night with hearing of his heart-burn. I go on slowly with my part—we have but one copy of the Rivals among us so that we have each been obliged to write our parts out. Mine in my scrawl fills 16 pages of paper & we are to perform it on Thursday so that I have full employment—We made an attempt yesterday to put an end to it but it produced such despair in the two heroines that we have promised to do our best—the truth is I have had almost enough of it. I like very much the passing an hour with you in this way the first thing. . . . I am really to be pitied for being already an Observer of these interesting scenes & never a principal; but my turn will come—that prospect is the only Consolation I have to turn to when I find myself slighted by Mr. Grey & Frederick in favour of these two Misses—for Frederick is not wholly discouraged by the elegant figure of his Rival, from endeavouring to make himself agreeable to Emily—I have two little Beaux however who

are very fond of me—the little one has been told I am his God Mama & calls me his God Almighty Mama,—I never saw so odd a child.”

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“Tuesday Morning.

“. . . I do like to unburden my Mind of one days nonsense before I engage in another & in half an hours time the scene will open for the day, or perhaps a little later as we did not get to Bed till near two o'clock this morning—After breakfast Yesterday we had a rehearsal—in which I took part for the first time—I knew but little of my part & that little did not give satisfaction. Emily says I do not look the least as if I was in love with her & She is very sure Julia would never have admired such a little insignificant Man as I make—full a head shorter than herself. It is hardly worth while to dress herself as elegantly as she intends for such a Faulkland—I reminded her that all these objections came too late but she says nobody could have believed I sh^d look so very bad as I do in a long great coat & Hat—however perhaps I may be more tolerable by Candlelight—Annette has been equally unlucky for after learning great part of Mrs. Malaprop we find there are objections not to be obviated to her wearing the dress & Harriet has undertaken it after making one bargain that her hair shall not be dragged off her forehead. She cannot make up her mind to looking so very ugly even in joke. We have given up this point to her, for her figure in all other respects is incomparable—My Aunt's Maid has lent her a pompadour silk Gown &

petticoat that stand alone, & which were given to her by my mother on her wedding day—they are made correctly in the then fashion & worn with a fly hoop the waist so long that when Harriet is dressed in them her length from the Hip downwards is quite absurd—long double Ruffles—a fly Cap, the wings of old fashion'd lace & the cap of Yellow White Crape with a pompoon of Garnets in the front & a Capital necklace & earrings to match. A White Lace Apron & a pair of very high heeled white shoes with Stone Buckles—altogether with her little upright figure she is a perfect figure for the Stage. Mr. Grey in a full dressed velvet suit of the Col's & his hair in a Bag and powder'd—Frederick in a Capital white wig & Emily & Sally two complete fine Ladies. This dressed rehearsal has given all the performers great encouragement except Mrs. Strode & myself who find we make but a pitiful appearance—& to say the truth I am rather sick of the Stage altogether. About 2 o'clock Yesterday the Henley players judging from the badness of the weather I suppose that they were not likely to have any other audience, sent to beg they might perform the play my Aunt bespoke in the even^g—Of course she was indifferent as to the day & therefore consented, & at 6 o'clock we set off 8 in the coach—which did not break down, the most remarkable circumstance in the expedition. I believe it was that the players gained so much in comparing them with *our* company for certainly they performed so well I was quite disappointed—the 'Castle Spectre' if not as interesting as Mrs. Powell was a much more horrible figure which perhaps suited the audience

in general better—there were about twenty people in the Pit & ourselves in the Boxes—that is to say on a bench—plac'd the whole length of the Manger for the Theatre was literally a Stable as you could not doubt if you gave your nose credit for being a person of any veracity. I think the only remarkable blunder was in the scene where Percy who is in prison is to get out at the window while his two black gaolers are throwing for his purse. Unluckily the window being rather of the smallest—he stuck so fast that the Piece must have been quite interrupted but for the presence of mind of one of the blacks who sprang forward and gave him a friendly push—he returned instantly to his dice & did not appear at all less surprised than his companion when he discover'd the prisoner's escape—We had the satisfaction of finding the Earl of Northumberland was not the worse for his adventure as he came forward as soon as the Curtain drop'd & performed a famous hornpipe in his tragedy-dress to save time. As it was we did not get home till one o'clock—I begin to think I am growing very old for I own I should not like many of these parties of pleasure whereas Emily & Sally are very anxious to go again immediately. . . . I have got a Letter from your Father who says he has had a less favorable account, but not a word in explanation—I did not use him so when I knew more than he did—but pray thank him for the rest of his Letter—I find he will be with you to day.

“Mrs. Strode, Sally, & Mr. Grey are gone up to make Mrs. Innes a visit & there I shall join them when I have put this in the Post—for go it shall for

fear you should think I have forgot you. Mrs. Strode's walking so nearly resembles standing still that I do not imagine we shall get home before dressing time, so much the better, for I miss Annette & Harriet & my little Beaux sadly, & besides now they are gone I am obliged to be agreeable with Mrs. Strode for my Aunt never comes near us—& I hate being agreeable before dinner,—Frederick is left at home with Emily—I feel the imprudence of leaving her in so dangerous a situation but I hope he is a little cooled, by the bloody nose he got last night—*literally* he & Mr. Grey have been fighting about Emily. I could not come at the bottom of the story but one of Fred's outrages I find was the tearing Stingue's Picture out of her Pocket Book which Mr. Grey resented by way of precaution, his own having lately been allowed a place there. I only wish he was as galant to me for I have been left to scramble over the ploughed field without the smallest assistance while Sally has had the benefit of his arm the whole way but then to be sure her Pelisse is of a full rose colour—God bless you all my dearest friends I shall try & wait with patience for a line tomorrow.

“Y^r affectionate

“LIZ.”

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“*Thursday.*

“ . . . So this is quite a Gala day.—Yesterday was a very dismal one.—do not fear my putting a stop to any improprieties I observe tho' I must confess both the young Ladies make rapid strides, since

Annette left us I have had more opportunity of observing them, & am really astonished at their progress.—I believe I never have mentioned the subject of dress since I told you of the grand Toilette we all made in compliment to my Aunt. Things have taken a new turn since that, the appearance of the company on that memorable day, brought the subject of dress much into consideration, & Mr. Grey's taste was discover'd to be simplicity! a sad blow upon the two Girls who had exhausted their inventions to make a variety in their ornaments, but it is never too late to correct ones errors, & never had any admirer more reason to be flattered than Mr. Grey. Emily who had before thought her success depended very much on squiggling on a Worked habit Shirt every afternoon,—Appear'd at Dinner yesterday without an atom of *tucked handkerchief*—or *shirt* & her Frocks being old & scanty her simplicity almost amounted to a state of nature—few people can more safely do their worst in this respect, than Emmy, yet I confess I was tempted to interfere,—however I thought to rectify it after she had once made her appearance would only make the matter worse. So it passed, & Sally kept her pretty well in Countenance. Mr. Grey was so flatter'd with this delicate attention to his wishes that he made himself even more interesting than common—indeed I give him the greatest credit for the equal distribution he endeavours to make of his favours. Yesterday morning his partiality to Emily manifested itself in rather a violent assault upon Fred, & poor Sally was so mortified at not being the Heroine of so interesting a scene, that she burst into

Tears, left the room, & w^d not speak to Emily till we return'd from Henley, & Mr. Grey had restored her peace of mind, by his attentions during our walk ; but I shall make Emily write you a full account of this fray herself,—in the evening I had the honor of playing them many reels which they danced with great spirit. I think myself very ill used, for never was there a Lady so ungalantly treated by so galant a Man. What do you think of his letting me drag home my load of Books from Henley that his arm might be free for Miss Sally? Our expedition ended very agreeably by our getting a lift for about a Mile in a Farmer's Cart, & we reached home about 4 o'clock,—dined at 5—on a famous Roast Turkey and sausages. My Aunt gnashed her teeth dreadfully during Dinner, at Sally's simple appearance, this is her constant way of manifesting her displeasure, when she is denied the relief of words—to be sure she had reason to be angry, for no mother ever set a more astonishing example of correctness in this particular, her greatest enemy cannot reproach her with an excess of simplicity, & she is as much cover'd up as one could desire, besides being considerably larger at the bottom of her waist than at the Top. She was not amiss yesterday. A Green Lutestring open Gown, & a muslin petticoat work'd in large Stars,—a small Chip bonnet with orange colour'd ribbons, & a little black Feather, which is so well known at the Bath parties, that she can never venture to appear there with it again & has therefore determined to wear it at home, for economy, Sally having had the refusal of it, & considerably declined it. My Uncle chooses

to sham a fit of the Gout in two of his fingers, which are wrapped in flannel & furnish a good excuse for his being spared the only effort he has made time out of mind,—the lifting his hand to his head at Dinner time, which office is now become too fatiguing, & my Aunt fed him yesterday with a sufficient quantity of Roast Turkey. I am convinced he has only conceived a disgust to his right hand, since it went into his Pocket & drew out that £25 for Annette, & has therefore given up the use of it,—or perhaps the hand itself was overcome by such an extraordinary fatigue—for Gout he has none. We play'd Cassino nevertheless *very* much at our leisure, in the evening, waiting the pleasure of his left hand between every card, I won half a crown & made the excuse of a head ache to go to Bed & remove so odious an object from his eyes, half a crown is an exorbitant Sum to be sure at 3^d cassino but I am resolved to have it. As to my performances on the Ice, Emmy assures me I did not exhibit higher than my Garter & adds with a Sneer—‘but you need not be uneasy, Mr. Grey was not looking at you’—My nose is happily restored to its original perfection & what I disregarded at the time is become a more serious disaster namely a strained arm—which I cannot lift to my head without great pain—but it is better to day for remedies & I do not think I shall return wounded to Sheen which I have rather amused myself with the thoughts of. I have bruises enough indeed, but they do not lay open to inspection. Emily is come down this Morning greatly distressed, or affecting to be so, by the loss of a Bracelet of her own hair, she was

plaiting for a Friend, which the presumptuous Grey has secreted. Sally has immediately set about making one in great hopes that it will meet the same fate. As to me, I might safely scatter all my locks upon the Floor, & no one would stoop to pick them up. I shall be happy for my own sake when Monday comes but I dread it for Emily. She has just asked me whether we could not convey Mr. Grey to Town whither he goes next week."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Friday.

"MY DEAREST FRIENDS,

"Em is writing to you but I cannot let the Morning pass without adding a few lines. It seems that Mr. Grey is the prime mover of every thing relating to Em—She who in general crawls down about ten, nay frequently so late that she & Sally & Mr. Grey are obliged to have a separate Breakfast in another Room—being informed last night that he was going out coursing—contrived to make his Breakfast this morning at 8 o'clock & came to my Room to announce her intention of going to course with him, here I was obliged to act eldest sister, not on account of the impropriety but the fear of her catching cold—I never found her so obstinate, & I doubt which would have got the better had it not begun to rain hard. She then submitted with a tolerable grace but I know she thinks me a great plague & I own I behaved very unkindly last Night, for being a good deal worn out with Cassino, I begg'd Mr. Grey to take my place, &, for a whole rubber, She & Sally were

left to their own flat conversation—they usually play chess & he sits close in between them pretending to instruct them. He has had the misfortune to lose his Watch & Em being just now very rich has serious thoughts of giving him one—but I am endeavouring to persuade her there is nothing so unsentimental from a Lady to a Gentleman & that it would be a very flat return for a Locket with his hair which she has on her neck at this moment. The Locket was presented empty, whether as a hint I will not pretend to say but it was received as such by Emily who coloured extremely & accepted it, but observed She could not wear it till she had got some of my hair or Sally's to put into it for a Locket without *hair* was a very stupid thing. I was at work during this interesting scene for unless I put myself forward they consider me no more than if I was superannuated. On this occasion I could hardly contain myself—Mr. Grey's reply was not in words—they would have been far less expressive—he took my scissors from the Table cut off a Lock of his own hair & presented it in a manner never to be forgotten—any more than the look & attitude—while she put it into the Locket—which she did without speaking—but as red as scarlet—I confess I was curious to see whether the same distinction had been confer'd on Sally. She came down without a Locket poor Girl, admired Emily's, & looked quite cast down—Mr. Grey immediately lamented to her that he had only been able to procure one Locket, but had bespoke another which she was to have in a few days but not before Monday—this was doing all he could,

but I see Emily flatters herself, she has made the deeper impression—in short it grows so very interesting & sentimental as the parting approaches—that I really pity them both—for I begin to think he has really discovered which is his favorite. Em having exhausted her own Wardrobe has had recourse to mine—which you may think a desperate resource, but I assure you she is not amiss in my gowns for we dont mind shewing legs. My Aunt has done nothing but gnash at the locket—& has taken both the Girls to Task for their late coquetry—I confess I take part with Emmy in her triumph for I thought Sally would carry the day but circumstances have been adverse to her. The other day Em was so fortunate as to turn extremely faint at Dinner & was obliged to leave the room, I believe Sally would give up a Week's Health to do the like—for Mr. Grey did not eat any Mince Pye, & went up stairs to enquire after her three times before Tea, when she appeared again in perfect Health & ready for Chess—Poor Mrs. Strode is eternal in her chat—not the least discouraged by the silence of the company in general or by my absences which begin to occur pretty frequently while I am making my remarks & to say the truth I have had almost chat enough in the last 3 days. I am not so unreasonable as to look for a Letter to day.—As to your Father he will hardly write as I have not answered his last Letter and besides would not go into any particulars. I walked Yesterday to Henley by appointment to visit not Mrs. Innes—but her Husband who begged I would honour him so far as to come & look over some curious old Books he had

bought lately at Henley,—this was too tantalizing in the sound but when I got there I had the satisfaction of finding they were not at all in our way—he shewed me likewise all sorts of curiosities & offer'd to make me a present of a monster of the serpent tribe preserved in spirits but I was obliged to decline it as I thought Mama would not admit so extraordinary an inmate in Sloane St. I have the pleasure at least of knowing I do not leave Boulney without having made one conquest & that not an inconsiderable one."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Sunday, Jan. 16th, 1804.

"... Our party here are in general very sorry for the approach of tomorrow. Yesterday I devoted to making what reparation I could to the Girls for some parts of my conduct of which they make heavy complaints. I offered Myself at Breakfast as a Chaperon on any party of pleasure they chose to go upon, Mrs. Strode being so unwell that she declined walking. An expedition to Henley was agreed on, the Girls Mr. Grey & Myself waded thro' a foot of mud the whole way, the object of our walk I was not to know till we arrived at Henley—Mr. Grey conducted us straight to the confectioners where we were treated with the best cakes it afforded & the Girls then informed me we were going about a mile further to a Farm House. I represented that we had already walked near three miles but they reminded me of my own offer & proceeded to the Farmers', took a second luncheon of Apples & Ginger Wine—

after which the Farmers Dung Cart with some clean Straw at the bottom & drawn by a Sober old Horse was brought to the door & Mr. Grey proposed driving us home in it, this was in truth their only object in coming so far. I was a little afraid of mischief myself, & knew my Aunt would be very angry but being fairly in for it we mounted our beautiful equipage & arrived in safety after a most delicious ride by the Cart Road to Boulney, found the whole Family drawn out at the door expecting to find we had met with some disaster which had induced us to travel in this new stile. I bore as much of the Lecture as I could but the Girls did not entirely escape a few animadversions on this levity of conduct, however we got thro' it pretty well and after Dinner my Aunt & Mrs. Strobe were so complaisant as to join in several Games that required Numbers. One was extremely sentimental—it was guessing thoughts & many were brought to light that were not a little diverting. We then played at thread paper verses, questions & answers, & many other Games all tending to put the company in possession of each other's opinions & sentiments. Emily recollected with great sorrow that it was impossible to play at chess & finish a purse she has been netting for Mr. Grey—but upon reflection gave chess the preference & intends to send him the purse in a Frank."

The following letter describes a visit paid by Mrs. G. Johnson and her step-daughter Eliza to Mrs. Strobe, and was written, like the previous ones, to amuse the invalid:—

ELIZA JOHNSON TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

" *Thursday night.*

" MY DEAR CATTY,

" . . . We set out on our expedition—with a good deal of alacrity—for the first omission was quite repaired after we named the day by a long note full of the Pleasure, the Liberty, &c. to apologize for asking us quite *en famille* which it literally proved. We set out, at $\frac{1}{4}$ before 4, A good deal dressed, Cap lined with blue—Mr. Lockes white Ribbon round it and a Bunch of white flowers & mignonette—worked muslin Gown—Real necklace & diamond rings—All meant as a little compliment to the Lady of the House on our first visit—found literally Mrs. Strode & Harriet Hodges,—the Trevanions had been asked but failed—& Walpole, out of Town. Mrs. Strode extremely polite & brimfull of chat but, I fancy, is pretty well emptied by this time for it flowed without ceasing. We all bore our parts occasionally, but H. H. & I did not find ours a very difficult one & had the full benefit of many complete discussions—some not altogether new at least to me—for instance his R.H.—& the correspondence, but even this appear'd for a minute in a new light when Mrs. Strode observed that there was a great deal of *the Father* in all the King's conduct & even in his Letter. I confess I was not prepared for the discovery, but I like to hear all sides of a question. I fancy we leave her a warm advocate for the P—ce for she is very tractable—in return we bring away new lights as to the Managements of Cows who live in Houses. She assures us that it is absolutely essential to their wellbeing

that they should be regularly dressed every day like Racers, *combed* not with a Currey Comb—for their skins are too tender, but a Bone, Ivory, or Tortoise shell comb, as best befits the cow's station in Life. I fancy no one will deny that ours is a cow of the very first distinction. After this she is to be rubbed with a flesh brush—by a man hired *expressly* for the purpose, this is absolutely necessary—for the length of time this operation must be continued to produce the full effect, would interfere with all commoner occupations. Our Cow's *Valet de Chambre* must therefore be a personage distinct from her Butler & Footman. We are fully satisfied that it is impossible a Cow should give Milk without being Combed & Brushed—indeed we should be very incredulous to remain in any other persuasion—after the many instances we have heard, particularly L^d Teignmouth who with a dairy of 20 cows could never get Butter enough, for his Lordship's own Breakfast till he took 3 boys into the Stable to rub night & day, Since which the Family have been abundantly supplied—I only tell you this that you may be aware what the cream will be you will henceforward be supplied with. Your Cook has sent back all the Bottles—I like to do justice. The day your Father came to Town he vowed vengeance on the race of cooks for after the Morning *fracas* which he repaired by writing Mama a very droll note the moment he got to Town, he came to Dinner in high good humour impatient to taste the Soup & Bouillie that had been order'd expressly for him & the first mouthful set him in a flame with the pepper the Cook

had chose to put in. She was had up to give an account of herself & assured us she had added it on purpose for Mr. Francis who she knew often dined at great Tables & liked things high. All these little mishaps however made us the more determined to be pleased the rest of the day & you would have liked his uncommon kindness to little Marny [Mrs. Johnson's eldest child]. I was glad the Dinner was not one of Catty's providing, I know My dearest Lizzie likes to know people are not starved so I must tell you our dinner of this day gave great satisfaction ; Soup, Fish, Roast Beef, Patties, Roast fowl, Rabbits & Onions, Mince Pies, Vegetables &c. We sat a decent time at Table & then went up to our work & chat till 10 o'clock when we were brought home without trouble or expense by the kindness of some unknown Friends ; brought off the Pattern of a new cap which is always something as we well know, and parted highly satisfied with each other."

PHILIP FRANCIS, THE YOUNGER, TO ELIZABETH
FRANCIS.

"HOTHFIELD,
"12 *Jany.*, 1804.

"MY DEAR LIZZIE,

"... My father's letter to Lady Thanet gave us a great deal of entertainment. She threatens to answer it in a way that shall put her out of his debt. . . .

"Your own little brother,

"PHILIP.

"Get from the Library a new edition of Lady M.

Wortley Montague's works in 5 Vols. by Dallmeny you will be much entertained."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LADY THANET.

"BRIGHTON,

"January 22, 1804.

"HONOURED MADAM,

"The historical fact is that I arrived here on Friday, and, before I was two hours old in the place, found myself perfectly settled, completely arrouded, and entirely at my ease. Since that I have done very little but eat and drink and game. Now if these particulars are not so interesting as you might reasonably expect from the company I keep, you must give me credit for uncommon discretion. I am actually bursting with a hundred secrets; and yet I have the fortitude to keep every one of them for your private ear, when we are marching on the common, and not a native within sight of us. One thing only I shall venture to impart to you in the severest confidence; viz., that his Royal Highness, *que Dios guarde muchos años*, is on the edge of giving a ball on Wednesday; and as I am a useful as well as an ornamental person at such festivities, I shall accordingly stay, and do my very best. The object of this enterprise is to celebrate the Queen's birthday. All the ladies in the world, or in Sussex, are invited, and they will all come, if they possibly can, without distinction of age or sex. When I shall return to Sheen, you know better than I do, and care not at all. Will you put fist to paper on Tuesday, and tell me whether the threatened invasion of Hothfield took place, and how the enemy



MRS. FITZHERBERT.

have conducted themselves, and what is finally become of the traitor whom I left in your custody? I hear from London today that you are on the point of being restored to Mr. Pitt's good government once more. So this ministry, like their own peace, is nothing but a measure of experiment. How many more experiments can we bear without dying in the operation? Tell his Lordship that Humphrey Howorth and I are joint owners of a lottery ticket which I alone paid for. Never mind how you conclude a letter. You cannot be too abrupt. Please to direct to me at the Pavilion. Matthew Day has lent me a horse as fat as himself which has not been out of the stable since August, and does not know his right hand or foot from his left, for want of practice. I shall work him tomorrow after the harriers. . . . This morning I just gave him a breathing on the hills, which made him transpire copiously. . . . If I break his wind I have agreed that Lord Thanet shall pay for him."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ELIZA JOHNSON.

"BRIGHTON,

"*Sunday, 22nd Jany.*, 1804.

"My Journey on Friday was better than tolerable, considering the Season, till three o'clock when it began to rain heavily. Landed at the Pavillion, and was received with such expressions of kindness and pleasure, as cannot be exceeded. In short, I see enough to be assured that I could not have taken a more proper step, or more acceptable to all parties here, and even more so to Mrs. F[itzherbert] than to Himself. Her Inquiries about you were as cordial

as can be imagined. H.R.H. insisted on my having a Room in one of his Lodging houses opposite the Pavillion, where, after a fierce Conference of an hour and a half, I retired to dress, but did not dine till seven, as agreeably as possible . . . then cards, and so to bed at one. . . . This place seems quite alive, but principally with Officers, Soldiers and horses. There are a good many Ladies too. Last night I saw Lady Cranley, Lady Warren, Mrs. Morant and others who play at Commerce; and a Whist table besides. I hope you perceive that all these particulars are extremely interesting, for, if they are not, I have no remedy, and you have no resource, and Babby must fret. So the Prince is to give a grand ball on Wednesday to three hundred persons of all Sexes and various Ages, in honour of the Queen's birthday, as he could not attend it in London. . . . I shall accordingly stay, and do my best; and when I shall return to Sheen, you know as well as I do. Dearest Elysium, I beg of you to write to me vigorously before you retire to Sloane Street, and direct to me at the Pavillion; and tell me everything about the dear invalid; and give me some comfort if you can. This morning I have looked attentively at the Sea, in hopes of descrying a French Fleet in the Offing. Let them come; I am ready and willing to eat all the Frenchmen, who attempt to land on this Surf, and come ashore *alive*, for I cannot feed on dead bodies. All the intelligence I have been able to pick up is contained in the enclosed letter from General Hastings, who desires secrecy. May I perish, if I can think of anything else, except that

I am plagued with the Toothache, and am actually going to take the wind on an ambling Nag which Matthew Day reserves for his own use, which leads me to conclude that I shall be safe on his back, for if he can amble under the said Matthew he may very well trot with me. Tomorrow I shall follow the hounds, if the weather permits, as I have my choice of Horses. I have heard nothing of Macmahon; but I expect to see him at the Ball. That person does not live, who could make more than I have now done out of such a dearth of materials. And so, with kind love to all whom it concerns, I take my leave, and bid you heartily farewell.

“ P. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ELIZA JOHNSON.

“BRIGHTON,

“26th January, 1804.

“The pavillion, you must know, is now so completely fitted up *à la Chinoise*, that the Emperor of China, whenever he pays us a Visit will find himself as much at home in it as if he had not left Pekin. Last night it was illuminated from one end to the other, and the whole thrown open except the Supper room. At nine the Company assembled to the Amount of three hundred and thirty strangers. The principal Visitors were the Dukes of Clarence, Kent, Orleans, Montpensier, Norfolk, and Richmond. Earls of Egremont, Uxbridge, Craven, Guildford, Lord Grantly, Newbury and sundry others, much too tedious to mention. The French Dukes opened the Ball, and performed, as it appeared to me, as well as they possibly could. The dancing went on till twelve,

when the Supper room was opened, as brilliant and magnificent and with as fine a Supper as could be imagined. Only one hundred persons could be accommodated at once, and none but Ladies sat down in the first instance. I luckily found my Way, with his Grace of Norfolk, into a Side room, which was but little known, and less talked of, where about twenty of us supt at ease, with some of the principal beauties, viz. Miss Bishop, the two fair Lloyds, whom you may remember, and a third lately introduced into Life, I don't mean Existence, who is as handsome as the other two put together. . . . If you won't divide my affections fairly among you, you must fight for them, and Mary must resort to her Weapons. Lo, you, I have had such a Conversation with the Cat about the Mice as would make you all weep for Joy. My Eyes have never been dry since. And what do you think she says? Why, exactly what you shall hear when we meet; and now, I know you'll wait for me with impatience; and now I've got you into a Cleft Stick. I wrote to Lady Thanet on Sunday; but she is much too melancholy to answer me. Be cautious not to mention the Contents of this Letter, except to persons of whose discretion you have a reasonable Assurance. Not a word to Dundas.

"Keep down the pulse and up the Spirits of S[arah] and E[lizabeth]. Do you and Catherine walk incessantly."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LADY THANET.

"29th Feb., 1804.

"You may thoroughly depend on my punctual obedience to your commands, and in the manner,

on my utmost Circumspection. They who choose their friends and Confidants by the cut of their Beards, or by the Colour of their Eyebrows may have occasion ever after to lament that their conduct was not governed by the Maxim you allude to. To apply it indiscriminately would be unjust and not at all prudent. Without confidence somewhere, the Action of Life would stand still. I am writing in the House of Commons while our names are calling for Committees to try the Middlesex and Coventry Petitions, both which are accomodated, and Peter Moore will keep his Seat. This bitter weather is very adverse to my own dear Elisabeth. She is not worse however, and the Faculty see no reason to despair. I shall give Lord Thanet the best and earliest Intelligence I can get. At present I see no sign of his being summoned to Parliament, but I think there is a serious Probability of his being employed in his military capacity. I am growing a Convert at last to Invasion, on much better Evidence than the Assertion of Ministers, though they are as Express and distinct as possible. Mr. Yorke in a circular letter dated the 1st of this Month says, that an immediate and formidable Attack, by a powerful and implacable enemy which threatens the Independence and Existence of the Country, is to be expected. The only news I know of is in the enclosed Paper which I know to be authentic, and which ever way I look I see nothing but serious causes of Despondence. Yours, but who can tell how long I may belong to any body, or care for anything.

“ P. F.

"Tarleton is just excused, having sworn that he is liable to be called on Military Service at a Moments Notice."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LORD THANET.

"5th April, 1804.

"While Burroughs and Sheridan are arguing about Liskeard, I may as well tell you that various Whispers, dull Rumours, and deaf surmises are afloat about H.M.'s health; and that some people entertain a Suspicion that a Regency is in Contemplation. If the probable ever happened, I should lean to that Opinion.

"I came hither to move for my Maratta papers; but Lo! and behold, Lord Castlereagh tells me that, at this hour, they have not received a single Line from Lord Wellesley on the Subject of the War! nor in fact, a letter of any sort from that noble Marquis since I moved the matter last. . . ."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LADY THANET.

"ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,

"April 19, 1804.

"MY OWN DEAR LADY,

"I am the slave of the lamp; and, as long as you continue to unite uncommon firmness with your invariable sweetness of temper, I desire nothing better than to be incessantly, unremittingly, and in effect constantly employed in your service, which, to say the best of it, is not perfect freedom. Mr. Pitt is suddenly touched with a gouty affection, or a qualm of conscience; and the grand conflict's deferred till Monday. I thought the Doctor's countenance, after the last division, had an azure cast. Everything else

looks well ; and I hope ere long to dispose of his Lordship's proxy to advantage.

" The Bishop of London is actually sitting at my left hand, talking about the weather and the Dutch fleet, and a multitude of foreign fowls, from Brook's menagerie, who are sent into our square for their health, and left there screaming and starving all day and night, and the bishop assures me that this violation of decorum is connived at by the Duke of Norfolk, who pockets sixpence a week for each of these cursed bipeds, who, not having a feather left, look very like Christians in adversity. Poor dear Elizabeth suffers sadly ; but hope travels on. A loaf on Monday or Tuesday *si cela vous fait plaisir*.

" Mr. Stinton assures me that he brews like an angel ; so I hope to taste some rational small-beer at Hothfield, before I die there.

" The Bishop of London and I are to have a meeting on special affairs on the 27th instant, to which the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Rosselyn are invited, in order to see whether any means can be devised to prevent the future beating of carpets in this Tetragon. The base practice is patronised by George Byng, who says he does not choose to trust his carpets out of his sight. *En attendant*, we have the full and undivided benefit of all the dust in all the carpets within two miles of us. With sitting up to vote against Addington, I have got the lumbago, at his Lordship's service. In future I must vote horizontally and pointblank if I can.

" Mr. Stinton has taken two places in the Ashford

stage, for Sunday morning at five o'clock. Call you not this despatch? How are you to distinguish one from the other? I cannot. The safest way will be to send for Stinton first, and lecture him copiously before he feeds. An empty stomach indicates a recipient mind."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LADY THANET.

"*April 26, 1804.*

"CHÈRE ET TRÈS-HONORÉE,

"I will execute your commands as expeditiously and punctually as I can; but I pray you to recollect that all human powers are limited, which is more than I can say of your opinion of mine. As to finding the successor of a grocer, who formerly lived in St. Paul's Churchyard, and served Lord Thanet's family some time in the last century, you might as well expect me to tell you the name of Priam's nurse; or which way the wind blew twenty years ago.

"Your mind is so dazzled with the éclat of the said Stinton's accomplishments that you have totally forgot the merits of his satellite, and what impression they have made on his Lordship. . . . On this subject you may easily dilate, without neglecting the primary planet, who, I suppose, is now revolving round that centre of attraction, Madame Drummer, or watching the transit of Penley.

"Not a word of the parson!

"Not a word of my letter, which I desired and desire again may be returned to me by next post, or I write no more.

"If the Doctor does not now perceive that his own case is as desperate as that of his patients, all I can say is, he knows nothing of topography.

"As to my arguing with his lordship, you know I might as well sing psalms to a blind horse. . . . Did I not leave Fox drinking at Brookes's this morning at four, and Richard Brindsley into the bargain? All day, he had played least in sight; not so when the supper came.

"Il n'y a que vous, madame, qui avez toujours raison, as you very justly observed. This day I vainly hoped I should not have seen that infernal House of Commons, but I reckoned without my host, or rather without Tom Sheridan, upon whom I cannot bring myself to visit the sins of his sire; so I must go and sit out a call of the house, though you know I am engaged to George Johnstone, who gives, or I hope will give, a famous dinner to Fox, Bobby [Adair] and me, this very day. We have loaves enough now, dear lady, till this day se'nnight.

"Everybody in the world said last night that a pension of £1,200 to G. T——y and of £600 to his lady was completed in due form yesterday. I do not know the fact, but I believe it. This and other things have the air of winding up a bottom. As to the world to come, all I know is that 'It cannot use us worse than this has done.' I at least do not fall within that class of fools, though I may into some other, of whom it was beautifully said by the finest writer of the present age or any other that 'their expectations were maintained against experience, and their confidence nourished by disappointment.'

“ Pray keep all my letters in a box, or a drawer, or a bag.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LORD THANET.

“ 10th May, 1804.

“ All I can tell you is that Pitt has kissed hands this Day, and that the principal Arrangements are made.

“ Lord Melville—Admiralty.

“ Hawkesbury and Castlereagh to continue.

“ Mulgrave Secretary of State.

“ Canning and Granville Levison not at all satisfied.

“ Ireland offered to Lord Stafford, who I have heard, will not accept. These are the rumours. I answer for nothing, except that Pitt sent an Express to Lord Moira on Monday before he saw the King.

“ Olivet's is the best Edition of Cicero ; but it is dear, in 9 Volumes. I shall enquire the price and let you know. I fear I am in disgrace, for my Lady never writes to me, even about Drummer.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LORD THANET.

“ 17 May, 1804.

“ Now and at all times, you shall have the use and benefit of my Faculties, while I have any left. The Paris Edition of Olivet's Tully would cost 18 Guineas ; and for your use I should think the Geneva Edition for half the Money, just as good. The Type in both is excellent. I know nothing of Botany ; but I shall consult the Learned, and do my best. The Turnip Drill shall not be neglected.

“ The Newspapers tell you Lies enough without *my*

Interference ; and the little Truth I know is not worth telling. With the greatest of all human Afflictions hanging over me, I have no heart to talk about Things, which interest everybody but myself—I care not one Straw, what they do. I wish my Lady would tell me that this fine Weather has given her health and Spirits. Has she received the Cargo of the Hoy, and is all right ?

“ They say that Lord Hardwicke has been desired to stay in Ireland. I do not believe in Dissolution. *Non omnis moriar.*”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LADY THANET.

“ 21st May, 1804.

“ I wish I could contribute to raise your Spirits. Dejection of Mind is the worst of all the Maladies ; but, unless you are positively sick, I see no reasonable Motive you have to be melancholy. After all, isn't it better to be dull in the Country, than tormented in town ? Are you tired of a Calm, and will nothing serve you but a hurricane ? *Fi donc belle dame !* What signifies what is past ? The present is without pain, and the future promises. Let me only live to see my own Elisabeth out of danger, and I will carry such an Overflow of Spirits to Hothfield, as shall make you and all your family mad for Joy. With that exception the Events of this life are indifferent to me. Until I read the word in your own handwriting I thought it was the cultivation of *Grapes*, to which his Lordship was going to devote himself. I have argued about Grasses and Turnips, and botany with everybody who knows anything, and with many who know

nothing of those Sciences. . . . Fox advises him to read Rousseau on botany. Grey says the Drill is on its way from Northumberland ; if not, Lord Robert undertakes to get one made here. The Duke of Bedford was very sententious about grasing, but, I suppose it is for want of Memory, I cannot recollect what he said, so I must try him again—His Lordship shall have the Paris Edition of Olivet's Tully, when I can get it, since nothing less will serve his turn ; but it is very scarce, and requires waiting. We three are to be great Classics in the Course of next Winter ; mark that ; and brush up your Latin."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LORD THANET.

" 23rd May, 1804.

" . . . Many people say that Pitt has over shot himself, and that the only rational step he has yet taken to form an Administration is the Appointment of Doctor Simmons which appeared last night in the Gazette. The form in which Lord Wellesley receives thanks is admirable, ' Sir, we admire and applaud everything you have done in the prosecution of the War, but whether you may not deserve to be hanged for making the said War is a question on which we can give no Opinion until we have read your Voluminous Despatches, in the mean time, we are your most devoted Admirers &c.'

" On this day the question will be whether the Amendments made by the Lords in the Volunteer bill do not make it a Money bill, but on Monday next will be the Trial of Forces, on Pitt's Scheme about the Army of Reserve. Linnæus is silent on

the Subject of Grasses for fattening Scotch Cattle. Now you talk Latin I begin to understand you. If the *gramina pascua* are above ground you shall have them speedily."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LORD THANET.

"25th May, 1804.

"Why! I sent the Bookseller's receipt for £13. 10. to my Lady long ago, and if she has made use of it to light the Candles, it is very hard that my exactness should be called in question. Enclosed I send you another lame account of *Gramina Pascua*. The whole world, as well as Messrs. Ridgeway, is in search of the book, as Mr. Yarrow shall be in pursuit of the Leith packet and the Feversham Hoy. *Proh Jupiter!* When will my troubles end? I have at last got the Paris edition of Tully, for which Thomas Payne charges 15 guineas, and if *you* don't read it I will, and the Parson shall. Pray give him all your old Maps, the Very sight of them in the Library would be worse to me than an Emetic. I hope you have not forgotten that this is Fast Day and that you will make the Parson remember it. I never desired to have him overfed, much less crammed to Death. Is there any other Office in your Household which you would wish me to fill up?"

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LORD THANET.

"29 May, 1804.

"You may expect to see Messieurs Anson and Coke early next week. They will convey to you the remainder of your Library—Among the Tracts

mentioned in the inclosed paper there is one upon Grasses—Would you like to have the book? price 7 sh.

“The opinion that prevailed yesterday, was that Addington would not unite with Pitt.—Tierney said to Grey with an Air of Triumph, that there would probably be a strong Division, viz.—against Pitt's Defence Bill. Helas! I care not.”

On June 14th, 1804, Philip Francis wrote to his friend Lady Thanet apparently in answer to an invitation to Hothfield:—

“... The dearest being to whom my heart is devoted is not in a state that would permit me to leave her, much less to enjoy any satisfaction at a distance from her. Every hour that I am able to dispose of is spent in Sloane Street, though I seldom see her [Elizabeth was at the house of her sister Mrs. G. Johnson]; but it helps to alleviate the toils and griefs of two of the best beings that ever existed [Catherine Francis and Eliza Johnson] who wait on her incessantly, night and day. My house was once gay and happy . . . it is not so now, nor will ever be if my daughter dies.”

Another time he writes:—

“The affliction that has hung over me so long will soon be completed. Hope is gone, . . . I attend the House of Commons and take part in many things in which I have no concern merely to occupy my mind or to distract my thoughts and to be as little alone as possible. I must live for others and long enough (I desire no more) to see *you* happy as I trust and wish

you may be. Sooner or later adversity that does not exclude hope pays the sufferer. Lord Thanet and you have many years of happiness to come but we must not expect more of human life than it was intended to furnish. Farewell."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LADY THANET.

"3rd July, 1804.

"On Saturday I received a melancholy but most kind letter from you, which nothing but a tender and benevolent heart could have dictated. Alas, my dearest friend, *my* Sorrow will never end but with my life. The period of yours, I trust is not very distant. But Mr. Mossop called here yesterday, and gave me an Account of your ill health of which I had no knowledge or Suspicion. If my own Mind were ever so light, I should feel for every thing, in which Lord Thanet's Happiness and yours was concerned. But now, I am overwhelmed with Affliction, and every Addition to it sinks deep. . . .

"As soon as I have a moment of time or quiet, I shall send Lord Thanet an Account of his Money.

". . . I hope he is not dissatisfied with the Choice of books, or the Maps, or the Expense. All I can say is, that I would have done the same for myself, and that he has the full Value of his money. A great part of his Library was literally worth nothing. The Talk of Invasion is a good deal revived. I dined yesterday in Company with Sir Sidney Smith, he sat next me, and I pressed him as much as I could on the Subject. he says that, granting them a calm of 24 hours, we have no naval power that could stop them,

and he has no doubt of their making the Attempt ;—for all which he gave very good reasons—Whenever the dreaded Event takes place in this family, all manner of cares for others, will fall upon me, for myself, care is at an end. I have no doubt of your goodness to me, and believe me, I shall want it. Undoubtedly I shall wish to be at Hothfield—But what will it signify where I go, or what shall become of me ! My heartfelt gratitude is all that I have to offer you.”

Elizabeth Francis died on July 14th, 1804, to her father's intense grief. Elizabeth was the most charming and the most gifted of the Francis sisters. She was always a distinguished member of the Society in which she moved. “The most elegant and intellectual young lady in London” was the description which the Prince gave of her. At the same time she was greatly attached to her home life and employed her time and her money (£1,000 left her by Mrs. Chandler) in beautifying their country place at East Sheen, of which all members of the family were so fond. Her father could not endure this house after his daughter's death, and sold it very soon.

PERIOD VI.

1804—1818.

These letters are largely taken up with accounts of visit paid by different members of Sir Philip Francis's family. His son Philip, after his marriage and Philip's wife (Eliza Johnson) correspond with the father and sisters, often about current political events, down to the proceedings of Wellington's Army in the Peninsula. The accession to power of "All the Talents" occurs during this Period (1806) and Francis's knighthood and his final retirement from Parliament (1807). Francis's first wife dies in 1806, and his acquaintance with Miss Emma Watkins is followed by their marriage in 1814. An episode of this Period is the elopement of Emily Johnson with Captain Darvall. After the deaths of Harriet and Elizabeth the family correspondence was kept up by the elder and younger Philip Catherine Francis, Mary Johnson and Eliza Johnson. The eldest daughter, Sarah, had, like her mother, bad health. She and Mrs. Francis, as a rule, kept house together, and after the sale of the country home at East Sheen were always in London, in St. James's Square.



PERIOD VI.

1804—1818.

PHILIP FRANCIS, THE YOUNGER, TO CATHERINE
FRANCIS.

"RAMSGATE,
"5 August, 1804.

"MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER,

" . . . Tell my father that from all I can learn they have no more immediate expectation of Invasion here than they had 6 months ago.—As to *apprehension* of their coming, there is none—The fear is that they won't come.—To talk of an attempt on this coast in the face of our fleet in the Downs is perfectly ridiculous—On any morning, when the weather is clear you may count from an hundred to 150 sail of Ships of War—As to the Expedition to Ireland, we have always been given to understand, that the Blockade of Brest was pretty sure during the summer months.—but it is obvious policy to keep the minds of the people employed about Invasion—and so I explain his Majesty's speech, which after all acknowledges that the attempt has been postponed by the enemy ; to enable them to increase their means of attack—Upon the same pretence it may be adjourned, while we are taught to expect it from day to day.—

They expect Lord Keith down today or tomorrow, and from him I shall endeavour to learn something of the truth of the case."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ELIZA JOHNSON.

"RAMSGATE,

"31 August, 1804.

"DEAREST OF ALL POSSIBLE INFANTS,

"Half an hour ago I was supremely angry with you, and now I am equally pleased, just as a Child is with a Rattle, for I have got your Letters of the 28th, which I think might have arrived yesterday with common diligence. I did also receive Catherine's of the preceding Thursday, directed as I desired and which she put into the post with her own fist. Your next must be directed to me at

Hothfield,

Maidstone.

in plain English, and no Earl of Thanet, nor Kent. . . . I am weary of telling you these particulars, which you never mind; and now you may direct to me in the World, if you will. Dear Mary has been very fractious; and last night the Cook was at the point of death. I should be sorry for the funeral, but I hear the Jade is recovering very fast, for my Sins. She has ruined our Victuals, particularly on Monday the 27th when we gave a feast to Miss Elphinstone and Margaret, and Madame Dubuisson; and on Wednesday we dined at Lord Keith's, this is all the good Company we have kept, except our own, since I arrived. My Lady's concern at parting with me last Sunday morning had more the Appearance



PHILIP FRANCIS,
SON OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.



of rage than Sorrow. I shall dine with her on Monday, and stay three Weeks, if that be possible. Then to London to look after the house and other matters, and on the first of October to Brighton. I do all I can to keep myself in motion, and my mind in Action. Well, we shall meet again, I trust, and not to separate any more. . . . Why should we die before Death? I think our friend Godschall might have made himself sure, before he paid the Prince that flattering Compliment; but I suppose all the Discretion, that belongs to the family, centres eventually in Ralph. . . . I wish you could persuade him to bring Emily in his gig, or out of it, to Ramsgate. Mary would eat her alive for Joy! How she is to hold out till January, you may conceive, but I cannot. . . . Philip, you may defy Invasion & scorn those who talk of it. Captain Stuart laughs at it. He assured me only yesterday that, to his certain knowledge, the French were as well prepared at Boulogne three months ago as they are now. Mind what Peter Moore says, actually at Brighton. 'Buona-parte is not a fool. We are really invaded by his not coming, and the Effects are tenfold more mischievous.' . . .

"Peter Moore went a sailing last Week, & met a Man of War, who gave him charge of a very large turtle for the Prince; and when he landed with it, the whole town received him with Triumph, believing what he told them, that he had caught it with a rod and Line, and the oldest fishermen declined—I mean declared, that they never knew such an instance.

"Now dearest Elysium, take great Care of your

own self, and behave to me in future as well as you possibly can.

“Worthy Catherine, you mistake the matter. Amusement is your Talent, *catexe chene*, but never mind that. Love me as hard as you can, and I shall return it with Interest. Philip, Mary affirms that yours is a consumptive habit. So beware of Inflammation.

“P. F.

“These Children are really incomparable . . . their writing & their French are marvellous [Mary’s children].”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LORD THANET.

“RAMSGATE,

“31st August, 1804.

“Brief let me be. Peter Moore, whose letter I send you, but not to be destroyed, has no Rival in the Prolix. Considering that I am to have the honour of dining with my Lady on Monday, I see no reason why I should write at all. The Seamen here laugh at Invasion. Captain Stuart, a Son of Lord Bute, and a very clever young fellow, assured me yesterday, 1st, that to his certain knowledge the french were just as well prepared at Boulogne, three months ago, as they are now, and 2nd that it would take them a week, to get all their Vessels out of the Harbour, without Opposition. But why are our Ships so foolish as to go close to their Batteries? While I was at dinner at Lord Keith’s last Wednesday, a young Lieutenant Dennis came in to report the loss of his Vessel of 120 Tons, by a Bomb which fell perpendicularly into her Waist, and made such a

breach that she sunk in ten Minutes, but nobody was lost or hurt. My humble duty waits on My Lady. God knows with what Regret we parted last!"

The following letters are addressed to Mrs. Godschall Johnson, and the Mary and Kitty alluded to were her two little girls. On the death of her husband Mary Johnson had been left as she considered very inadequately provided for. Accustomed to a large establishment and every luxury, she could not reconcile herself to the small house in Sloane Street to which she had removed with her two children, and her extravagant habits were a continual source of anxiety to the family in St. James's Square. They seem to have combined in vain attempts, by advice judicious and injudicious, the loan of "the coach," and presents of money, to keep her contented and out of debt. Her relations with her father were peculiar. There seems to have been a sincere affection between them, but they were continually quarrelling. A journal which she kept in Sloane Street is little more than a record of her visits to her father's house and the incessant disagreements with him which took place there, interspersed with resolutions, repeated over and over again and apparently never kept, not to exceed her income, and lamentations at the loneliness of her situation.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

"HOTHFIELD,

"14 Sept., 1804.

"MY DEAR LITTLE MARY,

"Fine weather you don't want, and this place furnishes nothing else except game, for which

I have no conveyance. So I send you a Letter I have just received from poor Sally who is as melancholy as many Cats, and not without reason. But the superintendence of the house is at least something to do, or to think of. My present intention is to be in town on the 24th, stay a Week in Sloane St., and then to Brighton. . . . My old Colleague Barwell is gone, and his poor Soul, I suppose is now gnashing its Teeth. My kind love and many kisses to my future playfellows ; for I intend to be an infant myself, and the sooner the better.

“ Yours Vehemently,

“ P. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

“ BRIGHTON,

“ 14th October, 1804.

“ MY DEAR MARY,

“ Your letter of the 11th was very acceptable. In all my gaiety here, as you call it, I have many melancholy hours, and want consolation as much as anybody. Kitty's birthday entitled her to take the Lead and to make the principal Figure in your Letter ; but I still should have liked a few words about Mary. . . . Oh ! remember—Pray let them both be brought up to be in love with me, as I am with *them*.

“ The prince and his royal brothers went to London on Thursday and he is not likely to return before Tuesday. I have a very good apartment in one of his houses, opposite the Pavillion, and now in his absence am at liberty to dine with my friends, who are very kind and give me good Dinners as you may judge by the inclosed. The Travellers I believe are

very well satisfied with their Expedition, and I hope they will derive benefit from it. Well, we shall meet again, but it cannot be very soon. The house in town will not be habitable in less than two months, if so soon. So how we are all to be disposed of in the interval is more than I can explain to you at present. If I stay here another fortnight, I think that will be the utmost. I am sensible that your residence at Ramsgate cannot be very chearful, and I know of no Objection to your removing to Brighton, if you like it, except the Expense of which you alone are to judge. Many families as I hear have taken houses for the Winter. Mr. and Mrs. Tierney for November and December. Mrs. Davidson &c., will stay that time at least. I talked of you last night to Mrs. F[itzherbert] and I said everything you desired. She was and always is very kind, and I am sure will be glad to see you; as will Minny to see the infants. She often enquires about them. I wish they would write her a Letter. If you should resolve to come hither, think well of it first. Be very exact about time, and I am ready to do all I can to provide you with a house. You must prescribe the Situation, the rent, and settle everything beforehand. So God bless you and yours, who are mine, and don't regard giving me Employment. Sally is stark mad with the house and the workmen. If you want Money let me know.

“ Yours dutifully,

“ P. F.”

“ The travellers ” were Catherine Francis and Eliza Johnson, then on their way to Exeter. It was thought

good for Catherine, who had been rather ailing, to spend some weeks in a warm country place, and Eliza Johnson went with her.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

"BRIGHTON,

"17th October, 1804.

"MY OWN DEAR CATHERINE,

"Whatever you think right and likely to secure your health will have my free and entire concurrence, which of course includes all the means as far as depends on *me*. Who can say more? Everything else must provide for itself. I am just returned from hunting, and I have other letters to write. The Prince went away on Thursday the 11th and is expected this afternoon. In the meantime I fare well, having many friends to feed me. Lord and Lady Berkeley are as hospitable and good as possible.

"Mary has it in her thoughts to remove to Brighton, and as I know that Ramsgate must be deplorably dull to her, I have not discouraged her, provided she is able to encounter the expense. The Bishop of St. Asaph and his family, Mr. and Mrs. Trevor, Mrs. Davidson &c., are here and Mr. Breton is expected with his family, so she will have some society which she wants, and will be well received. I send you Mary's letter for want of a better. Let me know your plan as soon as you have settled it.

"P. F."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"BRIGHTON,

2nd October, 1804.

"DEAR CATHERINE,

"Lady Collier tells me that as you cannot live near the sea, one of the pleasantest places in

Devonshire is Tiverton where it seems she has some creditable acquaintances to whom she would introduce you. Exeter perhaps would lead you into more society than you would like, and a mere village would be too solitary. Mary says she is *determined* to part with her house in Sloane Street, to sell her furniture by auction and to remove to this place in the course of next month. So no more at present.

“ P. F.”

“ I am quite satisfied with everything you may, can, will, should, or ought to do. Poor Sally as you will see by the inclosed is very unhappy, and not without reason. One of her Distresses is however removed by my paying her £50 on your account. Nothing else occurs.

“ Yours, P. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LADY THANET.

“ ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,
“ 10th Novr., 1804.

“ MY OWN DEAR LADY,

“ I came to Town yesterday, very unexpectedly to myself and all the world, with H.R.H. and Lord Moira—& at present I see nothing in this journey, that is likely to do me any good, except the change of Air. Your own pretty mouth and mine have been so often filled with Moonshine, that I am determined to leave nothing open for the future, except my Countenance. Before I left Brighton I got possession of your invaluable letter of the 7th by which I perceive that all my endeavours to create bad blood and to excite a Civil War at Hothfield have

ended, as my projects usually do in my own disappointment and disgrace, and in uniting the belligerent Powers against me. Well, be it so, Peace on any terms is desirable, provided it be sincere & leaves no lurking hostility in your generous Mind. I was fool enough to think yesterday, that something was on foot, or float, or in the Wind. But life's a jest and now I know it. In short, I came for Wool and shall go back shorn, the meaning of all which may safely be trusted to your own natural sagacity. My House here is nearly finished, and I hope it will be habitable by the beginning of next Month. My daughter and Miss Johnson intend to pass the winter in Devonshire, where I intend to pay them a visit if it be possible. Mrs. F.s health is most deplorable, and my eldest daughter who has the care of all is hardly alive.

“Farewell, and do not repine at being out of this dirty town. The moment I know anything with Certainty Lord Thanet shall hear of it.”

PHILIP FRANCIS, THE YOUNGER, TO CATHERINE
FRANCIS.

“ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,

“Tuesday, 11th Decr., 1804.

“4 o'clock at Noon, From Sally's Room,
the door open between, and your
mama chuckling at having her only
hope so near her.

“MY DEAR CATY,

“I take the present opportunity of writing you a few lines, merely because of the pleasure I know you will receive from this place of date—not that I

have anything to add to my copious letter of yesterday, which would justify me in writing again so soon. My father set off for H^d. this morning—and I am come to dine with your Mama and Sally at their own hour and in your Mama's room—Judge if I am welcome—I have just been sitting with Mrs. Fini [Philip's name for his mother], her hand in mine while I gave her a very particular account of your establishment at Exeter the market and prices of provisions &c., &c.,—and I leave her only to tell you that she is quite satisfied with my little attentions, and very chearful and good humoured. I spoke perhaps a little too favourably of her yesterday ; for upon a closer inspection of her by daylight I must confess she looks thin, and the arms which we have always coaxed so much are neither so plump, nor so smooth as they used to be—Both these circumstances relate to the exterior only & not to the substance—In the essentials she is as well as I could have hoped to find her, particularly in the head—by which you are not to understand that she has more of intellect generally speaking, but that what there is, is not clogged and oppressed with that weight of heaviness she appeared to labour under in the summer.—Perhaps she is better in this respect for looking less well externally, that is for having less flesh and blood—I think Sally much the least well of the two, and whether it be from illness or melancholy or fatigue or from all together she seems to have suffered severely. . . . She has got a bad cold too—as who has not ?—My father has taken one to H^d.—my mother has got one ; and my fatigue and fever have ended in another which promises to be

pretty severe. But you see it doesn't prevent my trying all my little arts to please you. . . . Now you are not *for to go for to suppose*, as the maids say, that I shall always write to you at this agreeable rate. No, no, my good little Sissy, I recommend you to count more upon some little efforts of your own for your amusement, which will be of more service to you, I mean your resources in Geography, drawing and whatever other branch of the fine arts you may deem worthy your attention—Then if I hear you behave well, and I may hear of you when you least think it, I may send you a few lines now and then to encourage you. . . .

“From your severe Tyrant and brother,

“PHILIP.”

ELIZA JOHNSON TO SARAH FRANCIS.

“EXETER,

“Dec. 31, 1804.

“. . . We are going to dine with Miss Archdale who has been so very obliging to us and pressed it so much we cannot refuse—I hope to meet Mrs. Graves a Lady of most singular Conduct and appearance—neither herself or her children have ever had their hair cut and these sweeping Tails are exhibited to every body who visits them between the hours of 2 and 4, her own lays on the ground and in colour and quality very much resembles the tail of a black carthorse. Admiral Graves is an unfortunate quiet man who indulges his wife in all whims, one of which is the having christened her youngest daughter *Septima*, Sexta being her 7th child and her 6th daughter which

has hit my fancy so particularly that I can hardly speak seriously to any of the family—It may give you some conception of the rest of their proceedings which are equally eccentric. None of the Children are allowed to be contradicted and when 3 or 4 of them cry at once for the same thing and run tearing and screaming about the Room together with their long Tails the effect on Strangers is rather surprising. I look forward to cultivating their acquaintance with great satisfaction. . . .

‘ Your affect^{te}.

“ E. JOHNSON.”

We give a few extracts from Mary Johnson’s Diary :—

DIARY OF MRS. GODSCHALL JOHNSON.

“ *Thursday, Dec. 13th, 1804.* Rules of Economy to which I this day make a firm Resolution of adhering strictly.

“ Never to buy anything of any sort for Dress Ornament or Utility that I do not absolutely want, or can possibly do without either for myself or the Children or the House.

“ To reduce the expense of the Weekly House Bills as much as it is possible and the Washing Bills—particularly for myself and the Children.

“ One of the best rules of Economy, and a certain means of knowing the amount of one’s expenses, is never to have a Bill at any shop, but for those things where it cannot be avoided and always to pay *them* as soon as possible—I must therefore, never allow *Bills* for myself or the Children.

" MAXIMS.

" A well practised Economy produces *Ease, comfort & independance*, without which there is no satisfaction or happiness in Life.

" ' Never put yourself in the way of being slighted,' My Father said this.

" SLOANE STREET.

" *Saturday night, Dec. 29th, 1804.* One excellent resolution I must make and determine firmly to keep before I finally quit this quiet retired little Mansion and before I adopt the new plan of life, I intend—which is, always to pass eight or nine months in the year, by the Seaside and the other three or four if I can afford it in the Spring of the year in London. This might be possible, but only by resolving on a constant plan of Economy with respect to all expenses. If I am not able to support the expense of taking a small ready-furnished House in Town for 3 or 4 months I will take a good and comfortable one at Brighton which shall be my place of residence, and I will *determine to remain there constantly*, as the Sea air and Bathing are particularly beneficial and recommended for my dear Childrens' Health; it is a good chearful Town, even in Winter where I can have good Masters for the Children and always a little Society for myself. From Elisa's frequent long Absences I lead a solitary life and must consequently pass many melancholy hours, in sad painful reflection on the past—this is one of my principal reasons for quitting Sloane St. (which excepting its being too far distant from London, has many pleasant advantages—

but Life is too short and fleeting to be passed in eternal *Solitude*) saying all this I have digressed from mentioning my resolution in case I am so fortunate as to part with my house and furniture without much loss soon and shall then remove to a ready-furnished House in Town, near St. James's Square and, to come to the point—My regular plan and pursuit for the day, *shall not be altered* (but as little as can be avoided) by my living in London. I shall devote the usual hours to my darlings' improvement and education, which will ever be my first object and most interesting occupation—the resources of Books, Music, Writing, Work &c., will come in constant succession and with the daily necessary care and management of domestic concerns, visiting occasionally and entering into a little cheerful Society will completely and not irrationally employ every hour of the day.

“The comfort and satisfaction of this plan is certain—if I can, by a perseverance in *Economy*, live free from pecuniary distress and embarrassment which has sadly embittered my feelings for some months past—however I have learnt a useful Lesson and hope to profit by it, for I have discovered that I must depend on myself, and only on myself, though this is often a very melancholy reflection and conveys the idea of being desolate and deserted, yet I must in Gratitude thank God, that I do not depend entirely on one of so extraordinary and uncomprehensible a character—which would destroy all possibility of happiness and break my heart.

“*Sunday, Dec. 30th, 1804.* I dined in St. James's Square (and took the Children) it was the first time I had seen my Father since our violent disagreement,

or I should rather say, since the Violent Scene on the Subject of the Coach. However I punctually settled my account with him at the time I promised (on Thursday the 27th), he received me and the Children with particular kindness, and seemed to wish to forget all that had passed which was so painful and wounding to me. He really was very good to me, and remarkably kind to the children, indeed he took more notice of them than I almost ever saw him, so that I twice kissed him and we parted on the best terms, which I trust will continue, for I am determined to avoid giving him any possible Cause of Offence or dissatisfaction, and therefore must not put myself in his Way, and will never go unnecessarily to the Square.—However his behaviour to day has been so kind that I feel it a consolation to have been there.

“ *Monday, Dec. 31st, 1804.* Philip dined with me ; he wrote from Hothfield a very kind letter, on the subject of the disagreement between us when he last was here. We are all reconciled and good friends, which I trust we shall continue, for I will never again consult him on a pecuniary subject. I must always think and act for myself, without advice, much less expecting assistance from any. Philip’s situation I am aware is a *very hard one* and therefore naturally causes and justifies some feelings of hardness and indifference to the difficulties of others who he considers in affluent circumstances (that is might with my Income *be so* if not imprudently extravagant) and for the imprudence which has brought on me these difficulties he thinks I deserve to suffer. This is both his and my Father’s severe way of judging, without feeling for me, without

consideration or comparison of my present *confined*, and former *Affluent* situation, which might justify in great measure in reflecting and tender minds my having always (for the last four years) exceeded my Income. But that folly is over, and I must now learn and practise prudence and economy from sad experience and necessity, from the time I part with this house (which I think will be soon) I shall strictly live within my Income of £1,000 a year and if possible lay by something.

“If I take a House in Town for a few months it must be in an airy situation, close to St. James’s or Hyde Park, for the benefit of the Children as well as myself. I wish I may be so lucky as to find one in Cleveland Place looking to the Green Park, though I fear the rent will be too high. If I do not get one at a reasonable rent I will certainly go immediately from hence to Brighton where I shall take a House for many months.

“*Monday, Jan. 14th, 1805.* This day my Father had at Dinner a party consisting of Fox, Lord Moira, Sheridan, Windham, Mr. Adair, and Mr. Calcraft, Philip.

“This day Mr. Warren in the kindest manner got a hundred pounds advanced me from the Bankers Prescott & Grote. (who in the most gentlemanlike manner would not take the discount saying it was so trifling it was not worth while). . . . This seasonable assistance has been a great relief and very fortunate for me at this time, but I must and have resolved never again by any thoughtless foolish extravagance to put myself in a situation of wanting

Money advanced, before my quarterly allowance becomes due; I hope and believe, I have, since I returned to Town from Ramsgate suffered too much and too painfully for my unjustifiable imprudence and extravagance in plunging myself into such difficulties and embarrassment ever to forget what I have felt and suffered, or the good and prudent resolutions I have made in consequence of those most distressing and mortifying feelings and the perfect conviction they have given me of the absolute necessity of persevering in a plan of constant prudence and economy in all things, for I have so much pride and spirit that it would I believe drive me distracted to be in a state of real embarrassment and distress for Money, I have (I trust to my future advantage) discovered how very few generous, feeling, and tender hearts there are. I have been treated with harshness, which at the time I felt deeply, but it has done me good, and I am now even grateful for the severity which I thought cruel to me in my present sad and solitary condition. I will derive good from evil."

While Catherine Francis and Eliza Johnson were in Devonshire, the younger Philip wrote them numerous letters. Philip was at this time engaged to Eliza, whom he calls Pye. They were married on May 1st of this year.

PHILIP FRANCIS, THE YOUNGER, TO CATHERINE
FRANCIS.

"MY DEAR CATY,

"TEMPLE,

"17th Jany., 1805.

"... In truth I am worn and harassed to death with business of all sorts—particularly with



ELIZA JOHNSON,
WIFE OF PHILIP FRANCIS.

writing, which I do all day long to some person or other. . . . My father alone occupies a third of my life, either with his business, or his claims upon my society. Mind, I am only stating the fact, not complaining of it except on account of its effects upon my irritable nerves.

“Your *unkind* brother,
“PHILIP.”

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“TEMPLE,

“Saturday, 26th Jan'y., 1805.

“MY DEAR CATY,

“I have received both your kind little letters. . . . The Dining parlour [in St. James's Square] looks very neat and elegant with the new curtains. We dined in it on Sunday with Sabloukoffs,¹ who I believe were much gratified with their reception, Company Messrs. May, & J. Warren.—I wished my father to add Elliott, or Bob Adair, but he would not, and substituted John Godfrey who did not come, and would have been no use if he had, in my sense.—A word while I think of it.—My father, with all his vapouring about *seeing company when his rooms are finished*, I am satisfied is more than ever attached to the hugger mugger principle of a few of his own friends and society *sans gêne*, a most beautiful one for your and all our comforts and satisfaction. My advice is to resist it *en premier lieu*—take the house into your hands in a high stile, and ask *good company* which shall make him behave well—to us—on any other terms you will see little of me. . . . I have a most cordial aversion to both medicine and physicians. In us two for instance they

¹ General Sabloukoff married Julia Angerstein.

would never discover that we were two of the most irritable people in our systems in the world.—nor think of imputing as they ought at least half our ailments to that single cause. God keep me out of their hands! Could poor Lady P[almerston] have done worse if she had kept up her strength and neglected her disorder? In June only she is declared ill—In January she is no more.—The Poores are come to town, I am sorry to say for advice for *her*. . . . I saw her this morning and though she is thin I don't think her in a serious state. What they may bring her to God knows. . . .

“ My father has put up a Cartload of *his* pictures in that elegant Dining room—you will guess how far it is improved by these ornaments. For God's sake no mention of it I pray.—The thing is without remedy—and observations that apply to a matter of vanity, founded upon total ignorance and want of taste cut too deep to be risqued.

“ Your own unkind Brother,

“ PHILIP.”

“ TEMPLE,

“ Monday, Feb. 4th, 1805.

“ MY DEAR CATY,

“ I am glad to hear that you are pleased with your unkind brother. *En revanche*, if it be a satisfaction to you to know it, he is equally so with you. Having got a frank, I take the opportunity of writing you, (don't laugh) a few lines though I have not much to say. But I must thank you for the care you have taken of my own dear Pye. I beg

you will continue it, and not let her write even to me till her eyes are quite well. She has been too good to me already; and will make me love her so much that I shall be unhappy—and between you and I, it is all I can do to bear this detested interval of 200 miles between us. Next to her goodness however, in writing to me, it has been a principal consolation to me, that during the last fortnight you have both been fostered in a mild climate, instead of being exposed to weather which for bitterness and detestability I scarcely remember in London. . . . We had a party at the Square yesterday. Ld. Hutchinson, P. Moore, J. Godfrey, Macmahons, Mary & Babies. Poor Mama dined upstairs *a L'ordinaire*—I am sure I don't know why, for she is very well, but on account of the fear of cold-taking, which Sally has inculcated into her. When you come to town I hope you will take her in hand a little yourself. She is very good, kind, and satisfied under an existence the most uninteresting that can be imagined. . . .

“. . . The Pictures have ruined what would have been a perfectly elegant dining-room. There is, independent of the boys on the left, to which alone well framed there would have been no great objection, a string of such as Oliver Cromwell Mad^{me}. Mazarin &c., hung up almost close to the ceiling on the right. Not a word on this subject I beseech you. Could not be forgiven. The curtains are very handsome. For the present he does not think of furnishing the drawing-room.

“Yr. unkind BRUZZAR.”

MARY JOHNSON'S DIARY CONTINUED.

“ *Monday, Jan. 28th, 1805.* I this day made Miss B[erthollet] [Governess] a present of a set of Blair's Sermons, which cost me two Guineas and God knows how very inconvenient for me to part with at this time of my poverty and embarrassment, but I felt it rather a debt of honour, having when we were at Ramsgate and good friends (that is I felt great goodwill, and had a high opinion of her) promised her a present of a different kind which would have been much more expensive but from her monstrous ill-behaviour and extreme ingratitude to me in Blenheim St., she had entirely forfeited all claim to any such kindness from me, still, as she afterwards made by her letter, an explanation and a sort of apology for herself I passed it over, for the sake principally of the Children's Improvement, as I wished Miss B. should continue to instruct them in French and Writing, knowing how capable she is, and having great reason to be satisfied with the progress they have made. Miss B. has on the whole behaved well enough since I returned to this House, and she has been three times a week to give the children Lessons. I have therefore in giving her these Books acquitted myself of a sort of feeling by which I considered myself bound to make her a present of some kind after what had passed on the subject at Ramsgate, but nothing could prevail on me on any occasion whatever, to take her again into my family (not that I believe *she* would for any temptation wish to return into my family) after the violent and extraordinary scene that passed in Blenheim St.

“All I shall further add is that I am resolved to make no more *promises* of *kindness* or *Liberality*. ‘Make no promises’ is a most useful and prudent Maxim, and one that should never be forgot, particularly by spirited liberal minded people, who should always consider *promises* as *sacred* and therefore how dangerous it is to make them, because it continually occurs, that it is very difficult, nay sometimes impossible to perform them, which causes feelings of great and painful mortification. I have myself on one occasion had a very vexatious experience of this truth, and am determined, in future of being very careful ‘Never to make promises.’

“One of the best rules of *excellent prudent Economy* is never to allow Bills to run on at any Shop, (except those which are positively not to be avoided).

“*Wednesday, Feb. 14th.* . . . I walked home and found Philip who was come to dine with me. . . . He has at last disclosed to me a secret I have long suspected, in which the most important Event of his Life is concerned, no less than his serious attachment and engagement to Eliza. I was not surprised, having long had reason to think that he highly valued admired and preferred her. I can only wish for that which will be most likely to secure his happiness, though I once certainly thought that he would be ambitious of making a Marriage of more *éclat*, but . . . The cruel afflicting losses we have sustained in our family, and the sad and dreadful scenes it has been his misfortune twice to witness have deeply impressed his feelings, and moderated all his desires. In marrying Eliza he will unite himself to a most

excellent, amiable and estimable Woman, who we all have the strongest reasons to value for the uncommon goodness and tenderness of her Heart, which we can never forget during the anxious and most melancholy attendance on poor E. . . . This brings naturally a reflection to mind of the loss I shall have, by this event, of Eliza as a member of my little family, and likewise of the comfort and cheerfulness of her society, but still I have determined for many reasons not to do, what many people may suppose I naturally should, of proposing (in the very probable event of Mrs. Fullerton's death) to take Emily to live with me, but this I shall not do, though in every other respect I would shew her all the kindness in my power, from the affection and esteem I really have for her, but her Aunt Mrs. Hodges is the proper, natural person to make her this offer.

"SLOANE STREET.

"*Friday, Feb. 15th, 1805.* Resolutions concerning Diet, on which Health so principally depends.

"To continue to live in the same way I have done, that is never tasting *strong things*, or Rich made Dishes and very little Pastry. As to Wine seldom or never to allow myself to taste any but *Port Wine* and very few glasses of that, never more on the whole than three in a day. Whenever I taste Madeira I find it extremely heating, makes me very uncomfortable, and certainly disagrees with me, so that I determine against that. *Port Wine* is the only Wine for Women, and but little of that.

"*Tuesday, Feb. 19th.* Having heard this day of the probability of my making above a hundred pounds

by my little share of the Loan, at this Moment it is such good fortune for me that I ought to be thankful and satisfied, though if my Father had had the goodness of offering to make a second payment for me I might have been still more fortunate. However I must not repine, but be grateful that I could even gain that sum, and resolve not weakly to be tempted into any foolish Expense but pay my Debts, & *on no account incur fresh ones.*

"*Tuesday, Feb. 26th.* . . . Philip came to dinner. In the evening we went into the never failing, *endless* subject of my Affairs, about which he was very kind and gave me much further Advice concerning *Prudence* and constant *Economy.*"

From the following letter it appears that Philip had asked Catherine to help him in making arrangements with his father before he married.

CATHERINE FRANCIS TO PHILIP FRANCIS, THE
YOUNGER.

"EXETER,

"*27th February, 1805.*

"MY DEAR PHILIP,

"So few occasions as I have had to laugh for many a day may well excuse my catching at every trifle that can give me a pleasant, though but momentary feeling. You must not suspect me however of laughing now, but I will try to make the best, even of the present case, unhappy as I think it for my own individual share. All that you say of yourself is very just, and whenever I see the opportunity of

speaking with effect I will do so ; but in pecuniary matters I am sure I ought not to interfere till my father opens the subject comfortably to me. With regard to myself I rely wholly on him and most confidently, never having given him one single cause of offence in my life, and feeling now more affectionately attached to him (from the tenderest reasons) than I have ever done. It would be strange indeed if on this point I was not at ease. Do not suppose my dear Philip that I am taking up a part against you if I state (in opposition to what you say of our devotion to his happiness and long habits of indulgence) some of his strongest claims upon us, rather I might say on me, standing as I do in the place of those that are gone. For Sally he has done more than any Father ever did who had others so justly dearer to him. Mary he settled according to her wishes. When it was thought right for poor Harry to go to Nice he consented to everything that was suggested. In the following year in the depths of winter he undertook for my Lizzy's sake such a journey as might have dismayed the youngest and most sanguine disposition. I remember all the circumstances of that moment, and as I then engaged with myself, so will I never forget them ; through the 9 anxious months of last year he let us do all & everything we had a hope from, & when all hope was gone he fulfilled everything he had promised for me, he has preserved the same conduct since I left London, & I am under particular obligations for the manner of his consenting to my coming here. I might wish that his remembrance of those dear creatures was as lively as mine and his regrets as keen but I should

be unjust to expect it. At his age, strong and vigorous as he is, the subject must be more painful to him than to us, & the contemplation of all that relates to it naturally warded off. Consider too my dear Philip what would be my situation, if instead of things being as they are he was given up to melancholy & wretchedness, where then would be my resource even for momentary pleasures. I must make the best of all things, for life, a long one perhaps, is still before me, I am past the age of illusions, without being near that time when all things become alike indifferent. It has been a relief to me to write you this letter, & I have felt that I could never have a better right to expect you to understand it in the sense it is written than at this moment, when I am so heartily engaged in your interests and so anxious to see you happy. God bless you,

“C. FRANCIS.

“If you do not write as openly as ever, I shall take it for granted that you do not understand me.”

MARY JOHNSON'S DIARY CONTINUED.

“*Wednesday, Feb. 27th, 1805.* I wish to get a house of Creditable appearance either in Clarges St. at the end close to the Green Park, or near St. James's Park. I am determined not to go into the further parts of the Town, for without the constant use of a carriage, it is a continual inconvenience & expense, & I must never forget *that* in my pursuit after a House. . . . I am perfectly aware how difficult it will be to get a House of this description,

very Airy & healthy, for such a Rent as I could afford to give.—however, I must try, whenever I have parted with this.—Airy, pleasant, & close to the Green Park or St. James's park are the great points.

“*Friday, March 1st.* I feel more than ever anxious to dispose of my house here in Sloane St., and no arguments or entreaties from Philip or Catherine shall persuade me against it. I will never again go so far & such an inconvenient distance from London.

“I will never again put myself so much out of the World, as I unfortunately have by taking this house in Sloane St. but I have purchased my experience, & must take the opportunity of the fine months in the Spring, when it is the most pleasant & tempting to part with the Lease, even if I keep all the Furniture.

“No words can do justice to describing what I have felt & suffered on this *detestable* subject of *Money*, but I have at last *learnt*, & with perfect conviction, that in this Life it is the concern of the most important consequence, & never never to be managed or regarded with indifference or carelessness.

“*March 7th.* The solitary hours I have passed for more than three months, in this house, have not been entirely lost, on the contrary, I am sure all the time I have had for reflection on my own situation & pecuniary circumstances, on the character & conduct of my own family & the World in general will be most useful, & productive of Good to me through Life. I mean, having written down my opinions & best & wisest observations in this Book, which shall be one of daily constant reference to me, that I may never never

forget my resolutions or my observations ; which will enable me to conduct myself with much more discretion & Wisdom than I have hitherto.

“ One rule I make on which my own consequence depends is never to complain of any body’s neglect of me. it is useless, & only mortifying to oneself.

“ *Friday, March 15th.* My Father called this morning. . . . My Father stayed but a few minutes, & had little to say, however, I endeavoured to interest him by talking of Sheen, which he is going to dispose of finally.

“ *Saturday, March 16th.* This evening my Mother came to see us, it is the first time she has been in the carriage since she left this House last November. poor fellow ! The children & I received her with the utmost kindness & she was quite pleased with her visit.

“ *Thursday evening, June 6th.* *Resolution* I now make before I go to St. James’s Place. To avoid inviting any company to Dinner with the exception of *one party* I wish to have, & have some pleasant little scheme for the evening.

“ My best plan when this month in St. James’s Place is expired, which will bring us in the Summer to the 9th July will I believe be to go immediately to the sea, & not stay any longer in Town & never to London will I return till I really *have* the means of living in a good comfortable house in a pleasant convenient situation, I mean near St. James’s or the Green park, & near St. James’s Square.

“ On Monday the 10th of June 1805 I removed with all my little family from Sloane St. to No. 8 St.

James's Place. the trouble and continual tormenting visits I have been obliged to receive from the Landlord Mr. Lee, have really almost distracted me, & at times made me quite ill, thank God it is now over, and very soon I hope Mrs. Debretts Leases will be made out, when mine are to be immediately cancelled. Walpole Eyre being present & Witness of this Act.

" I have not yet mentioned a very unfortunate affair, which happened a few days before I left Sloane St.—no less than Emily's eloping from Godschall's with Captain Darvall. I had some time ago received a letter from Mrs. Fullerton, desiring and hoping for my consent, as one of her Guardians, to their marriage, & speaking highly of his character. Mrs. F. has in the strongest manner encouraged their attachment, but at the time she wrote to me on the subject I did not think it likely to be an advantageous match for Emily, and being so very young, (only 16) was another objection to her marrying—I therefore refused my consent, till his, Captain D.'s Fortune, family, and everything relating to him was known, as I never could have justified giving my consent to a disadvantageous Marriage for Emily, both her Brothers and Eliza were strongly against it. Godschall thought it quite necessary to remove her from Richmond where Capt. D. was quartered, & persuaded Emily to come to them at Halliford where she had been I suppose about a month, when she determined on this most rash and indelicate measure. Of course it has created great distress and anxiety to her brothers, Eliza, & all her friends.—Emily has written to me, but in so cool and easy a stile respecting this disgraceful & most

rash proceeding that I determined not to take any notice of her letter."

Captain Darvall & Emily were married at Gretna Green and again in London on Wednesday 26th June 1805.

ELIZA FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

"June, 1805.

"MY DEAREST CATTY,

"I did not know till this morning the blow that awaited us, & have not yet got over my first shock at hearing of it. Angry, very angry I am with her, she is without excuse & has understanding to know that she is so. In how many ways it touches me I need not tell you. Philip is most violently incensed with her, but her Brothers have most cause to complain of her ingratitude, & the disgrace in which she has involved us all. God forbid they should involve themselves further by any violence toward Mr. D.—She has courted her fate in spite of entreaties arguments and devices to save her from it. She has behaved with a want of feeling of all sorts shocking to be thought of at her age, and she must bear the punishment, for that she will and does repent who can doubt? not I My Catty, and when I think of all she must have suffered my heart bleeds for her, poor unhappy, perverse little Girl.—for him he must be a wretch indeed, God knows what is to become of them! As to their living with Mrs. Fullerton she is dying herself; that she will provide for them I doubt not—she is bound by every tie—for she is the original wilful author of their fate: feeling for Godschall should

at least have made Emily make *her* House not *his* the scene of her disgrace. He has done all that affection & prudence with some confidence in her solemn *promises* could suggest, & this is the ungrateful return she makes to him & dear Ralph. The best thing I can hope for is to hear that they are married! When I think *how* it grieves me to the heart but of course the best face must be put on it. O my Catty what a World it is—surely one need not seek for misery. I am really confounded when I think of all the securities we seemed to have against such misconduct from her excellent heart and understanding. Nothing I am sure would have prevented her since she has acted so shamelessly after such things as have passed—you know not the half of them. Pray write to me. I am most anxious to hear of dear Ralph's safe return. As for my poor Emily I know not what to wish! she is most unhappy.

“God bless you dearest Catty,

“Yr. Ever Affectionate,

“ELIZA FRANCIS.”

GODSCHALL JOHNSON TO MRS. JOHNSON.

“7th June, 1805.

“MY DEAR MRS. JOHNSON,

“Mr. Milles I hope explained to you that my not calling in Sloane St. did not proceed from inattention to you.

“We traced Emily & Captn. Darvall on the road towards Oxford as far as Henley where I left Ralph with a proper Companion to try & overtake them. Their point appears to be Holyhead as far as one can

conjecture and thence to Ireland. They had sixteen hours start, but as it is impossible for Emily to bear the Fatigue of so long a Journey without once stopping, the Bow Street Officer expressed his certainty of overtaking them. . . .

“ I am Dear Madam

“ Yrs Affectionately

“ GODSCHALL JOHNSON.”

ELIZA FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

“ RAMSGATE,

“ June 9th.

“ I have just got your letter & none from Godschall since yesterday so that of course he has yet no tidings. We know however *certainly* that they did *not* go the North Road. Godschall & Ralph had traced them to Henley where they changed Horses at 12 o'clock on Tuesday night and where Godschall left Ralph & the Officer at 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, who proceeded with all expedition on their track—the only probable conjecture seems that they are gone to Ireland—if so Ralph may yet catch them at the port— . . . You see they had exactly 16 hours start of Ralph—but in so long a distance he might recover this. I know not however what to hope, or wish, if they should have stopt on the road I imagine Ralph would not wish to overtake them. Not a line has she left to any one to assure us that she will be married directly or to lessen one of our fears. I was at first persuaded by this that it was an unpremeditated act, that she had met him for the purpose of taking leave before she went to Jersey and that he had taken

advantage of the moment—but her cool artifice which proves the contrary really confounds me. Think too of Mrs. Fullerton's *cool assurance*, who when informed, expresses neither concern nor surprise but says she has no doubt they will be very happy, & in time very rich, & hopes no steps will be taken to follow them. One would really conclude she was in their confidence. It is some little extenuation of Emily's guilt that she has had to do with such a person—but nothing can excuse her loss of all natural feeling & all sincerity. I still think the horror of her situation must have come home to her long since, at 16 in the power of such a man! She could not surely triumph after she was fairly embarked in this shocking undertaking. . . . The best we can look to is to see her married with as little disgrace as may now be, & secured from pecuniary distress, & this with so worthless a guardian of her youth and imprudence as Mr. Darvall is indeed a sad prospect. When I think how promising her temper & understanding were I must ever lament for her—but her whole character has really been changed since this unfortunate connection.

“God bless you my dearest Catty.”

ELIZA FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

“[June ?] 1805.

“. . . I will send you Emily's letter. . . . I have been so much hurt at her treatment of Godschall that I have been much less touched by her letter to me than I should have been. I did however much wish to answer it, but Philip would not hear of it & I do not now regret it as she has not yet written to

Godschall or Lucy [wife of Godschall Johnson], but both she and Captain Darvall have contrived to write to Mrs. Fullerton & she has desired them to come to her House immediately so that I imagine they will be up in the course of this week. I hope Godschall & Ralph will not irritate each other against Mr. D. but at present Godschall is much incensed, particularly with the daring air of defiance with which he conducted the thing, *two officers* of his Regiment rode with them as an escort. We have written all we can to pacify G.'s anger against him & confine it more to Emily, which is the *safest* of the two, & truly she deserves it.—this fatal connection seems really to have perverted her whole Character, but she is very very young, & may yet return to a sense of her many failures. Certainly some part of her conduct since her acquaintance with Mr. D. has been foreign to her natural Character. She was formerly remarkably open, sincere, & natural, & I must believe that she would still have been so but for the strange influence this man acquired over her, his Character I fear is artful in the extreme. . . ."

GODSCHALL JOHNSON TO MRS. JOHNSON.

" HALLIFORD,

" *Thursday.*

" MY DEAR MRS. JOHNSON,

" Mrs. Fullerton received a Letter from Emily & another from Captn. Darvall the Day before yesterday, but as she did not think fit to communicate this to me I was led into the error of

telling you nobody had heard from them. They are staying at the Inn at Carlisle, & have been for a *whole week* since the Mock Ceremony of a Gretna Green marriage, without signifying the least Intention of coming up to be properly married. Emily has written to Eliza, a copy of which Letter I received this Morning, in it she lays the whole of her Misconduct upon me, how she means to prove that I had any thing to do with it I do not know, but till she & Captain Darvall acknowledge the Infamy of their conduct (which has been in many ways worse than the Act of running away) I am quite resolved that no sort of friendly Intercourse shall take place between them & me.—Mrs. Fullerton is the Person who has brought all this Mischief about & who now pretends to justify it, she is the Person who will receive them cordially & who I think is bound to provide for them. She had the Assurance to tell Lucy that she was very glad it had not happened from *her* House, which is an observation I never will forgive; she was absurd enough to say that any Girl but Emily would have done this long since (long since at 16!!). My feelings for Emily on this occasion are entirely done away by her conduct since she went away, & by her own coolness on the occasion, & I must confess that resentment at her neglect of her Family, & at her Assurance in writing as coolly on the subject as if she had literally done no harm is my only remaining sentiment. . . . I thought it better to trouble you with this to inform you she had written, though not to me, from whose House she went away, & who have a right from

many circumstances to consider myself as the most injured Person in the Business. . . .

"Yrs. Very Affect^{ly}.

"GODSCHALL JOHNSON."

ELIZA FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

"RAMSGATE,

"Monday, June, 1805.

"MY DEAREST KITTEN,

" . . . We have seen but little of the World these last few days. The Elphinstones, Adams, Wakes, & I believe all Ramsgate are gone to some stupid Races beyond Deal. . . . The Wakes, particularly my Lady, are worn out with the place, they know nobody but Ld. & Lady Spencer & have nothing to do but to think of their health. She is certainly uncommonly pleasant though as whimsical as need be—he passes two hours every morning with us. I think him very amusing but would not for the earth be married to him. If my kitten could have gone with us to Courteen hall I am sure it would have done her good . . . for she might have been as indolent as the day was long without being singular. Two such idle creatures as the Wakes I never saw. . . . I should be much obliged to you to get a little keepsake for me for Emmy. I do not mean to give her anything of value till I know what she is in want of, but just a little token of love—she would like some of my hair, I think you have some that you kept—if so pray let Ash make her a thick Bracelet of it one of those very thick ones that you do not like, to go once round & fasten with a large gold snap, when he has done it let him send it to Sally, & Em

shall send to her for it. Lucy tells me his Mother old Mrs. Darvall has set her up in clothes. I have not heard of any one act of generosity on the part of Mrs. Fullerton but I am not surprised, I expect she will confine herself to the usual present, a pair of Candlesticks. There are two of the Officers married to very Amiable Women which will be a great circumstance for Em when they join the Regiment, After all, we never know what is best. It may end happily, at all events we must make the best of everything in this uncertain life."

We gather from this letter that Emily's family had by this time reconciled themselves to her marriage, and in the following letter we find Captain Darvall and Emily, in company with Emily's brother Godschall and his wife, paying a visit to friends of the Johnsons in Jersey, by whom the bride and bridegroom were kindly received.

ELIZA FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

"ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,

"*Thursday.*

"MY DEAREST KITTEN,

" . . . I am very sorry to hear you have met with nothing at all enlivening, but I hope a few days may produce a change for the better in Clifton. meantime you are very good to drink the waters. Philip thinks & so do I that you *did* once learn to sing of Mr. Small, but at all events we advise you not to lose the opportunity of passing a little of your time so profitably to both parties.—As to Mrs. F. & your Sister Sally they have really done nothing but spoil

us since we came to Town. . . . The Jersey party are returned after passing a fortnight very pleasantly with the General which however did not quite make them amends for their dreadful passage out ; they were beating about 3 days & 2 nights, part of the time in a violent storm & the sea so rough that during a whole night they could not put up a sail. They were all wretchedly ill except Godschall, but particularly Lucy & Mr. Darvall who arrived in a deplorable plight, think what she must have suffered poor little Girl in not being able to take her cloathes off the whole time! . . . they were much pressed to stay but Mr. Darvall could not get his leave of absence extended. . . . The General was delighted with their visit & entertained them most sumptuously, he was very kind to Em & gave her £50 to buy trinkets. I have not yet heard from himself how he likes Mr. Darvall & I am quite determined to take nothing on report in future. We go tomorrow to Richmond to meet them at Mrs. Fullerton's."

ELIZA FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

"MY DEAREST KITTEN,

" . . . I conceive your Father will not stay long in London, as to Sally I am now convinced of what I have often thought that her greatest happiness is being left alone in Town with your Mother, melancholy as I should think the life in all ways. . . . Now, I must tell you I have at last seen the Darvalls, by a piece of good luck we set out yesterday before I had received a letter from Mrs. Fullerton putting us off. We found her too ill to

dine with us, but passed a long day with dear Emily and Mr. Darvall, and I must confess returned very thankful for finding him so amiable. Nor was there yesterday anything either in Emily's dress or manner the least remarkable. I saw a great deal of him but Philip still more and we were both equally pleased with all we observed. He is not certainly a man of very superior understanding, nor did Philip conceive him to be remarkably well informed but certainly not one young man in 10 in these days is either and as far as his manner and common conversation go I think he is unexceptionable, and has one great advantage over most young men in being particularly well bred and modest, I do not mean awkward, for he was perfectly at his ease, but really the modesty of not thinking too highly of himself—and I am sure he is very fond of Emily and not foolishly so. She is looking very well and I do not think her the least altered in her manner which makes me hope she is really happy. I think . . . she is no longer much impressed with all that has passed since I saw her, but this is another proof that she is happy and therefore I rejoiced to find it so. It was remarkable that the last time we four had met at Mrs. Fullerton's was the day he had promised to wait, and when so much advice was given her. If she had felt anything like regret this could not but have occurred to her painfully. She spoke of it on the contrary laughing, and did not appear particularly affected in any way by seeing us. I regret very much that we cannot pass a little time together that I might discover more certainly the

state of her mind ; judging from yesterday (and I saw no appearance of constraint) nothing can be happier. The only thing that did not quite satisfy me was that I think the attachment is stronger on his side than on hers, and that she has not much respect for his judgment. Sincerely do I regret now all that was said to put her out of conceit with him, but the only thing that can repair the mischief is attending very much to him and making him of more consequence than her. I do not think Godschall & Ralph are quite kind on the subject yet, but they have many excuses. I shall not however, pay so much regard to their account in future, I have now been able to judge of one or two things myself in which they have done both him and Emily injustice. I should think he was a very innocent uncorrupted character which is a great blessing in these days. he spoke very handsomely of Godschall and Ralph. . . . We all parted the best of Friends, they both spoke of your great kindness and particularly of your Father's."

PHILIP FRANCIS, THE YOUNGER, TO CATHERINE
FRANCIS.

"RAMSGATE,
" 13 August, 1805.

"MY DEAR CATY,

" . . . We leave this on Thursday but shall not be in Town till Saturday as we purpose passing Friday evening at Pheasant Lodge. . . . Yesterday evening we drank Tea at Mrs. Popkins's and were much amused by various performances on the part of the Pop and her Portgee; who has

mounted a most luxuriant perruque—This evening we go to Lady Balcarres's to meet the Keiths. . . . The Company here have been anxiously expecting the French during the last two days—the wind having been right fair for them, and the weather most favorable. At noon yesterday we were *amused* with the report of a most tremendous Cannonade off Boulogne & Calais. The South wind brought us every discharge distinctly. Those of the Boulogne Mortar Batteries were magnificent. We have not yet heard what the action was between them and our cruisers; but it must have been a pretty severe one, as all the ships but three or four heavy ones left the Downs to take a share in it. From the French coast it must have afforded the grandest spectacle they have had for some time of that kind. But those admitted to *the best places*, I trow paid pretty dearly for them. I have as little ambition as I have apprehension to see such a sight from Ramsgate Cliffs. The mere sound without the sight affected our nerves here in a way the least pleasant—and many would have it the whole flotilla were out and forcing their way across. Luckily for them, I believe they took good care to keep close to their own batteries and harbour, and to get back with the first symptom of change of wind. It now blows a gale from the N. West. and were the Imperial flotilla now *all* out, very little of it could escape total destruction on its own coast without any help from us—the Wind alone would dispose of them. But if we know this, how much more do they, whose immediate concern it is. From Boulogne there can be no danger without a

superior protecting fleet. To be sure it is no fault of Sir Robert Calder, if they have not such a fleet to protect them and cover their passage. And Ministers are in some degree justified in saying the Country is in danger, till we know where the combined fleet is gone. When the danger is past, the people will have leisure to enquire, as they certainly have a right to know of the said Sir Robert Calder three things. 1. Why he discontinued the action. 2. Why he did not renew it. 3. Why he lost sight of them. If these 3 questions are not all satisfactorily answered, I don't think any punishment too great for such a failure to the nation as his appears to be. To call it a victory is nonsense. It smells on the contrary strongly of a most disgraceful defeat. This is not the opinion of the professional people here, but I understand there is great dissatisfaction in London upon the subject. Cobbett merely regrets that *Lord Nelson* (in Italics) did not fall in with them. Sir Robert Calder has a high character and I shall like to hear how he justifies himself.

“ I am glad you have got into so pleasant a house, and advise you not to leave it in a hurry.

“ P. F.”

MARY JOHNSON'S JOURNAL CONTINUED.

“ A most extraordinary incomprehensible man my father is. Sally told me today that he had repeatedly talked to her on the subject of my going to Brighton and had expressed the greatest possible objection to my talked-of plan of living there. I fancy he thinks it would be very disreputable for me as there is a

great mixture of company and often *very bad*. With respect to Mrs. Fitzherbert he knows I like her and that she has always been very attentive and kind to me and the children; in short I know he thinks I should be tempted to live constantly in society many of whom composing it I ought not to associate with. He told Sally he had not the least objection in the world to my coming to Brighton, for six weeks or two months *in the autumn* but could not endure the thoughts of my passing the summer months there, or that I should make it my place of residence. So I must take this subject into consideration, and certainly not risk the *highly offending* my father by going to live at Brighton *in opposition to all he has said*. He told Sally he should not speak to me on the subject as I had often boasted I was my own mistress and would do as I pleased which I solemnly declare I never did speaking to him or in his hearing. The fact is he would not choose to speak to me or to risque my not following his advice. However I am glad to hear his opinion even in an indirect manner, for it seems to me he never speaks freely or ventures to give any opinion at all, it always appears to be that he is only attending to and making his remarks on the conversation of others."

In another part of her journal Mrs. Johnson alludes with disapproval to her father having thought fit to explain her altered circumstances to the Prince, lest she should be drawn into expenditure unsuitable to them. In the autumn of 1805 Mrs. Johnson was made happy by securing a house in Brighton for the autumn and

winter. Francis writes to his little granddaughter before the house was finally decided on:—

“Indeed, indeed my own little Mary, I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter of Friday last. Depend upon it I shall do all I can to make it a noble jollification at Brighton. But Mama need not take such a very big house, as *I* shall live at the Pavilion and Aunt Kitty, I fear, will not be able to live there at all. So I send you her last Letter, and a comical Newspaper and remain yours and Kitten’s dutiful Grand Daddy,

“P. F.”

Francis often visited his daughter at her Brighton house, but such visits must have been a doubtful joy to both parties, one would think. The following is a specimen of a letter to her after one of their quarrels, evidently written at Brighton, as it is addressed “3 Buff & Blue” :—

“This note is only to apprise you that I do not mean to dine with you any more or to see you if I can avoid it nor indeed shall I stay here long enough now to efface any part of the impression of what has lately passed.

“P. F.”

The writer of the following letter, Anne Gunn, is one of several sisters who appear to have been Irish girls in Society :—

MISS GUNN TO SARAH FRANCIS.

“BRIGHTON, NO. 7, PAVILLION PARADE,

“DEAR MISS FRANCIS, “*November the 11th, 1805.*

“Can I address you after my long neglect of your kind request of writing some times what we

were about. I had begun several Letters, but some accident always prevented their being finished, then, fear of your not hearing what I had to say in my defence, prevented any further attempt till I had the pleasure of meeting with Mrs. Johnson here who told me she was so bad a correspondent, that I should supply her place. It would be very difficult to give you an exact History of our lives and adventures since we last met, as they were so various it is impossible to remember them all. I shall go as far back as our last evening in London, as on that important night we got acquainted with your Favorite the Prince, at Barrymore's Masquerade. His R.H. was so kind to us, that we came home enchanted. We sat at his table, and sung for him after supper and received much more applause than we deserved, as we were most terribly frightened and sung very bad, I think. We spent a few days at Mrs. Maddox pleasantly, but not quite reconciled to the shades and silvan scenes, as our hearts were set on some gaities we had left behind. We had a very pleasant journey [to Weymouth] and found our sisters well and improved in all we could wish. The King coming soon after, our three weeks of rest were just sufficient to prepare us for what was to come. At first the loss of sight of his Majesty made everyone sad but he soon got on at this his favourite place and we began our fun. There were two Fêtes very good indeed, where we all were, our Brother and we; the King was very good to him, and begged he might come to Eton, presented him to the Master. He could not well distinguish our Sisters dancing, but still he made

them dance one of his old Ballets. The Duke of Gloucester's death put a stop to all public gaieties for some time but *we* made up for it in Private, as we were at *home* continually and really did keep a very pleasant House. The Princes all came as often as we would admit, particularly our Old Favorite the Duke of Cambridge who was more charming than ever and lived with us I may say. The Camps were very gay and the Colonels of the different regiments gave continual dinners &c., &c., particularly Colonel Andrews who was more magnificent than the others. You might have seen a description of his Fête in the Papers to the Royal Dukes—we were the *only Ladies* present, of course had them all to ourselves. The Duke of Cumberland had his Band to play twice a Week at the Rooms which was a famous Lounge as we had always a *petit Souper* after it at *home* or at Lady Charlevilles which supper was called a *Tart*. We had the best men always at these *Tarts*, and much fun and good Humour. Amongst them were Lords Dundas, Hinton, Burghersh, Westmoreland, Rivers—Gen^l. Meade, Sir Thomas Dyer, who is a *Host* in himself of wit and *head*, with several others; these were of our set everywhere. We had also a charming creature Col^l. Taylor Aide de Camp to the King—who played on the Violoncello divinely—he was also handsome. Our hearts were in Danger very often but we had the courage to resist in time. Soldiers cannot marry in these sad days, we must find out some honest Farmer. The sailing at Weymouth is delightful, and we enjoyed it in perfection on board the different ships. The Queen

would have given a Gala on board the Yatches when the Prince arrived and many fine things on that occasion but for the unlucky exit of Old Gloucester. There were innumerable Sham fights, Reviews &c., &c., and the Prince the Day after his arrival inspected the whole Line. I did not think he would remember us in our Sables, but he did us the Honor to give us three of *his* Bows. The Duke of Sussex was not well with a bad leg and begged a place in our Barouche which he completely filled. We had much laughing that day though contrary to etiquette. The Duke of Cambridge requested we might begin old customs, so we had him *en Famille* that very night. The next [day] the Prince sent to say he would Honour us with his company in the evening after the Lodge. However just as we were arranging with the Duke of C. what to show off in, a note came from the P[rincess] Mary to say His R.H. was unable to come as his Leg was so inflamed, he had sprained a sinew I believe. At the Rooms next evening he made his Apology in person and regretted it very much, made many fine speeches to Mamma and hoped she would come to Brighton when the King left Weymouth. Papa supped with him twice and was as much pleased with him as all the world on a first acquaintance. He did me the Honor of sitting next me all night, at the Duke of C.'s concert, and repeated his wish of our coming here; and that we should find it everything we could wish—he said many fine things which were flattering if I had the Vanity to believe him, but alas! I know Princes can say prettier things even than other men and mean

nothing. I am quite *au fait* now with the *sex*. How far we shall realise all these fine affairs you shall learn hereafter, as Mrs. Fitz. being so ill and the Prince not remaining here more than four days since we came has made it rather Dull and at the Pavillion there has been nothing. His R.H. has been so kind as to send us word thro' Mrs. Fitz. (who told it to Gen^l. Dalrymple) that on his return he hoped to see us at the Pavillion and Papa at Dinner. I long I must say to see him once more; as his manners are quite enchanting. His behaviour on the late melancholy death of our Naval Hero, has added to the interest we have in him. You have felt as everyone must on this sad occasion; no Victory can ever compensate for so great a loss.

“We see a good deal of our friends the Thompsons we meet them this evening at the Rooms, and to-morrow they give us a little dance, which I shall enjoy very much as we have [been] rather stupid since our arrival. Our Musicals go on very well; we had such practice this summer. We had the Honor of singing for Her Majesty and the Princess. You may imagine our alarm. Their kindness was so great that we were soon put at ease but did not recover our Voices enough: However Her Majesty told several people afterwards (who repeated it to us) that she was very much *pleased*. The Duke of Cumberland remained some time with us after the Royal Departure. He did us the favor of naming us wherever he dined and then expressing a wish to take a Family dinner with us. This *Family Dinner* in a Lodging was no easy matter, but it succeeded *à merveille*, and I think he

seemed more at home in our House than elsewhere. He took leave next Day and said he proposed making Weymouth his head quarters and hoped to find us there, which kind wish we have disappointed as we have no inclination for any more dinners *en Famille*. Our Journey here was charming and thro' a beautiful country. Our Weather fine and roads good. The first day we dined at Milton Abbey, next with Lady A. Ward near Southampton, and might have lived all the way on our friends but were *too* modest our Caravan being so numerous. We have got a snug House for a Month and then proceed to Tunbridge for the Winter, till the Spring call us to London when I hope we shall see you in good Health. Mamma is better than I have seen her for a long time and with care she will probably keep up for our London gaieties. If you will be so good as to write me an answer to this sad scribble it will oblige me infinitely,

“ Believe me sincerely yours,

“ ANNE GUNN.”

MARY JOHNSON TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

“ 5, SOUTH PARADE,

“ *Wednesday, 27th Nov., 1805.*

“ I intended to have written to you this morning my dear Chick, but have been so completely occupied and hurried with a thousand things that it is now six o'clock and I have not had a moment to do as I wished—but however I must write you a line, for I was truly grieved to read the sad account you wrote of our dear Mother's illness and of the frequent returns she has lately had of that dreadful complaint, it is

most melancholy for her and you! the more so as it does not appear to be in Dr. Baillies power to do her any material good or prevent the frequency of the attacks. It is a hard task to keep up her spirits and your own in such a scene of constant anxiety and alarm but it will ever be a most consoling reflection to know you have done all that was possible for her poor fellow! My Father arrived here on Monday evening at 9 o'clock, extremely tired and sick of his tedious cold journey—but had a good night and woke the next morning in excellent spirits and is much pleased with my new house on the South Parade; into which we removed the day he came. When we are once settled I think we shall be very comfortable, it is certainly much warmer, than that on the North Parade, and the rooms large and good—the gaiety of the last week was almost too much for me, I was out every night and three times at the Pavillion. Wednesday evening there was a very fine concert there and Thursday I received a card of invitation to a Ball the next evening, which was numerous gay and elegant, and a beautiful supper, the Prince particularly distinguished Mrs. Thomson, of course she was much pleased and flattered by his attention—his R.H. desired me to bring the little girls to the Pavilion the next evening (Saturday) as he meant to give a little Ball to the Children, it being Minny's Birthday. You may imagine how delighted Mary and Kate were on hearing this agreeable intelligence. They were dressed the same as at Mrs. Thomson's and I thought looked very pretty, and both danced with less fear than on the first occasion of their performance. There was

a very elegant Supper at 10 o'clock after which the Children returned home—the rest of the party remained, consisting of about 15 or 16 Ladies and as many Gentlemen, and we were entertained in a very uncommon style by a German Baron—who exhibited a variety of extraordinary Phantoms and figures—the party being introduced into a room where as soon as we were seated the lights were all extinguished and a violent Storm of Thunder, lightning and rain commenced—after which the ghastly Phantom of Death stalked in—at the same moment the most solemn beautiful Music was heard. You may imagine the effect of such a sight and such sweet sounds—some of the Ladies pretended or were much terrified. Mr. Sheridan being extremely enlivened was disposed to be riotous and alarmed the Russian Countess Gerelstoff by some lively sallies. L. Harrington a Brother of Col^l. Stanhope's sat by me and explained the most difficult parts of this Exhibition which lasted more than an hour. Now God bless you and dear Mamma my dearest Chick, I have written this in the greatest haste. Our kindest love to both and remain ;

“Yours Ever,

“MARIE.”

Mrs. Francis's long invalid life was drawing to a close—she died in the spring of the year 1806.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

“BRIGHTON,

“20th December, 1805.

“In short it rains a Cataract and blows a Hurricane. At this writing the Square and the road to

it are equally devoid of any attraction that deserves to be called irresistible. *De l'autre côté*, that is, on this side, I am in possession of excellent quarters, pleasant Society, and everlasting Festivity at the Pavillion. Far be it from me to reckon Eliza Breton among the Arguments, that predominate against Change of Place.

“Having all the wise heads at the Cottage in my favour I may defy the Critics. The only thing I doubted was the *à propos* of the Dedication. Did you feel as if you liked it, on the first Impression, and without Deliberation? If I have succeeded I have the full Merit that belongs to Difficulty overcome. In all human Probability, you will not see me before the year 1806. I have desired my Lady to send you a Turkey. If it does not arrive in time enough for your Christmas dinner, it will do as well on New Year's day.

“Love to your Mother and Sarah and Mrs. Macmahon, and desire her Spouse to have Advice and take care of himself. Mary is now doctoring the Children, who were at the Ball last night, where one of them danced with Lord Clare,¹ the other with Mr. FitzGibbon. Pray be particular about dear Madam Godfrey and John.”

The Ministry of All the Talents came in at the beginning of 1806. Philip Francis naturally expected to receive office of some sort, and his hopes fixed

¹ The second Earl of Clare, son of the well-known Irish Chancellor. Mr. Fitzgibbon, the brother here mentioned, became the third Lord Clare. The title is now extinct.

themselves upon the Governor-Generalship of India. Probably he was considered too old for so responsible a post. He was, as will be seen, offered the Government of the Cape, with a salary of £10,000, which he declined. He received the Order of the Bath.

CATHERINE FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

"14 *March*, 1806.

"MY DEAR MARY,

" . . . By the first words of my letter you will see that it is only for your own Eye. I had wished to tell you some days ago what was going on here, but my Father thought it best to wait till things were settled, however as when they may be so is uncertain I think I cannot do better than inform you of all I do know, and remember it was not my fault it was not told sooner—You must before this have guessed that the first object of his wishes was not to be attained—he has been offered the Government of the Cape with the Salary annexed to it of £10,000 a year, the order of the Bath, and to be one of the Privy Council—The Government he has refused. To quit his Country again for any Situation but that which he has so good a right to, and which would gratify all his wishes, could not be expected by his family, and I at least rejoice that he has refused it; at his age the first of blessings is such a state of health as he possesses, and to risk destroying it for less than the object he has laboured for so many years would be most unwise, more I cannot tell you for more I do not know. . . . We had a little party and pretty music but the weather kept two thirds of our company away.

Mr. Chol^y. dined here quite unexpectedly—William Adeane and Count Pahlen a very agreeable young man. . . .

“ Ever yours
“ C. F.”

On the subject of the previous letter Eliza Francis writes :—

ELIZA FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

“. . . It is impossible to say how much this result pleases me. Thank God there is an end to our Apprehensions of your Father's being altogether neglected. As to the Government of the Cape it would indeed be hard after all he has done, to quit his Country for any object but the gratification he might have had in going to India. Sincerely do I rejoice that he has however now ground enough upon which to ask for an equivalent, and I trust he will obtain that which we have so often wish'd, an addition of fortune and honour quite sufficient to give a little Animation and Spirit to the long uniform course of life, and that, with the completely maintaining his political dignity is I think all that in our most sanguine moments we could have hoped for.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO PHILIP FRANCIS, THE YOUNGER.

“ 16 August, 1806.

“ So I dined yesterday by special Invitation with our friends in Charles St. as happily as possible. a very good dinner. and all the old Cordiality and Confidence. About tea I withdrew to Madame Gerelstoff's at her own desire; and while we were

at Cards, who should come in but, lo! and behold, our own two Koffs¹;—and we were all mightily rejoiced at meeting as well as grieved at parting; and it is not impossible that I may dine at Woodlands next Tuesday.—This day I go to Strawberry hill as you will perceive by the inclosed and there I shall stay till Monday. Mr. Fox's recovery is insisted on.² The prospect abroad tremendously gloomy. So say the Stocks at least. Omnium yesterday at 5¼. My own Motions are not determined but hope to be off on or before Thursday.

“ Love to all it concerns.

“ I wish Mary would tell me all she knows about her assessed Taxes for the year ending at Lady day 1806—She is charged for Horses which she never kept as far as I know. I conclude she never made a return. I must write to the Commissioners on Monday; so she must write tomorrow, pray make her— . . . does she wear hair powder or does she pay for her servants wearing it.”

CATHERINE FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON.

“ WOODLANDS, BLACKHEATH,

“ *Monday, 19th.*

“ DEAREST MARIE,

“ . . . Phil will tell you that when he last heard of me I was waiting in St. James's Square expecting Julia [Sabloukoffs] to convey me here, she arrived at 2 o'clock in her Curricl with Miss Lock, & we proceeded home immediately, found a large party consisting of all the Locks, two foreigners, Mr. Moore, Mr.

¹ Sabloukoffs.

² Hopes which were unhappily not fulfilled.



CATHERINE,
YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, SECOND WIFE OF
GEORGE JAMES CHOLMONDELEY.



Lawrence¹ and the Family party making 14 in all, we are very gay, dine at six & the evening is passed in music and cards. Mrs. W. L. is more beautiful than ever. Mrs. J. A. cannot be anything that is not elegant, but she is looking most sadly thin & pale. . . . Yesterday after church the Princess of Wales came here, the family were prepared to receive her and I had my option of being present or not which of course was to gratify my curiosity tho' I had no idea that it would be as highly as it proved; after some conversation, which I must own flagged now & then we had a hot and cold Collation, & the subject of music being started her R.H. said that she had heard how well I sang, this was followed by her asking me. I was much frightened but there was no possibility of refusing; after my performance about which she was very good humoured Mrs. W. & Miss L. sung and then her R.H. was so gracious as to join us. I believe it is forbidden to say that a Pr. does anything ill but it would be too false if I said that she sung as if she had ever received the least instruction; after a Quartetto we sang Pandolfetto, the P. taking the second, you will allow that it is curious that I should have sung a Duet both with my future K. & Q. Would any one guess that little insignificant me could ever be so honoured? So it is and I lose no time in informing you of this event, she is a very pretty woman & if she was in any other situation than that fate has placed her in I should think she was formed to please the only person who cannot like her, her manners are very

¹ Afterwards Sir Thomas Lawrence.

cheerful but not without dignity & if it is possible to judge in so short a time I should say she was certainly clever, but I think I may decide that she is extremely good-natured. To-day almost all the party dine with her R.H. I should not have been sorry had she been so gracious as to ask me but they tell me there is nothing to regret for that it will be very dull. . . .

“ Believe me Ever most Truly

“ Y^r Faithful,

“ CATTY.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

“9 October, 1806.

“ DEAR CATHERINE,

“ All I have to tell you is that I dined at Holland house on Friday last, with Fitzpatrick, Tierney &c. The last & I are better friends than ever, & he behaves very well. I have just received a Letter from Lord Spencer, to inform me ‘ That the King having been graciously pleased to signify his royal Intention of investing me with the most Honourable Order of the Bath, on Wednesday the 29th inst., it is His Majesty’s Pleasure that I should attend on that day at the Queen’s Palace at two o’Clock.’

“ Now, if you see Lord Henley, I wish you to tell him this Secret, with my Compliments, & my request that he would attend on that day to help to constitute a Chapter, as there is a great Scarcity of Knights in London. With love to all, and singular, and many Kisses to little Kitty on her Birthday, I remain,

“ Yours dutifully,

“ P. F.

"I have just made a strict Friendship with Lady Winchester, who has been here with her eldest Son, and taken Sally out with her in an open Carriage. Yesterday I had the Honour of a Conference with the Prince, who has been very ill indeed, but now much relieved. Nothing could be more kind and cordial. He returns to the North on Sunday."

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

"BRIGHTON,

"27th Novr., 1806.

"DEAR CHILDREN,

"At nine last night I found myself in a most comfortable room at Reigate, and soon after in an Excellent Bed, where I slept soundly till seven; then breakfasted with Malvina, and arrived here at two: the sun was positively hot; so I need not say more about the weather. Mrs. F[itzhert]bert was one of the first persons I saw. Her joy to see me was sincere and avowed in the warmest terms. H.R.H. equally kind, and I believe well pleased. Mr. Yarrow and I are lodged upstairs in the Pavillion, and here, I suspect, I shall be resident, as long as the Prince stays. He has evidently lost flesh in the Body, which he could well enough spare; but I do assure you he does not look ill in the face. On that point, as I had not seen him for several Weeks, I was a better Judge than those who see him every day. The malady, if any, is in his mind; and I hope I shall contribute, in some little degree, to remove it. At all events, I shall do my best. I would wish you to read this to Mr. and Mrs. M[acmahon] and tell him I have perceived already, and indeed immediately that he was quite right in everything he suggested.

"Mrs. Creevy has got an incomparable house, at the Back of the South Parade.

"Yours,

"P. F."

MATILDA GUNN TO SARAH FRANCIS.

"RAMSGATE,

"December 2nd, 1806.

"DEAR MISS FRANCIS,

" . . . This place has been so gay the last three months we have not had a moment to breathe, for some time it was as bad as London, five Balls a Week and a Concert on Saturday, as they would not dance of a Sunday morning. *We* brought the Irish custom of suppers into fashion, and every one gave suppers that they might hear us sing after, for last year they only gave tea and *turn out*. The society was of the first fashion, and to my joy of the Amiable part of the Creation, so that we lived with the most charming people. The Mansfields, the great delight of Ramsgate and our particular friends, went yesterday, and as all our Beaux are gone and the Ladies going, we shall now get snug over our firesides, for I will not go to *Petticoat Parties*. . . . We have been as usual *spoiled* this season, as nothing could be done without us, and all the Ladies to our joy were particularly kind to us. . . . Our Beaux were chiefly Irish, and very agreeable, most of them too poor to think of Hymen who has been shamefully idle amongst so many fair Ladies. We had two agreeable Charioteers, Mr. Burke and Mr. Bagot who drove the Ladies in Barouches and four, so we had many pleasant parties to Dover &c., in short I never liked

a place better, not even Weymouth, which I shall always love. As they say the Postscript has always the chief part of the letter I must now request a great favor, which is that you will be so good as to let us know immediately, the result of your good intentions for us with an *Illustrious Personage*, as we have heard lately of some more *lies* told in that quarter. Pray tell us all about him, where Mrs. Fitz is and all the news you can collect, Mamma is particularly anxious to hear what was said or done by Mrs. Macmahon so pray answer this soon, as Papa will be away but a week and we don't wish him to know anything about it, and he is very curious to read *Ladies Epistles*. Pray write immediately. . . . Adieu dear Miss Francis and Believe me ever

“Your affectionate friend,

“MATILDA GUNN.”

PHILIP FRANCIS, THE YOUNGER, TO CATHERINE
FRANCIS.

“T [UNBRIDGE] WELLS,

“13th Jany., 1807.

‘MY DEAR CATY,

“Much as I have suffered from my swelled face, . . . I have been more irritated by the beggarly Order in Council upon the subject of Buonaparte's Decree of Blockade of the British Isles—After having set forth such an aggression on public right as is therein described, to conclude with such a base, sneaking cowardly measure of vengeance, bespeaks a total want of the common spirit of men. I will not say of the vigour of statesmen. It is incredible that such men as Mr. Windham and Lord Howick could

set their hands to such an instrument—How long are these accursed French to insult such a power as England with impunity, or are our Ministers only to be kicked and buffeted into courage! They have taken care we shan't know the terms of their Convention with America until after the Ratification, because if we had they would not have dared to ratify it—My life on't it is nothing but a Treaty of Concession of the Power, Honor, Dignity of England to those vile slaves and Tributaries of Buonaparte, the Americans. —I have read the Pamphlet 'War as it is and War as it should be' and tho' I have no recollection of the fact, begin to think I wrote it myself—so exactly does it set forth all my principles upon the subject—However this be, it certainly contains my political creed—I am ready *to be taxed and to fight* by it, and I call upon whatever remains of spirit or wisdom in the country to adopt it, and to force our pusillanimous Ministers to adopt it and act upon it. I am forgetting all this time that you are not likely to know anything whatever of these subjects upon which I rave as if angry with you—But ill as I am I must vent my rage. Sir Philip will explain it to you.

“Your own brother

“PHILIP.”

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

“MAIDSTONE, IN MY WAY TO TUNBRIDGE WELLS,

“22 *Sept.*, 1807.

“DEAR CATE,

“I shall be very glad to see you on Thursday. From the mysterious Language of the

inclosed, I collect that it is not impossible that Sally may be actually on her way to town. You need not bring the Juvenal, nor the Maratta Speech; but be sure to bring a parcel of books which have been left by Dubois. Tell Philip that I expect to see England excommunicated by a unanimous Resolution of all the rest of Europe. We shall then be a Nation or a Nest of Pirates, and in that State, a year or two we may exist. For my part, I wish we were all safe in Kentucky.

“ P. F.”

CAROLINE FITZGERALD TO SARAH FRANCIS.

“HAMPTON COURT PALACE,

“ Oct. 1, 1807.

“. . . I suppose you will not remain much longer at Tunbridge. The weather is growing so cold. The Thistlethwaytes are expected on Thursday and then I shall hope to hear that your visit is fixed. . . . As you are in the habit of shutting out the light, I trust you will not be horror struck at our dark rooms, as some of our friends are on first seeing them. I have often observed them putting on such comiserating looks that it has diverted me extremely. I had a long letter from *la Belle*¹ yesterday and a very entertaining one, it was filled with Tunbridge news; it seems our departure was a signal for universal joy, as the place has been all gaiety and amusement ever since. I am very glad of it for the sake of some who were fast sinking into a state of hopeless despondency. The anecdote you mention of our handsome favorite amused me very much, it is so characteristic of the

¹ Miss Emma Watkins.

name of Eden, and I believe of his family in particular, it is surprising that so young a man should have imbibed such just notions of the politics of his house, I wish he may be equally correct in attaining the character he is aiming at and remember your distinction between a fine man and a fine gentleman. *A propos* of a fine gentleman, I saw a most perfect one yesterday, and I think if you know him you will agree with me. I went with a Mrs. Lisle to see a house that is to be sold a few miles from hence, belonging as we were told to a Colonel Dillon, we expected to find it empty, but the family were still in it, and while we waited till the horses were rested, the door opened and a very elegant and still handsome man entered who, in the master of the house, proved to be no other than *le beau Dillon* of whom one has always heard so much. I never saw anyone more perfectly well bred or with a more refined and fascinating manner. I can easily imagine that he must have been very captivating—I like the answer he made to an indiscreet woman who asked him if he was related to *le beau Dillon*, the favorite of the Queen of France? upon which he said, ‘Oh! no Madame, he is long since dead.’ . . . Ever my dear Miss Francis your most affec^{ate}.

“CAROLINE F. G.”

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

[Apparently from BERKELEY CASTLE],

“Tuesday Morning, 10 Nov., 1807.

“OWN DEAR CATHERINE,

“I arrived yesterday between three and four, and from all that I have observed and experienced, I

am already convinced that I died last night and am actually in heaven. All that you ever read in History or romance is mere folly, the black veil and the Castle of Udolpho a dull fiction compared to the realities of this enchanted Mansion—Among many Singularities, here is one of the younger Berkeley boys, who plays like a fallen Angel on the Organ. All night he possest me with the Minuet in Ariadne—Love to Mary and little ones ; . . . and so farewell,

“ Yours

“ P. F.

“ I have had no time yet to visit the deadly chamber of which you shall hear more.”

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO LADY THANET.

“ BERKELEY CASTLE,

“ 9 *in morning*, Nov. 11, 1807.

“ DEAR MADAM,

“ Your anxiety to know something of this place is very laudable and fit to be gratified. So in strict confidence, I can assure you that all the ancient ladies you have seen at the Wells and their grandmothers, if they had any, are mere modern babies and infants compared to the antiquities of both sexes with whom I made an acquaintance yesterday. You must know it rained all day, and I should have been drowned but that the room I live in (last occupied by King Stephen) is two hundred feet above the level of the Severn, and the walls twelve feet thick. The crows, who dwelt under me, were all washed away.

“ My bed is of solid oak, proportioned to the walls. The tester is of ebony, carved and gilt in the Saxon

fashion. The whole apartment had been neglected since the time of King Harold, but was repaired and beautified for the reception of William Rufus, since which it was occupied for a few days by King Stephen, and by no other person until I came and took possession of it on Monday last. All the windows are painted with the arms of the family, some saints, and many dragons; with which, indeed, the ceilings are pretty well covered; to say nothing of swords and helmets that were taken from the Danes by Alfred the Great. All this however, is nothing compared with what I saw in a certain chamber that must be nameless; I thought I heard the groans of an agonising king. I lifted up a black veil, spotted with blood; but I dropped it instantly, and dare not tell you what I saw. My guide dropped his candle too, and ran away. Confess that it requires a very good conscience to be able to sleep in such company. I do not think it possible to make my escape without seeing an apparition.

"You may, if you think fit, communicate these particulars to Mrs. Turner, who I presume, is no enemy to old times and ancient fashions; but not to such giddy persons as your two cousins. There are many ways of taking leave. The shortest is the best; and so, dear madam, I remain most abruptly yours,

"P. F."

CAROLINE FITZGERALD TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

"HAMPTON COURT,

"Nov. 14, 1807.

". . . I was at the Toy Ball the night before last, when I saw your friends the Miss Gunns, the eldest

dances beautifully, so light she scarcely seems to touch the ground, her feet are perfect—She and her sister danced a reel with two officers, remarkably good dancers, which was one of the prettiest things I ever saw. It was rather a more brilliant ball than those we were at together at Tunbridge, for we had a number of men, a capital supper and we danced till five o'clock in the morning. My mother desires her love and joins with me in anxious wishes for your speedy recovery,

“ Believe me ever my dear Miss Francis

“ Your affectionate and obliged

“ CAROLINE FITZ.G.”

MARY JOHNSON, FROM TUNBRIDGE WELLS, TO HER
SISTERS.

“ MOUNT EPHRAIM,

“ *Friday, 2nd Dec., 1807.*

“ MY DEAR SISTERS,

“ . . . As I could not possibly dine out my Father goes. He is perfectly well and in excellent spirits, he has been remarkably kind and agreeable, we shall be extremely sorry to part with him on Monday, which day he has fixed to leave us and return to St. James's Square. I think our Papa has passed his time cheerfully enough here, for all the old and young Ladies have been equally delighted to see him again, and he has an engagement and his Whist every evening.”

Mrs. Johnson had taken a house at Tunbridge Wells, and her father occasionally stayed with her there.

KATHERINE JOHNSON (MARY'S DAUGHTER) TO SARAH FRANCIS.

"MOUNT EPHRAIM, TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
"Wednesday, 2nd Decr., 1807.

"MY DEAR SALINE,

"... The weather has been milder for the last 2 or 3 days and Mamma and I have ventured our persons into the open air which with gentle exercise has greatly revived our spirits. She is this evening going to join the ancient Ladies *select* party. from which all gentlemen and indeed everything like a man is excluded. This is Mrs. Highdigger's night.

"God bless you my dearest Aunt Sally, your affectionate,

"KATE."

From this time forward the letters become much less frequent.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

"WORTHING,
"4th July, 1808.

"MY DEAR CATY,

"... The Prospect of affairs in Spain is highly favorable and now that our Ministers have declared themselves is I think likely to continue so.—Eliza will have told you what a patriot I am—a Spanish Patriot I mean. An opportunity is at length arrived for checking the Career of Buonaparte; perhaps (for surely he will die of rage should the Spaniards resist him successfully) for getting rid of him altogether, and with him of War and Taxation,

which can never end while he lives.—The divine Atmosphere and sea of this place is indescribable—all the stories we have heard about it nonsense—It has but one fault, and that is a serious one, it is very dear—I hope Sir Philip is hearty in the Spanish cause—that is that he *thinks* it will be triumphant—It is not enough to wish it—Favorable opinions are upon such occasions a greater encouragement than favorable wishes—What base nonsense his Grace of Norfolk talked the other day—Lord Hawkesbury had half a mind to take him at his word, but for the rebuke of Lord Holland—The Cadiz news however has raised their courage, and they have promised to do the thing handsomely. Perhaps they may, but I wish Lord Holland had the management of it—He feels the thing as it ought to be felt—I suppose Lord Holland is in possession of the originals of those noble Declarations—I would give much to see them in their native Spanish—I have been working this week past by correspondence with my friends to raise the pulse of the Public in this most glorious, most interesting cause—but the near hope of getting a few ships has I see more effect with this base trafficking nation, than any arguments founded upon national honour and the true interests of the Country.—Dixi, Your own Brother

“ PHILIP.”

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

“ HOTHFIELD,

“ Dec., 1808.

“ Many thanks for your Letter of yesterday. I understand that fair Lady just as well as you do, and

care not at all what she means. The weather and mode of living in this Country are so much to my mind, and at all events so much better than the Square, that I think I shall stay here at least a week longer. They talk of visiting London in about ten days, if so, I shall stay for them, and perhaps return with them again. So you see I am in favour. . . . *A la fin, ma Victoire est complète et reconnu. Miladi n'ose pas souffler. Au reste il faut avouer que notre train de vie est supérieurement uniforme.* Yesterday we had three Strangers, or Natives, and a feast ; and I was glad when they were gone. . . . It signifies very little, who is in or who goes out ; *l'affaire est finie.* So we must look to our navy and think of nothing else. As to our once fine Army in Spain, I would give a thousand pounds, out of anybody's pocket, to have it back again. . . . I cannot see how it is possible that Sir H[ew] D[alrymple] can be in any danger ; tho' I doubt not the Ministry will do all they can to sacrifice him to Sir Ar——.

“so with love to all, I remain

“Yours to Command

“P. F.”

Shortly after the death of Sir Philip's first wife, in 1806, he made the acquaintance, at Lady Bayne's at Tunbridge Wells, of Miss Emma Watkins, the daughter of a Yorkshire clergyman. A few years later they became engaged, and were married in 1814. She was more than forty years the younger of the two. During their engagement he kept up a voluminous correspondence with her. His letters were half in

English and half in French. These, which were mostly of a trivial nature, he insisted on her destroying in his presence; but she managed to make copies of a good many without his finding it out, and amongst these in her writing are a few written from Brighton or London. In an undated letter he writes thus to his *fiancée* :—

“ . . . Perhaps you would rather hear all the secrets of the prison-house for you know I shall steal away an hour or two every day to commune with my own heart in my chamber, aye, if it were Paradise and the company of young Houris. As for you no pen would you take into your pretty fist for the sake of my *beaux yeux*, but to go vapouring about with my poor innocent letters among your cronies. ‘ I have heard so and so from Ragley ’ or ‘ my correspondents at the Pavⁿ tell me.’ Then how you despise the newspapers. ‘ Ah ! that’s what the papers say but I could tell a very different story.’ But I will be revenged for such infidelity. I will have an *auto da Fè* made of them in my presence. As for those whose lives you saved to console you when I am gathered to my fathers *nous verrons*.”

Most of Sir Philip’s letters to Miss Watkins are undated, but they were written between the years 1809 and 1814.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ ALDEBURGH,

“ 22nd Aug, 1809.

“ . . . We were under great anxiety for the Gazette Returns of the Battle of Talavera; But,

black as they were for so many families, Ralph [Johnson] was not among the sufferers. Tho' in the thick of the fighting the whole time he escaped untouched—Godschall has sent us an account of a letter he has received from him dated 31st July, 3 days after the battle. The relation he gives of the business is curious, and serves to explain the strange dispatches of Sir Arthur. Perhaps you may not have heard anything as particular on the subject. On the 23rd the Spaniards had an opportunity of totally destroying a body of 8 squadrons of the French Cavalry in a large plain; but did not dare, nor could be induced by any representations of the English commanders to attack them, though the Spanish cavalry consisted of as many thousands—Upon another occasion they could not be persuaded to advance against a small column of Infantry (only 3,000) but contented themselves with cannonading them out of shot. In the afternoon of the 23rd it was ascertained that the French Army was only 21,000, the combined being 66,000. Sir A. wished to concert a plan of attack on them with Cuesta, and requested a meeting with him to arrange it at 6 the next morning; but the General was not up, and no one *dared to wake him* to keep the appointment. He did not come to the Council of War till 10, and soon *fell asleep* at it—A Plan of attack was arranged with his 2nd in command, during the slumbers of the Commander in chief—But, when the plan agreed upon was actually putting in execution, and had in part been executed by our Troops, the Spaniards *refused to advance* to execute *their* part—The next day the whole British Army, indignant at

the conduct of the Spaniards, set out to attack the French *alone*, but found they had retreated during the night—Ralph swears that, if the Spaniards had advanced, the French Army was annihilated—In the course of the next two days, the French were re-inforced by 30,000 men, and thus re-inforced they, as we know, became the Assailants—Ralph says that, during the whole of the 27th and 28th, there was nothing for the Cavalry to eat or drink, not even for the horses, and that our Commissaries instead of endeavouring to provide for the want of the Army, all ran away in a fright. He says that on the morning of the 29th, they were all prepared for an order to retreat, so severe had been our loss (*inter alia* 13 Lieutenant Cols. and 25 Majors *killed*, besides Captains, Lieuts. &c.) and so deplorable their situation as to provisions, when, *to their astonishment*, they found the French Army had themselves retreated.—He says they are but 3 days march from Madrid, but wait for a supply to enable them to move.—He says ‘Our force was 19,000 to at least 50,000, the Spaniards *did nothing*, though I have no doubt Sir A.’s situation will induce him to say everything he can in their favour.’ The 23rd Dragoons are cut to shivers, only 120 men left—N.B. The Spanish Army was 46,000—Gallant Allies we have got. For once I am not inclined to blame Sir Arthur. Here he could not avoid fighting and he fought well for his life. He could not be prepared for such outrageous cowardice on the part of the Spaniards.

“My respects to My Lord and Milady

“P. F.”

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"HOTHFIELD,

"25th Aug. 1809.

"DEAR PHILIP,

"The Spanish part of your Letter appeared to me so curious and interesting that I sent it to Colonel Bloomfield to be communicated to H.R.H. and then to Lady Downshire. It seems to me out of all probability that Sir A. W. should advance to Madrid; and I for one shall be satisfied to hear what I fear is not much more likely, that he and his Army were safe and well at Lisbon.

"My love to Eliza, who cannot be better employed than in fattening herself and the young ones. There is no saying how soon you may have occasion to eat them. I shall go to Tunbridge Wells on Sunday, and next day to Town, in my way to Ragley, on an earnest Invitation of long Standing, and now repeated from the Marchioness of Hertford, to meet the Prince. From thence we are to emigrate to Lady Downshire's at Ombresley and then I suspect to Berkeley Castle. If I die before November, it must be of Turtle and Venison.

"P. F."

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS AND
MARY JOHNSON.

"RAGLEY,

"8 Sept., 1809.

"Mr. Godfrey was to have been in Town on Monday, and ought to have received a letter from me, on that day, in which I pressed him to go and live with you at Tunbridge Wells; but I have never

heard of him since. This and the painful account given me of him from Col. Macmahon, makes me very uneasy. He had repeated fainting fits at Cheltenham, and complains bitterly of the bad Effect of those Waters. Macmahon also is far from well. he came here to dinner on Sunday, and left us next day, in his way to London to consult Cline, his Spouse has not been at Ragley. About the middle of this month, we, that is the Prince and I, and the Duke of Sussex, if he comes, are to remove to Berkeley Castle ; and from thence to the *charmante Marquise* at Ombresley. So why should we trouble our heads about the Down-fall of England. Poor Ralph is not out of the Scrape, nor any of them.

“ I should like to know (*entre nous*) whether it be true that Lady Clermont refused to see Mrs. F[itz-herbert], who went there on purpose to see her. Miss Taylor could tell you, but you must find it out dexterously. I am strangled with stuffing ; and so farewell ; La Cainea and Naldi are singing to me perpetually. Everything they utter is *cantabile*, and each of them assures me that his partner snores in recitative. I have cured Lord Bob Seymour of sundry hypochondriacal affections insomuch that he is quite gay and profligate and swears he never desires to see his Lady any more ; at least in this world.”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“ RAGLEY,

“ 10th Sep., 1809.

“ You will not read the enclosed without an uneasy Impression. I fear he [Godfrey] is worse than he says. He is one of the few remaining Links, that

bind me to Life. The Prince too is far from well. he contends with his disorder and does all he can to be chearful. With that Abatement which indeed is material, we have every Enjoyment here that the most splendid Mansion, the best Company and unbounded Magnificence can furnish. I promise you that Wooburn and Chatsworth are only a second table to Ragley. Our next move will be to Berkeley Castle, where I suspect that great Preparations are making to receive *me*, or somebody else. Our Intelligence received this day from that cursed Walcheren is calamitous and frightful, and at last I believe and hope we must abandon it, 9,000 Sick! now, if you have a guinea or two left, keep them. We are coming to the Dregs, and keep up your spirits too, if you can. Despair is a resource; or it creates indifference.

"Have we not Cainea and Naldi to sing to us! let me know all the Histories of those fountains, and whether Miss Taylor has shewn any sign of life lately.

"I embrace you 4.

"P. F."

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

"BERKELEY CASTLE,

"22 *Sept.*, 1809.

"... Some change among the higher powers, has broken up the arrangements for the remainder of the year.

"The P. will not come hither nor go to Ombresley; and Lady Downshire remains in town. So, when I leave this I shall take Lord Suffolk and Cheltenham on my Way, and contrive to be in town about the Middle of the Month but not to stay there so don't

mind me, but follow your own plans. Nothing can be more agreeable to me than the way of living at this Castle, and the Lord and Lady of it quite to my mind.

"Love to Mary and the young ones, write directly and tell me how you go on. Mr. and Mrs. Macmahon went to Margate. The Duke of Sussex is here, a Victim to the Asthma.

"I try to shut my eyes to everything but Pastime.

"Yrs,

"P. F."

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO EMMA WATKINS, SHORTLY
AFTER THEY WERE ENGAGED.

"... So they have made a doleful story of youth & beauty running mad for a Patriarch. Do dear Baby tell me all about it, and how it happened; and how long it will last. May I be suddenly cut off in the prime of life and in the flower of my youth, or die in my cradle, if I believe one word of what they said: You know well enough who I mean Sycorax & Urgunda. . . . It was all spite & jealousy, the whole family wanted to marry me out of hand, but I was too coy for them, besides I was pretty well watched by a person who was overheard saying to herself 'I don't care a farthing for him myself, but may I lead apes round this world & the next, if either of those old cats shall have him.'"

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"BERKELEY CASTLE.

"DEAR LADY AND HONOURED MADAM

"The post to this Castle comes and goes unaccountably, just like the humours of a fine Lady

—out at Breakfast, & in at Dinner. . . . To make amends for your trouble in writing me a benevolent letter, I think the best thing I can do is to give you a narrative of my way of life. . . . The history of one day will do for any other—For example I am wakened every morning between 7 & 8 by a beautiful Damsel, who comes to light my Furnace (*Nota bene*—a Forest falls once a month to warm the Castle), her conduct in life has been exemplary for which her face is a security & would be received as such in any Court of Justice; I am then taken up, washed & combed in time to run round the Castle twice before breakfast which begins at 9 precisely. This meal would serve for a dinner any where else; but I am not a carnivorous animal before Dinner, so I content myself with Coffee, Tea, Cream, & Cakes, to say nothing of a certain farinaceous sponge called muffin, delicately roasted & undulating with butter. Reading & writing carry me forward to one, when I mount an old horse, who was wounded at the Battle of Tewkesbury, and ride till I am petrified & look like an Icicle. So I sleep till Dinner which begins at six & ends soon after eight, Coffee & Cakes then prepare me for Tea & Muffins, after which I seldom touch any thing but Egg wine & a few biscuits, except now & then a Sack Posset to prevent faintness after I am in bed. Lord! How Louis Dixhuit would envy me if he knew how I am fed! In return for all this nourishment I play whist with the natives from 9 till 12 & constantly win their money."

ELIZA FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

"ALDBOROUGH,

"Oct. 20, 1809.

"MY DEAREST KITTEN,

"We are curious to hear what post Ld. Palmerston will be called upon to fill. He is certainly better qualified in many respects than most of the present administration who surely cannot hang together long after the riot at the Theatre is at an end,¹ but at present that seems a question of far greater interest to the public than the forming of a Ministry, the Troops lost at Walcheren or any other question of State. . . .

"Philip is gone out shooting to-day but I have just opened a letter from your Father to him; he goes to Hothfield Friday and says 'he shall certainly stay there as long as he likes in spite of the dragon' so I hope with that & Tunbridge he will fill up time enough to allow of all your visits. . . .

"Ever your own Mamma."

ELIZA FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

"ALDBOROUGH,

"[Oct. 1 ?] 1809.

"MY DEAREST CATY,

"... Philip got a day's pheasant shooting on Tuesday which has made him more anxious than ever to get a few days of this uncommon sport. . . . We did great honour to the Jubilee in Aldborough. We had an unfortunate Band who played 'Rule Britannia' and 'God save the King' in different

¹ These are the celebrated O. P. riots.

parts of the Town from Sunrise to Sunset. Lord Salisbury illuminated grandly and gave fireworks and a supper, besides doing a great deal of real good in the place—the common people had a Ball on a Green, and judging from the noise which continued through great part of the night there was scarcely a sober person in Aldeburgh. I hope you were no less loyal. I see Lord Palmerston is talked of as Secretary of War. It will be a feather in his cap to hold it ever so short a time, but there seems no chance of this administration holding out long. Lds. Grey and Grenville must come in. Your Father says the present Ministers are the scorn of Men and Women including Children and little Infants.”

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

“DUBLIN,

“2nd August, 1810. *Thursday 7 in the Evening.*

“DEAR CATHERINE,

“We embarked at Holyhead yesterday at 3 p.m., and landed this day at the Pigeon house at one, that is to say six hours ago. We are lodged in an hôtel which once was a Palace, and I hope will be so again one of these days. Tomorrow morning at six we set out for Hillsborough, 90 English miles off, where dinner is ordered. Our passage, though not very short, was mild and prosperous. The Pier runs above three miles into the Sea, and the moment we landed we were accosted by a young Gentleman, whose whole Costume would have been dearly bought at three farthings, in the following terms. ‘Plase your honour, is it to Dublin

you're going?'—'Why where the devil else do you think?' 'Then please to mount my gingle, and I'll be bound I'll take you there in a Crack;' which he most honourably performed, to my astonishment with one horse, and a four-wheel carriage, without a covering, to the great joy of the Marquis, Mr. Yarrow and myself.

"The Duke of Richmond is gone to Mullingar, or we should probably have staid here tomorrow, and so with my blessing to all the Infantry I remain,

" P. F.

"At Langothlen we visited the *Ladies*, as they are called, viz., Lady Elenor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, a fairy Castle, made by Inchantment and inhabited by Angels. Their Joy to see us, and to know that I was born in their Country, affected me more than I thought I could be by anything said or done by Ladies of their Age."

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

"HILLSBOROUGH,¹

"13 Sept., 1810.

"DEAR CATHERINE,

"Yesterday came your letter of the 8th, by which I perceive that you are settled in the Country very much to your mind. . . . So I see no reason why you should not stay where you are, to the 20th of next month. I have a great deal to eat and to drink before I leave Ireland, though hitherto I have not been idle. On Saturday we were invited to dine with Lord and Lady Donegall, who were very kind

¹ Place of Lord Downshire.

and fed us famously ; as indeed they all do, gentle and simple, without distinction of age or sex. On Monday to Lord Dufferin's, a noble place, claret delicious, and stuffing endless. Lady Hunlock, who has travelled round Ireland with her one pair of Horses one maid and cockatoo, met us at Lord Donegall's, where *she* and *I* sat up gaming and drinking all night. *She* and *I* are sworn friends. After tea, she takes nothing but Madeira and Water. So, to please the Ladies, we are going to have races, with Pigs, Donkies, and Ladies in Sacks. Before that however, we go to Dublin, and possibly to Killarney ; but as to Lord Donomore, I have heard nothing about him. Then back here, then home by Scotland ; all which I think will be to the 20th. . . . Arthur is expected here. I desire an answer in plain English, and not to be referred to a treatise on Algebra by Mr. Blake. The proposition to be proved is that if the Bank would contract their paper from 20 millions to 10, the guineas or the Gold, *now on the Continent*, would come back of themselves, without the help of any other cause, motive, reason or operation whatsoever. To *my* dim eyes it appears that, for the purpose of producing that effect, you might just as well rub your cheek with a brickbat, unless you believe that the moment a Merchant at Hamburgh or Amsterdam heard that the Bank paper in Circulation is reduced to half what it was, he will immediately send all his gold to London. If he does, I say he must be mad ; or let Philip shew me the *reason* of his conduct. . . . Tell Philip that if he can fall upon Walter Boyd's letter to Mr. Pitt, on the Influence of the stoppage

of Issues in Specie on the Prices of all Commodities, printed in 1801 for T. Wright in Piccadilly and T. Gillet in Salisbury Square, he will find it a Masterpiece, as clear as a Fountain, and no hocus pocus. In 1798, somebody said 'The only Security against an exorbitant Issue of Paper, was the obligation to *pay* in Specie on demand. Take away that restraint, and then what is the Bank or what may it be but an Instrument of enormous Power and Fraud in the hands of Government !'

"Don't let Philip bully you out of your senses with *hictius doctius* and many fine phrases. Insist on plain Answers and don't be choused of your guineas, for anything he can say about real Exchange, or computed Exchange, or any other Exchange which is neither one or the other.

"Lord Downshire sends his duty to you all, and I mine, and abundance of Compliments to Lord Bristol.

"Ures,

"P. F."

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO EMMA WATKINS.

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

"*Eh bien, Mademoiselle Cat & Moi* went to the Wells on Tuesday, where & when it was a perfect triumph & festivity to make us welcome & well fed. Mrs. J[ohnson] lives in a very good house on Mount S[ion] in order to be near their friends & to escape from the Heidigger¹ the only Cat now mousing on Mount

¹ Heidigger was a name he gave to a lady at Tunbridge Wells whose appellation was not very unlike, but the reason he gave was that a certain (Heidigger) in the reign of James I. was the ugliest of human beings.

E[phraim]. They have taken S. House at the bottom of the Hill. . . . I fought such a battle for that Viscountess as has not been heard of since the days of King William or Amadis de Gaul ; for B. B. told me of a trick which Heidigger played the poor Lady, which excited my *cynical* feelings towards the former. It seems Lady B. had made preparations for a large party who had accepted her invitations, when a rumour came round the place that all Lord B.'s Dogs had been bitten by a rabid one which had been killed a short time before in the place, but my Lady would not have any of them destroyed as they were valuable animals, & she said *some of them perhaps might not go mad*—nor could she allow them to be confined, as they were accustomed to the fire-side & hearthrugs, & if they took cold from the change which she thought very likely, the poor things would be destroyed as mad &c. This was the current report at the Wells. All the world sent excuses except some few who had not heard or did not believe it ; the latter soon enlightened the former, as to the cause of the Company being more canine than human, for the Dogs were as usual lying about in all directions & became objects of dread suspicion. Heidigger had a party the same night, & being as you know almost next door it was high fun as Lady B.'s party dissolved like a snowball from the *utmost fear* of her fireside to see them slip into the rival house where they were received by old Heidigger with much sympathy & many congratulations on their escape from so dreadful a fate ; some few remained mystified to the last, & never found their danger out till it was

over, my Lady herself being one of these, but when the Cat was let out, she said it was a Dog's trick Heidigger had played her & fit for one who values nothing in life equal to an odd trick. . . . I never felt the lapse of years until I began to admire a young Lady, that was the first part of my education for old age, the first service you did me. If possible I will return it & not leave you till I see what sort of an old Lady you will turn out. How I should like to see you with gray hairs. I shall leave an order in my Will that you shall never wear a Wigg."

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

"9th Dec., 1810.

"DEAR CATHERINE,

" . . . Everything here goes on better than ever, at least in *my* experience, *recu à bras ouverts*, and no clouds yet. I have received Philip's letter from town, tell him that I dislike Husk^{ns} *preface* extremely, as mean, fawning, useless verbiage. He should have gone at once into his subject without explanations about himself, or any canting Apologies to anybody. What I have read of the Discussion itself is excellent. But who will believe that such a Work was originally prepared for an indulgent and limited Circle only! and who the Devil cares whether it was or no? Oh! but then he was pressed by more than one of his friends! What vile pitiful Trash, what vulgar, commonplace stuff!

"I hope you are all very merry, send me word of your proceedings. Don't stir till you hear of my Resolutions. Write *Cross post* on your letter, and

desire Spraye to send it to Maidstone, so with love to you all, jointly and severally, yours,

“ P. F.”

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, ON A VISIT TO LORD DOWNSHIRE,
TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

“ BRIGHTON,

“ 16th April, 1811.

“ DEAR CAT,

“ The Journey was uncommonly rapid and pleasant, and the Reception *tale quale*. Instead of finding Yarrow here, as he should have been an hour before me, he was not to be seen or heard of at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7, nor of course any part of my effects. So I concluded he was gone to Hothfield and so I suffered Death and Martyrdom till the Villain was announced, speechless with Ale and stuttering with horror, and we have not exchanged a word from that hour to this. We are in a charming house with all manner of accommodation, Lord Cholmondeley on one side and the fair Creeveys on the other. With these last I past an hour last night, that is very happily with the help of the 5 beauties. Ld. Ch^y. has just been here to invite us to dinner on friday . . . the fair cuttlefish is gone. Arthur was transported at the sight of me and offered to fall off his horse for joy.

“ Yours,

“ P. F.”

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO LORD DOWNSHIRE ON HIS
MARRIAGE.

“ 28th Oct., 1811.

“ Not doubting but that you have provided wisely for the future as well as happily for the present, I beg

of you to accept my Congratulations, on your own account and offer them for me to the Marchioness of Dre. I am yet too young to think of settling for Life, but, when once I have sown my wild Oats, I shall take the earliest Opp^y. of shewing you that a judicious example has not been thrown away upon me. In the meantime and at all events, except the last that can happen to me, I desire to be considered as Lady Downshire's most humble *Cavaliere Servente*.

"When for want of live Company, you are talking to your ancestors in the Library, be so kind as to introduce Sir T. R., to her Ladyship as one of mine. I hope you intend to come back before I am called upon to visit them in person.

"Yours till then,
"P. F."

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO CATHERINE FRANCIS.

"29 Oct.

"A fine silver favour was sent to you on the very day of the Nuptials, and to me too, besides an immense slice of the Wedding Cake. My Lady Dow^r. arrived at Montreal a quarter of an hour before the Ceremony, and left it a quarter of an hour after. The couple set off for Roehampton the moment they were married, and from thence are to proceed rapidly to Ireland, in this blessed weather! Mrs. Thompson tells me they shall stay a month at Wick. The Prince is expected here today. If it were not for my two old friends Deluge and Hurricane, I should like my Station well enough. In effect, I am overfed. On Monday I shall probable remove to Hothfield. The

Patriarch at Saxam was well on Saturday, and 'so farewell, and speak well of me to those three respectable persons,

“ P. F.”

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO EMMA WATKINS.

“ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

“ . . . A friend of yours has got into an impatient habit of waiting for Saturday, as other people do for Monday, & with nearly an equal passion for writing as for reading. It is a pleasure which I never thought I should ever feel again, to have something to live for from week to week; they who cannot think, or who have nothing to think of would not know how to fill up the interval. Why? because they have not wit enough to turn Blanks into Prizes. It is the heart that furnishes the imagination with the power as well as the materials of building real castles at the disposal of the mind, and sure of lasting as long as the Architect. . . .”

Sir Philip writes to the same:—

“ What you say about friendship is very pretty & very true & I believe it may exist in very refined minds even between the sexes without passion. I can form an idea of a beauty and merit too exalted to be an object of sense, that has something divine about it which calms the mind & arrests it in pure, unmixed admiration. . . .

“ I have sat two days to a Painter for my picture, or rather for my sins, but when importunity & opportunity meet, *Gare les suites!* You scorn my

words & will not believe that the portrait of youth & beauty is worth having, yet encourage Septuagenarian Vanity, I believe you want me to see how old I look & so far it promises well, yet be it known to all men and one woman that I never sat for other than caricatures till my 70th year, So I shall descend to the 3rd & 4th generation as a grey beard & whatever levities may have escaped in the morn or noon of life will be annexed to the only idea they will have of me. . . ."

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO LORD THANET.

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS,

"6th Sept., 1812.

"Marmont was to blame for losing his arm before the battle began. I see nothing else to find fault with in his conduct. If he had not pursued Wellington, then retiring to Portugal and ready to leave Salamanca to take care of herself, Buonaparte of course would have shot him. Wellington's merit on this occasion consisted in taking advantage of an unexpected opportunity, for which I give him full credit. The loss of so many cannon, stores, and ammunition, must be a great distress to the French, and the Capture of Madrid will make a loud report over Europe. The echo of it may be heard and have some effect on the Waters of the Dwina, if it reaches that river in time to prevent a Pacification between those two Emperors; both of whom you have my leave to wish at the devil, one for the sake of the other. I never could find out a plausible reason, why Russia should be an

European, or England an Asiatic Power. In the last hundred years, those savages have done nothing but rob, enslave, and murder, wherever they could penetrate, in all that part of Europe and its Inhabitants; witness Livonia, Courland, Finland, Poland &c. Prussia too was another barbarous Horde of banditti of much the same character, and if moral guilt could be incurred by nations, richly deserved her fate. Remember the invasion of Holland for the sake of the fat Princess of Orange, and of Champagne in 1792, both conducted by the Duke of Brunswick, and his famous Declaration that he would annihilate Paris, as some other Hero has done Babylon. Let these Devils punish one another; *tanto meglio*, I have no pity for any of them. Buonaparte is an avenging Daemon sent *on purpose* to scourge these nations for submitting to be the slaves and instruments of mean barbarous tyrants, who differ from him in nothing but that with equal malignity, they have none of his Magnanimity, and not the smallest portion of his Abilities. Yet I am very far from wishing him success, except that he may re-establish the Independence of Poland. Why?—for my own sake, and because I think that, with such a power once established over Europe, England could not be safe; certainly not for many years, if this man lives. At the same time, I well know my dilemma. We are actually tottering, not walking, on a narrow Isthmus, with a Precipice on each side of us. You dread the Torrent on one side; but have you nothing to fear on the other? . . .

“ *Vous avez beau dire*; ‘neither this event, nor

any other, *will induce the Spaniards to make exertions in the Cause of their Country.*'¹ They say it is *your* cause, not theirs, and that they are utterly ruined by the Contest. They are not only unwilling, but incapable of acting in concert with an English Army. I asked Wellesley Pole yesterday, how many Spaniards Lord Wn. had with him at the last Battle, he laughed and said 7,000—but that he, Wn. kept them for shew, and in a safe position, knowing well that, if they were within a mile of a single cannon, they would, *unfortunately* run away and overtake the Portuguese. Those *two* Spaniards were indeed very unlucky! to be killed just as if they belonged to the Battle when they only intended to look on till it was over; and then side with the winners! Now I tell you that the fate of the Peninsula, and of Europe too, will be decided in the North. If Buonaparte settles that question to his mind, everything else will follow. If he be demolished or defeated, of which *I am told* there is no doubt, why *then* you may speculate on Consequences as much as you please, and to as much purpose as Milton's Devils did, when they argued about 'Free Will, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute.' Sir Walter says you are resolved to drink those Waters on Party principles; for that you would not have minded his advice if the Duke of Bedford and some other Staunch Whigs had not given you the same opinion. You are much too good a politician to be satisfied with a Civil War in your intestines. . . . But can you minister to a mind

¹ Wellington's words.

diseased? beware of leaving me alone with that Lamb again, *pour cette fois, je l'ai échappé belle*. Remember what happened to the fool, who went back for his hat, when he had got safe out of the Boudoir *d'une certaine aimable, douce et tendre tigresse, qui venoit d'aiguillonner ses griffes, sans faire semblant de rien*. Why you told me yourself that, if you had the money, you would have bought that farm, and given it to my Lady in fee simple. So she thinks I have supplanted her, and hates me cordially for my pains. If you meet Ld. Hutchinson at Leamington, you may safely buckle him to you with Ribs of steel.

"Last night I had the honour to play at french crowns and swobbers with the following Ladies of quality and two Doctors of Physic viz., Duchess Dowager of Rutland, Marchioness of Donegal, Marchioness of Wellington, Countess of Clermont, Countess of Rossmore and Tom Jones. So I trounced Rossmore out of £4 5s.

"I think I hear my Lady screaming at your not letting her go to Skipton this summer, if it were only for a fortnight. Poor thing she sees very little of the World, and knows less. She is made for a better. You must have a hard heart to detain her here. *Molliter ossa quiescant, sit tibi terra gravis*, just enough to prevent rising, *car enfin elle seroit capable de revenir*. *En ce cas, je connois quelqu'un, qui lui montreroit un léger paire de talons*.

"Remember that, in my letter to Macmahon I put the case in Spain exactly as it stands now.

"Sir Walter told me yesterday, in strict confidence

and with many tears, all of his own shedding, that Bethlehem, compared with my Lady's brain, was the residence and abode of sound sense and right reason proh—Jupiter ! ”

The following letters were written by the younger Philip to interest and amuse his father during a long and serious illness, with which the latter was laid up in St. James's Square. The son's constant letters at the same period to his sister Catherine, who was nursing Sir Philip, contain nothing but the most curiously minute directions as to the care and treatment of the father, no doubt the result of his early experiences when in charge of his two consumptive sisters at Nice.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

“BRIGHTON,
“25th Novr., 1812.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“ . . . Everything is flat here in the absence of news from the North. Spain no longer attracts any notice. People believe that W[ellington] will continue to retreat without fighting, to Portugal—and then ‘*prêche qui veut on ne parle plus de cela.*’ As to the North I continue sanguine and the more because we hear nothing from the other side of the water.”

“BRIGHTON,
“3 Decr., 1812.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I write, though I have nothing to say—you don't like observations, but facts—now, our daily occurrences here are facts of very humble Interest.

This house is become a mere school for babies. . . . We are all agog for the Russian account of the battle of the 24th at Malo—Yaroslavetz, in which you may take my word for it, the French were severely handled, and Buonaparte's person in great danger. There is not a word of truth in his having got *himself* to Smolensk, for 1st he could not leave his army; 2nd I am satisfied his communications with France are entirely cut off. His fortune may save him. But he is in great danger."

"10th Decr., 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Caty says you are of opinion that it is up with Bony. I hope it is—nay I should be sure it was, if he was still at Smolensko on the 14th Novr. up to which the *Journal de Paris* told us 'they had accounts of him, *but nothing new.*' Of his army with which he left Moscow, he will now save 30,000 men, you always maintained that his retreat to Poland was out of the question—that he must winter at Moscow, or push on to Petersburg. These two objects he found equally impracticable and I found myself on your authority that his retreat will prove equally so. The next Bulletin will be decisive of his fate but certainly of that of his army. Let it only begin 'The Emperor is still at Smolensko—Nov. 14' and I ask no more.

"Burdett, I see, has at last given up the ministry—that ministry whom he and Cobbett kept in with all their might to the destruction of the country, from their mere rancour against the Talents. At last even

he is worn out with their folly and extravagance. . . . There is absolutely '*rien qui vaille*' to write of from this place. The Fish you have heard of.

"P. F."

"BRIGHTON,
"16 Decr., 1812.

"DEAR SIR,

"We have had now three successive days of good account of you since your late drawbacks. . . . In Sir Ev^d. Home and Mr. Gatum you have the best possible professional aid towards your recovery. For the rest, we must rely *mainly* on your undeviating and most scrupulous observance of every part, small as well as great *of the treatment* directed for you; and secondarily on nature and your excellent constitution, which has never yet failed you at a pinch—witness your severe illness in 1803, and last year. I hear you say 'Don't preach, but tell me some news.' Ask *me* for news, when the whole Paris Press, after 11 days interval since the last Bulletin, have not told the anxious Bonapartists one single syllable about their long-lost Lord and master. I say, not one syllable, and for a very simple reason. In truth they know nothing about him. He may be at Wilna at Kiow, at Warsaw, at Berlin, or where you will; but they *know it not*. Of this I am satisfied, and I am equally so, that the French Army (*les beaux restes c'est à dire*) are at Smolensko, surrounded by the whole force of the Russians concentrated for their destruction—and the Devil give 'em his own deliverance, for me. Oh! for the 29th Bulletin! What will he, what *can* he say! Madison's address is a

most paltry performance—I could however, forgive it for what it *says*; but for its entire omission of the two great questions depending in Spain and Russia—for its base and cautious fear of offending the oppressor of the world—not daring to hazard one line, one word of qualification of his execrable invasion of those two countries struggling, with their last resources, to preserve their national independence—nor one of hope for the success of either against him—for such sneaking, contemptible subserviency to the ambitious and tyrannical views of Bonaparte. I shall ever think meanly of *the President of 'THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.'* His going to war with us was foolish enough but the temptation held out to him to try what he could do to distress England under *such a Government!!* was almost irresistible. They will, at last, perhaps be goaded into vigor and exertion by the sneers and taunts of all mankind, and then America will pay a heavy price for Madison's folly. A pretty account Burdett gives of the hopeful state of Reform! In other words *the country is not for it.* This you have been telling him this 6 years, and he has made at last the notable discovery! but observe *not a word* for the Talents, tho' he has given up the Ministry. Philly and John went to dine at Miss W[atkin]'s yesterday—she insisted upon having them; tho' in truth they have had too frequent holiday-making lately. She is going away from this for good. Amongst other company at Ld. B[ristol]'s where we dined yesterday, we had Sir Thomas Barnard; who gave us an interesting account of the distresses of the poor in the manufacturing towns, and of the plan now in

a course of execution to give them a cheap supply of *Fish*. This important article of subsistence, now more than ever so, might be procured to any amount for the supply of the Capital and country, but for the existence of the exclusive Billingsgate Fish market, and some advantages derived to the City of London, in its corporate capacity therefrom. A bill is to be brought into Parliament to abolish it, which will of course be opposed by the City Interest, but which it is to be hoped that of the whole country concerned in its success, will be able to carry through. Your little playfellow Henry sends the duty of an old soldier to his Grandpapa. Eliza and the other infantry beg to be dutifully and kindly remembered to you.

“ P. F.”

“ BRIGHTON,
“ 20th Decr., 1812.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ You did not, I think, during the progress of Buonaparte in Russia give my judgment that credit it appears to have deserved. But you will allow that my last letter to you, which arrived while you were reading the extraordinary Gazette was correct in its speculations, *to a very prophesy*. His army *was* in Smolensk, and the Devil *has* given it his own deliverance. It was too bad even for Buonaparte himself, who has seen a good deal of fighting, and doesn't mind trifles, but who, upon this occasion, fairly ran for it to the tune of ‘*Occupet extremum scabies*’ which we render ‘The Devil take the hindmost.’ Now don't suppose I am as sanguine of

his destruction, as I was of that of his army. I think he has clearly escaped with some 30,000 men to Wilna—and from thence he will be able to make a securer retreat upon resources forwarded to him by France and his vassal states. For I am not one of those who expect any rising of the continent, much less of France. And if any disposition to it existed in these the wet blanket thrown upon it by Castlereagh's idiot observation about *Peace* would at once extinguish it. Thus, having thrown away the crisis produced by the battle of Salamanca, they throw away upon the back of it, the much more important one of the destruction of Napoleon's army. This it is to have fools to govern us. To get Whitbread's and Burdett's vote to his beggarly £200,000 which after all he did not get, he drops, in the thoughtlessness of his unutterable folly, the important word '*Peace*'; more important from his mouth as an English Minister than in that of Romanzov himself under the present circumstances. Because it tells more immediately with France and the Continent, and at once suppresses insurrection and helps him to support. This portentous word, which for the last 6 months our whole press has been devoting Alexander to everlasting infamy if he should even think of, much less use; this has first fallen from the lips of an English Minister—and when? At the very high tide of the Russian Successes, when after triumphant victory they are actually engaged in that essential part of it—'*having good execution of the enemy*' in Cromwell's language—but still more, at the moment when we are none of us

without our apprehensions not only that he, Buonaparte, has himself escaped, but escaped 'to become once more *as intractable in peace as formidable in war*; To talk of Peace, *per se, est la plus platte de toutes les Judaises*. Who is there, that has a stake in this jaded, exhausted country, who is not for it in all the honesty and sincerity of his heart? But *to keep it* is the concern equally of every thinking man. There is but one way, 'Reduce the power of your enemy within reasonable bounds'—and then you may get not only terms which I care not for, but security for continuance. Now *this* the Russians *are doing* for us, *for they have not yet done it*, believe me. But even those great and prodigious efforts and successes are to be of no avail for us, from the folly of our own Government, who, not being called upon to *act*, but only *to profit by the exertions of others*, cannot keep their foolish tongues between their teeth—but must help out a thing of as little moment as the Subscription for Russia by an expression the most blasting to the hope of her efforts for the common cause that the ingenious folly of a Walcherenite could have desired.

"Yours *Vere Pacificus*."

"BRIGHTON,

"25th Decr., 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Caty asks in her letter of yesterday 'What does Philip say to Buonaparte now?' Why, I say, that *a week ago* I wrote to you 'that I was of opinion he had escaped to Wilna with 40,000 men.' And that therefore, I am neither surprised nor disappointed.

It is not easy to catch *the Emperor*,¹ as Sir Joseph Banks can tell you, much less *such* an Emperor as Napoleon Buonaparte. People who have got £100,000 of omnium are perhaps excusable when their judgments are misled by their Interests. I had none to mislead mine from without the safe and simple rule of probabilities. But I ask you, Miss Caty, in return. What do you say to the 29th Bulletin? Is the whole of his Moscow army destroyed or not, with all its equipments, with everything that belongs to an army—*upon that evidence*. Aye or No? But I'll tell you more, and take it for a day or two on my judgment till the Russian Accounts arrive. He has not taken 40,000 men off with him to Wilna. I don't mean of his *Moscow* army. *Their* bones were left on the East of the Borysthenes, but of those fresh troops under Victor, Oudinot, Dombrowski, &c., he found on this side. I assert that these too were utterly destroyed in the battle of the 28th on the Berezyna, and in *some previous ones* of which we have yet to hear from the Russians. Mark me well. The Bulletin is to *me* sufficient evidence that 40,000 have not reached Wilna but if you want a better wait a little. My friend Tchichagoff to whom I have been bawling these 2 months did come at last to *Minsk*, in time to obstruct their retreat and *to destroy them*. As to his Generals, I daresay that, like their master, they took as good care of themselves as he would let them, and cared about as much for their men. But it remains to be *proved*, how many of *them* escaped to Wilna after their master. For they were as I take it, *a little way*

¹ The Emperor butterfly, Sir Joseph Banks being a naturalist.

behind. And a little upon such neck and neck racing makes a good deal of Difference, and so I bid you Adieu.

“ P. F.”

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO EMMA WATKINS.

“ . . . *Souvenez vous que dans tous les objets de ma vie je n'ai jamais eu le moindre succès, pas même justice, et que rien ne m'a réussi, malgré cela je ne dirai pas que j'ai toujours été malheureux.* . . . In looking for a grain of wheat one may find a precious Pearl. Do you remember those pretty lines in one of old Beaumont's plays

“ Oh ! mediocrity, thou priceless jewel !
Only mean men find and cannot value ;
Like the precious Pearl found in the dunghill
By the ignorant Cock.

“ N.B. *Mean* does not imply *base* in these old English writers who were more exact in their language than we are, they use the word as in *the golden mean*. I have tried in my small way to restore the original signification to some terms which I found used after the manner of Mistress Slipslop, but this requires some thought, and if works are as popular and sell as well without such niceties why should they not conclude that ‘ thinking is but an useless waste of thought.’ ”

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“ . . . *Mon Médecin vient de me quitter, il me donne des belles espérances de revoir nos amis comme autrefois, il me dit que dans toute sa pratique il n'a*

jamais rencontré un être comme moi, that I shall go down flaring into the socket, *et que le dernier soupir sera de feu et de flamme.*"

In another letter to Miss Watkins Sir Philip had said he wished he could live to see her grey hairs.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO MR. PERRY OF THE
' CHRONICLE.'

"[*Private.*]

"BRIGHTON,
"October 19th, 1813.

"DEAR SIR,

"In the midst of incessant bodily pain, I think myself lucky when I find anything that furnishes me with a little relief or diversion. I did so, and more than I thought possible in reading a letter in your paper of Friday last on the subject of comedy. I may say, as Longinus said of Moses, the author of it is no common man, and truly, whether it be yourself or anybody else I should like to know his name. There are a few words and passages, nevertheless, which I should like to have corrected, because I would not have anything left open to cavil in so perfect a piece. First, 'commonplaces,' in the plural, is not English; the word in the singular number, I think, is commonly used as an adjective or an epithet. The observation that follows is excellent, viz. 'That I am always apt to distrust these modest pretensions to plain understanding.' An air of humility is very often only a shelter for ignorance, and sometimes a weapon of arrogance. We are overrun with affectation in writing. Even common sense is affected. A plain country

gentleman is now the established description of an ass. He says, *We cannot expect to reconcile opposite things*. Certainly not, while they are opposite, but we have seen *coalitions*. It is only *contradictions* which cannot be reconciled. He mistakes the fact about the 'Médecin malgré lui.' It is not a *long play*, but a mere farce of two acts, or three at most. I saw it at Paris about thirty years ago, when 'Le Médecin' was acted by Molé and laughed from the beginning to the end of it. As to the *Comédie pathétique*, or *Sentimentale* or *Larmoyante*, I consign them one and all to the devil without mercy. Not that there may not be a pathetic scene in a comedy as there may be in common life, of which comedy is or ought to be the representation. Rousseau has annihilated the 'Misanthrope' of Molière in his admirable letter to D'Alembert, as Mrs. Montague has the 'Cinna' of Corneille. The 'Tartuffe' as a dramatic composition, is a masterpiece; but I think there is not mirth and gaiety enough in it for a comedy. Since the first revival of 'Every Man in His Humour,' I know of no English Comedy so well acted or so well received as that was, I mean with incessant laughter. 'Le Mariage de Figaro,' though a very inferior piece, was received in the same way at Paris, and acted fifty nights consecutively, because, with some drollery in the contrivance and dialogue, it was incomparably acted. In short, I have no better idea of a weeping comedy than of the blue sound of a trumpet. Why not Harlequin in tears, and Columbine in convulsions? Remember that Voltaire and D'Alembert repeatedly affirm that the French theatre is *à la glace*. The

tragic heroes one and all are *héros de théâtres* not in nature. They strut, too, like Lewis XIV., who, instead of shoes, wore buskins all his life.

“I shall now turn to another subject of much more importance, on which I have long had it in my thoughts to say a few words to you, but have hitherto been prevented by severe and unremitting illness. Some experience and long reflection have formed my opinion upon it, and entitle me to be heard, especially as it is impossible that *I* can have any concern in the question or interest in the decision. I entreat you to consider well, and deliberate long, before you give encouragement to the scheme lately adopted of sending missionaries to India to convert the Hindoos. Let them try the Mahometans if they dare. Remember Vellore. The possible mischiefs which *may* arise out of it ought to be obvious enough to make the fiercest fanatic shudder, and even the most pious and best intentioned men to hesitate and tremble before they act. I am not able at this time to go far into the subject. But, if I live, I will do it; and the rather because I do not now value the terrors of this world, nor care one farthing what anybody says or thinks of me. For the present listen to the poor Brahmin, when the New Testament was explained to him—‘Your religion may be very good for *you* and *your* climate, and your Lawgiver seems to have been a wise man; for he says, *Judge of the tree by the fruits*. To us that fruit has been bitter; but you must make a desert of India before you can plant the tree in our land!’ Our missionaries I dare say, will not begin with persecution *for lowliness is young religion’s ladder*.

“ But then great crimes are committed in India. Widows are burnt, children are drowned, and horrible excesses are permitted at *Juggernaut*. These are offences against God and nature and all religions, and the Hindoo more than any other. The first and last are promoted by the priesthood, for ends of their own. The second is the result of famine and despair. In the most fertile country in the world, and where the natives who eat nothing but rice, are most easily satisfied in point of food, you hear of thousands perpetually perishing by famine. I could tell you why, and will hereafter. Do you believe that any mother, in any country, would murder her child if she had the means of giving it nourishment? But why are these crimes (I mean those which the priesthood encourage) suffered to go unpunished? Why are they not prevented? Where is your civil government? What has it been hitherto, and why is it renewed in the person of that imaginary person, the India Company? Have they no power but to tax, to desolate, and to destroy? Are they left-handed the moment that any good is demanded of them? Are they paralytic on that side? Do you think that, if Mr. Fox had found it coincide with his politics or his partialities, to have permitted me to return to India in 1806, in the office that was full as much my right as it was his to be Secretary of State, I would not have put a stop to such enormities? All this is written in a great hurry and intended for nothing but hints to put you on your guard.

“ Nevertheless, if you *will* send missionaries and

make converts, begin with yourselves. Make Christians of your own people, if you can. Though God knows I am but a sinner, still I believe I am now a better Christian than most of the saints, at least according to the Gospel.

“So here I shall conclude with one general observation, which, while you are raving about Christianity, I think is worth your attention. There is not at this day a prince or power in Europe or America, except the Turks, that is not in a state of war, and happily employed in cutting one another’s throats, and they are all good Christians, full of charity to their neighbours, and passionately fond of propagating their religion and converting heathens. The Church of England, of itself, is wise and quiescent. Our Bishops, in general, are learned and prudent men. But they are frightened by the sectaries, and forced to go with the tide.

“Yours very truly, that is, with a just sense of your abilities and perseverance.

“P. FRANCIS.”

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO LADY THANET.

“17th October, 1814.

“*Après avoir visité le cercle Arctique, et ayant vue tout ce qu’il y avait à voir aux courses des chevaux marins à Doncastre, des bals, des festins, et des ballons qui ne finissent pas, mon education, (au moins j’en crois) est finie ; les voyages ne peuvent rien ajouter de plus ni de mieux, to my former accomplishments. Pour être parfait il ne me reste plus, qu’a rester en place, like George Rose, ainsi me*

voilà planté à Brighton pour quelques semaines, C'est à vous de me dire comment va la vegetation à Hothfield, à moins que vous n'ayez pas pris racine à Appleby, ou dans quelqu'autre latitude plus chérie que ce beau château. My opinion is, *sauf mon respect pour la votre, que Rastopchin* is disgraced, and banished to Siberia ; which, in order to let him down gently on the ice, he is at liberty to call a voluntary retreat, and entirely at his own earnest request. I know very well from whom the Emperor Alexander took the hint, and you know it too, when you kicked the fair Drummer—sweet innocent ! out of the house, only for yielding to the tender passions Love and Brandy, and then gave her an excellent character to the first place she could get, to be shut of her, as they say at Doncaster Races. Didn't I see the tears roll down her furrowed cheeks as big as nutmegs and nearly the colour, when she told me how the Frenchman who keeps a shop at Ashford, had ruined her reputation by offering her his hand in Wedlock, when the traitor well knew she had already 2 husbands and 3 fine children in the Stox, or on them. If you return me this letter it will do very well for another Lady of higher quality or latitude, and save me from a great waste of time and invention, whereof I have but little to spare *à mon âge*. Most of my posterity are coming to this place to be buried and have begged me to stay to attend their respective funerals. It comforts me however to know that my case is exactly like yours, only somewhat the worse for wear, as if it had been in Lord Eldon's fair hands ever since you were in

bibs. I cannot go anywhere without trouble, or stay anywhere without disgust. Not that I am weary of the world, tale quale, but dog-sick or Dantsic or Leipsic, of my own self. Having now vented some of my spite it will mortify your sweet temper to hear that I am considerably relieved. Little did I think I should ever live to get over the third page, *sans doute c'est l'appetit qui vient en mangeant, ou la soif à force de boire.*

“ . . . So one of the fair daughters of Madame la Marquise, she tells me, is married lately to my old friend, Mellish, who assured me, at the Pavillion, the first time I ever saw him, 20 years ago, that he had prudentially reduced his establishment to 30 horses for no reason in the world but because he had not a guinea left. So I upt and said, that was no reason in the world for a gentleman of his appearance for I did not then know his name. u c ive lernt to spell by the hear asudoo. *Que dire de plus? n'est ce pas assy.*”

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO EMMA WATKINS.

“ You are quite right in thinking that it is the love of novelty & the amusement derived from strong contrasts that makes Princes fond of vulgarity at times, wise men of nonsense, grave men of merriment &c., &c. No man affects to be what he really is, some of the most elegant men I have known could on occasion be the greatest blackguards, but look at a *parvenu*, how afraid he is of being ungenteel or old fashioned, and a second-rate man would not say a silly thing for the world ; he will talk Philosophy

at a Banquet, and Politics at a Play, but all is second-hand, he must have the stamp of authority for everything, and the oftener it has been said the more likely you are to hear it again from him. Must I become like xx to please you Madam? Alas! it is only too probable that I shall soon be a *grave* man, as our friend Mercutio says. It is only lately that I have felt any wish to defer that transition though I am only a Boy compared with old Isaac. Tell me honestly whether you think he would have reached 90 if his head had always been among the stars and not sometimes under the bed hunting his kitten?

“We have it in circulation here that Her Majesty the Queen and the Royal Family are coming in a few days to the Pavillion. Of course great doings are expected which I shall avoid if I can without committing absolute treason. I do not love the Strelitzia Regina, but do not whisper it to the reeds of the Don; it may be as well for that royal personage, for most of the Queens who have won my heart have lost their own heads, Mary Stuart, Anna Boleyn, Jane Gray, and Marie Antoinette; not that I would have sacrificed the best interests of this Country, and incurred a debt which would be a Millstone round her neck from Generation to Generation to avenge *her* death who was the most smiling perfidious foe to England. Franklin told her plainly that but for the instigations and promises of her Cabinet, for it was hers, and poor Louis was a cypher, they, the Americans, durst never have thought of breaking with England, and that France must assist them

openly as well as covertly (which she had done in spite of all her professions to us of perfect neutrality) or they must throw themselves at our feet and sing "peccavi." It was sport to her Majesty's gay Courtiers to see her most winning smiles bestowed on the old Quiz of a Quaker, he was her *preux chevalier*, her Knight, though she loved a republican as Satan does holy water, and in her heart considered him a wicked rebel who deserved the block at least. Time will shew all this and more which would make each particular ringlet on your head stand upright like quills upon the fretful Porcupine, to say nothing of what would become of your eyes, to prevent which catastrophe *revenons à nos moutons*. Mr. and Mrs. F[rancis] and Mrs. Cholmondeley came yesterday from T. B. W. to look out for sheds, to cover their heads, With chambers and beds. But none to be had which makes them all sad, so they go back tomorrow, with hearts full of sorrow, and craws full of stuffing, tea crumpets and muffin. They came in as hungry as the rocks on Mount Ephraim, my Larder won't recover it these three days. They say they are *made much* of at the Wells, and considered the flower of the company there. As to the first I see no *outward* symptoms of it, the other may very well be for every kind of *meal* seemed to suit them. Send your next in this cover and I pray you be not so short. . . . Your perfidious friend has my leave to love me as much as she dares, but I shall break her heart for her pains were it 'of one entire and perfect Chrysolite.' I have these tender passions declared to me every day, but such chaff won't catch



GEORGE JAMES CHOLMONDELEY.

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anything better than Tomtits. Alas! I fear all this wooing tells but the fatal truth that the Parish register of my first appearance on any stage is written in sad characters upon my brow, that is if registers were then in use. . . ."

The hungry party described here were Philip and his wife, and Sir Philip's faithful daughter Catherine. After the death of her mother and three unmarried sisters, Catherine remained mistress of her father's house and his chief companion till she married Mr. George James Cholmondeley, shortly before Sir Philip's second marriage in 1814. She appears to have been a most lovable character, and to have kept the peace, as far as in her lay, among the more irritable members of the family.

CATHERINE CHOLMONDELEY TO HER FATHER, ON HIS
MARRIAGE WITH MISS WATKINS.

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
"December 11, 1814.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Believe me I cannot hear of the event which your letter communicates without feeling the most earnest and most affectionate interest in it. Your happiness must, as long as I live, make an essential part of mine. We—you will readily understand that when I say we, I mean Mr. Cholmondeley and myself—are anxious to come to London as soon as you will like to see us, that we may both in person offer our congratulations to yourself, and to her whom you gaily call my stepmother, but who, I trust, will always find in me a dutiful daughter-in-law. I will

not apologise for the shortness of this letter to you, who were never fond of long ones, and who want no assurance of my being your truly

“ affectionate daughter,

“ CATHERINE CHOLMONDELEY.

“ May you, my dear sir, be very long as happy as you have made me.

“ G[eorge] J[ames] C[holmondeley].”

SIR P. FRANCIS TO MARY JOHNSON, WRITTEN A YEAR
AFTER HIS MARRIAGE.

“ 18 *Novr.*, 1815.

“ DEAR MARY,

“ They, who tell you that I am much better since I came to town, talk at their ease, as most people do about the sufferings of others. In truth, my life is a burthen to me, and has been so a long time. . . . I am glad you have passed your time so happily, and that Mary finds that gaiety and merriment agree with her. But why is Katharine left out, or is she? In contributing to the happiness of your daughters, you insure your own, and there is no other way.

The place I had in Surrey was every way desirable and enjoyable, with accommodations of every sort, such as Cows, milk, butter, Cream, vegetables, sundry geese and fowls, with various Pigs &c., but, even with their Company, it grew solitary. My lady here, who is my indefatigable nurse and physician, desires her love to you and her duty to those young gentlewomen her quondam playfellows.”

No letters have been preserved written to Sir

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

TO THE HONORABLE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
FROM THE FACULTY OF THE DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES
IN CONNECTION WITH THE DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
AND THE DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS
AND THE DEPARTMENT OF METALLURGY
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Philip Francis by his second wife, who survived him many years. He died in December, 1818.

The following letter was written by Lady Francis to a friend a few days after her husband's death :—

“ I was alone with him in his last moments. . . . Never was a death so worthy of such a life: his spirits composed, tranquil, and even cheerful, his mind apparently as strong as ever and his perception as quick. He expressed his gratitude for all my little attentions and cares during the last sad, solemn night, in the most touching manner. I was not aware at the time, though I now am, that he knew how short his time was. He showed great anxiety that I should not leave him for a moment, no doubt he anticipated my future regrets had I done so; but he never expressed fear or anxiety on any other subject. Towards morning he fell into a trance, from which he revived and spoke to me, and took some refreshment. About ten he fell into a deep sleep, which lasted four hours. I was flattering myself with the hope of his waking much restored, Mrs. Cholmondeley had just left me, when, on a sudden, the breathing I had been listening to so contentedly stopped. I undrew the curtain . . . not a sigh, not a motion, not a change of countenance. Heart, pulses and breath stopped at once without an effort.”



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